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THE
PERSIAN and TURKISH
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COMPLETE.

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into *French*,

By M. PETIS DE LA CROIX,
Dean of the King's Interpreters, Reader and
Professor in the Royal College at *Paris*:

And now into *English* from that Translation,

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GASCAR*, and of the *French* Ambassador's Reception
by the King of *SIAM*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

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Amen-Corner. MDCCXXXIX.

[Price Six Shillings.]



TO THE
HONOURABLE
THE
Lady Barnardiston.

MADAM,

THE near Relation of
Blood betwixt us, gives
me the Assurance of pre-
senting this to You with-
out Leave; and the Virtues emi-
nently distinguishable in Your La-
dyship, will justify my Choice to
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DEDICATION.

the World: For as these Stories contain in them many shining Instances of Conjugal Love and Fidelity, I am confident they will not appear ill apply'd, in being dedicated to one who hath given such eminent Proofs of both.

I undertook this Performance, in Obedience to a Lady of the first Rank; and I presume it will be far from being unacceptable to your Ladyship, that your Name appears in the same Work with one of her Illustrious Birth and excellent Qualities.

If in this I have made a full Excuse to obtain your Pardon, I rest satisfied the Publick will easily forgive me for this short Trespas upon their Patience: And I shall be through-

DEDICATION.

thoroughly gratified in the Pleasure I take of letting your Ladyship know, that I am, with the utmost Sincerity,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most Obedient Servant.

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*Children like tender Ofiers take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow;
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone,
In Age we are by second Nature prone.* Dryden.

Persian



Persian TALES.



THE Kingdom of *Cashmire* was heretofore govern'd by a King, call'd *Togrul-bey*: He had a Son and a Daughter, who were the Wonder of their Time. The Prince, call'd *Farrukbrouz*, or *Happy Day*, was a young Hero, whose many Virtues render'd him famous; and *Farrukhuaz*, or *Happy Pride*, his Sister, was a Miracle of Beauty. In short, this Princess was so lovely, and at the same Time so witty, that she charm'd all the Men who beheld her; but their Love in the End prov'd fatal, for the greatest Part of them lost their Senses, or else fell into Languishing and Despair, which wasted them away insensibly.

When she went from the Palace to go a hunting, she wore no Veil; and the People crowded around her, and testified by their Acclamations the Pleasure they took in seeing her: She was usually mounted upon a white *Tartarian* Horse, dappled with brown Spots, and march'd in the Middle of a hundred Slaves magnificently cloath'd, and riding on black Horses. These Slaves were likewise unveil'd; and though every one of them was very beautiful, yet their Mistress only drew the Eyes of all the gazing Throng. The Men press'd in to get near her, in spite of the numerous Guard that surrounded her:

It was to no Purpose that the Soldiers had *Sabres* in their Hands to keep off the People ; for tho' they wounded, or even kill'd those that crowded too near, yet some were still so far from fearing so deplorable a Fate, that they seem'd rather to take a Pleasure in dying before the Eyes of the Princess. The King, affected with the Miseries his Daughter's Charms had occasion'd, resolv'd to remove her from the Sight of Mankind, and to that End, order'd her never to go out of the Palace, insomuch that the People no longer saw her. Nevertheless, the Fame of her Beauty spread through the East, and several Kings were inflam'd with the Relation, so that it was soon nois'd abroad at *Caschmire*, that Embassadors from most Courts of *Asia* were coming to demand the Princess in Marriage: But before their Arrival, she had a Dream that made Mankind odious to her: She dream'd that a *Stag* being taken in a Snare, a *Hind* deliver'd him out of it; and that afterwards the *Hind* falling into the same Snare, the *Stag*, instead of assisting her, fled away: *Farrukbuaz*, when she awak'd, was struck with this Dream, which she did not regard as an Illusion of the wandring Fancy; but believed that the Great *Kesaya*, an Idol worshipp'd at *Caschmire*, had interested herself in her Fate, and wou'd have her understand by these Representations, that all Men were treacherous, and that they would return nothing but Ingratitude for the tenderest Affection of Women.

Prepossess'd with this strange Opinion, and fearful of being sacrific'd to some of those Princes, whose Embassadors were every Moment expected, she went to find out the King her Father, and without saying any Thing to him of the Resolution she had taken against Men, she conjured him, with Tears in her Eyes, that he would not marry her against her own Inclinations. These Tears moved *Togrul-bey* with Compassion. No, my Daughter, said he, I will
not

not force your Inclinations, tho' Parents generally dispose of their Daughters without consulting them. I swear by *Kesaya*, that no Prince, were he the Heir even to the Sultan of the *Indies*, should ever marry you without your own Consent. The Princess, pleas'd with this Oath, which she knew to be inviolable, retired well satisfied, and was fully resolved to deny her Consent to all the Princes that should make Court to her.

In a few Days after, came Embassadors from several different Courts, who had Audience in their Turns, each boasting the Alliance of his Master, and the Merit of his Prince that he came to propose: The King paid a great deal of Civility to every one of them, but at the same Time declared that his Daughter was Mistress of herself, since he had sworn by *Kesaya*, that he would not marry her against her Inclinations. And the Princess refusing to give her Consent to any of them, the Embassadors returned very much mortified at the ill Success of their Embassy. The wise *Togrul-bey* saw their Departure with Grief, fearing that their Masters, being irritated by these Refusals, would not fail to execute their Revenge: He was sorry that he had made such an Oath, as might bring upon him a cruel War; and having sent for the Nurse of *Farrukhuaz*, call'd *Sutlumeme*, which signifies a *Milk-Breast*; I confess, said he to her, this Conduct of the Princess surprizes me: What cou'd cause this Disgust of her's to Marriage? Say, Is it not you that have put this into her Head? No, Sir, says the Nurse, I am no Enemy to the Men; and this Aversion of her's is the Effect of a Dream: Of a Dream, cries the King, much surpriz'd; Ah, what is this you tell me? No, no, continues he a little after, I cannot believe what you say: What Dream could make such a strong Impression upon my Daughter? *Sutlumeme* related the Dream to him, and after having told him all the Cir-

cumstances of it; see, Sir, continued she, see the Dream that hath struck the Princess's Imagination; she judges of Men by the Stag, and is persuaded they are all ungrateful and perfidious; so she rejects equally all Parties that make their Pretensions to her.

This Discourse increased the King's Surprise, who could not conceive how a Dream should put the Princess into such a Disposition as she was in: Well, my dear *Sutlumeme*, says he to the Nurse, what shall we do to root out of her Mind this Distrust my Daughter entertains of Mankind? Do you believe we can bring her back to Reason again? My Lord, says she, if your Majesty will be pleas'd to commit this Affair to my Care, I doubt not to acquit myself happily. Well, how will you go about it, replies *Togrul-bey*? I know, says the Nurse, a great many curious Stories, which I will relate to divert the Princess, and remove that ill Opinion she has entertain'd of Men, by letting her see that there have been many faithful Lovers; and I doubt not in the least but to dispose her by Degrees to believe there may be so again. In short, Sir, added she, leave me to battle her out of this Error, and I flatter myself I shall be Conqueror. The King approved the Nurse's Design, who could not want any favourable Opportunity for the Execution.

As *Farrukhuaz* usually pass'd her Time after Dinner with the King, the Prince, and all the Princes of the Court, to hear the Slaves sing and play upon all Sorts of Instruments, the Morning appear'd the most proper for *Sutlumeme*, who resolv'd upon the Time the Princess us'd to bathe herself: Accordingly the next Day, as *Farrukhuaz* was in the Bath, the Nurse said, I know a Story that abounds with a great many singular Accidents; if my Princess will give me leave, I will relate it to her, and I do not dispute but it will please her. The Princess of *Caschmire*, not so much perhaps to satisfy her own Curiosity, as

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to please the Ladies that attended, and were earnest with her to hear it, permitted *Sutlumeme* to begin her Story, which she did in these Words.

The Story of Aboulcasem Basry.

ALL Historians agree, that *Calif Haroun Arraschid* had been the most compleat Prince of his Age, as he was the most powerful, had he not been a little too much given to Passion and intolerable Vanity: He was always saying, that there was no Prince in the World that was so generous as himself. *Giafar*, his *prime Visier*, not being able to endure his Ostentation, took a Liberty to say to him one Day, O my sovereign Lord, Monarch of the Earth, pardon your Slave, that he attempts to represent to you that you ought not to praise yourself; leave these *Encomiums* to your Subjects, and to that Crowd of Strangers that wait daily at your Court: Be satisfy'd that the first of these bless Heaven for being born in your Dominions, and that the others hug themselves for having quitted their Country, to come here and live happy under your Laws.

Haroun was piqu'd at these Words, and look'd fiercely on his *Visier*, asking him if knew any one that was equal to him in Generosity? Yes, Sir, answers *Giafar*, there is a young Man in the City of *Basra*, call'd *Aboulcasem*, who, though a private Person, yet lives with more Magnificence than any King; and, without excepting your Majesty, no Prince is more generous than himself. The *Calif* reddened at this Discourse, and his Eyes flamed with Anger: Dost thou know, says he, that a Subject who dares to tell his Master a Lye deserves Death? I advance nothing that is not true, reply'd the *Visier* In the last Journey that I made to *Basra*, I saw that *Aboulcasem*; I was at his House, and my Eyes, which

are us'd to view your Majesty's Treasure, were surpriz'd at his Riches, and I was charm'd with his generous Behaviour. At these Words, the impetuous *Arraschid* could not contain his Passion: Thou art very insolent, cry'd he, to bring any particular or private Person in Comparison with me; such Impudence ought not to pass unpunish'd: In saying that, he gave the Sign to the Captain of the Guards to come near, and commanded him to seize the *Visier Giafar*; afterwards he went to the Apartment of the Princess *Zobeide* his Queen, who was in a Fright when she saw his Countenance thus enrag'd: What is the Matter, Sir, says she, that has occasion'd this Disorder you seem to be in? He told her what had just happen'd, and then complain'd of his *Visier*, in such Terms, that *Zobeide* perceiv'd he was in a great Passion with that Minister. But this prudent Princess represented to him, that he ought to suspend his Resentment, and send one to *Basra* to know the Truth of the Matter, that if it was found to be false, the *Visier* should be punish'd; but, on the contrary, if true, which she could not think, it would not be just to treat him as a Criminal.

This Discourse allay'd the Anger of the *Calif*; I approve your Advice, Madam, said he to *Zobeide*, and I confess that I ought to do this Justice to such a Minister as *Giafar*: I will do more, for as the Person that I may employ in this Affair, may have too great an Aversion for my *Visier* to give me a faithful Account, I will go to *Basra*, and inform myself in Person of the Truth of this Affair. I will get acquainted with this young Man, whose Generosity they so extol to me; if I am told true, I will confer Favours on *Giafar*, but I swear he shall die, if he has imposed on me a Falshood. As soon as *Arraschid* had made this Resolution, he delay'd not to execute it, but went secretly in the Night from the Palace, mounted his Horse, without allowing

ing any. to follow him, notwithstanding all the Intreaties of *Zabeide* that he would not go alone, but pursued the Road till he arrived at *Basra*, where he alighted at the first great Inn he found at his Entry into the City, and where the Landlord or Master of the House was a good old Man. Father, says *Haroun* to him, Is it true that there is a young Man in this Town call'd *Aboulcasem*, that excels all Princes in Magnificence and Generosity? Yes, Sir, replies the Host, if I had a hundred Mouths, and a hundred Tongues in each of them, I could not reckon up all the generous Actions he hath done. As the *Calif* had want of Rest, he went to Bed, after having taken a little Refreshment of Victuals.

He rose the next Morning early, and walk'd in the City till Sun-rise; when coming to a Taylor's Shop, he ask'd where *Aboulcasem* liv'd. Ho! from what Country do you come, said the Taylor? Sure you have never been at *Basra*, since you know not where *Seigneur Aboulcasem* lives; his House is better known than the King's Palace. The *Calif* answer'd the Taylor, that he was a Stranger; I know no Body in this City, said he, and you will oblige me if you will conduct me to this Gentleman's House: Presently the Taylor ordered one of his Boys to shew him thither. It was a large House, built of hewn Stone, and the Gate or *Partico* was of green Marble. The Prince enter'd into the Court, where there was a Crowd of Domesticks, as well Slaves as Freemen, who amus'd themselves at Play while they waited for their Master's Orders; he pitch'd upon one amongst the rest, and said to him, Brother, I desire you would take the Trouble to go to *Seigneur Aboulcasem*, and tell him that a Stranger waits to speak with him.

The Servant judg'd rightly by the Air of *Haroun*, that he was no ordinary Man; he ran to acquaint his Master, who came down into the Court to re-

ceive the Stranger, whom he took by the Hand, and conducted him into a very handsome Room: There the *Calif* said to the young Man, that he had heard so good a Character of him, that he could not resist the Ambition he had of seeing him. *Aboulcasm* answer'd his Compliment in a very modest Manner, and after they were both seated on a *Sofa*, or Carpet, he asked him of what Country or what Profession he was, and where he lodg'd at *Basra*? I am a Merchant of *Bagdad*, says the Emperor, and I took up my Lodgings in the first Inn I found at my Arrival. After a few Minutes Conversation, he saw twelve white Pages enter the Chamber, loaded with Vessels of Agate and Crystal, enrich'd with Rubies, and fill'd with exquisite fine Liquors; they were followed by twelve very beautiful Slaves, whereof some carried China Basons full of Fruits and Flowers, and others Boxes of Gold, wherein were most excellent Sweetmeats; the Pages brought their Liquors and presented them to the *Calif*; that Prince tasted of them, and tho' he had been used to the most delicious of all the *East*, he own'd he had never drank better. Dinner-time being come, *Aboulcasm* led his Guest into another Room, where there was a Table ready cover'd with the most delicate Provisions, serv'd up in Dishes of massy Gold.

The Repast being over, the young Man took the *Calif* by the Hand, and conducted him into a third Apartment, more richly furnish'd than the two others, where there was a prodigious Quantity of Vessels of Gold, set with Jewels, and full of all Sorts of Wines, with China Plates set out with dry'd Confects. As the Host and his Guest were drinking of these excellent Wines, there enter'd in Singers and Instrumental Musick, which began a Consort, wherewith *Haroun* was ravish'd: I have, said he to himself, admirable Voices in my Palace,
but

but I protest they deserve not to be compared with these; I cannot apprehend how a private Person should ever attain at Riches enough to live thus magnificently.

As the Prince was particularly attentive to one Voice, whose Sweetness ravish'd him, *Aboulcassem* went out of the Room, and return'd presently again, holding in one Hand a Rod, and in the other a small Tree, whose Trunk was of Silver, the Branches and the Leaves of *Emeralds*, and the Fruit of *Rubies*: There appear'd on the Top of the Tree a golden Peacock well wrought, whose Body was full of Ambergrise, Spirit of Aloes, and other Sweets. He placed this Tree at the Emperor's Foot, then striking with his Wand the Head of the *Peacock*, the *Peacock* stretch'd its Wings and Tail, turn'd about with a great Swiftneſs, and according as it turned, the Perfumes with which it was full, flew out on all Sides, and scented the whole Room: The *Calif* with great Pleasure continu'd looking on the Tree and the *Peacock*, and it still increas'd his Admiration, when *Aboulcassem* took and carry'd them without the least Difficulty. *Arraschid* was piqued at this Action, and said to himself, Is this young Man like me? He knows not to do those Things which I believ'd of him. He has taken away the Tree and the *Peacock*, when he saw me employ'd in looking on them: Was he afraid I would have asked him to make me a Present of them? I doubt *Giafar* hath without Reason given him the Character of a generous Man,

He was full of this Thought, when *Aboulcassem* enter'd into the Room, attended with a little Page as bright as the Sun: This lovely Infant had a Robe on of gold Brocade, set with Pearls and Diamonds; he held in his Hand a Cup made of a single Ruby, and fill'd with Wine of a purple Colour; he approach'd the *Calif*, and prostrating himself before him to the

very Ground, presented the Cup: The Prince reach'd out his Hand to receive it, and having taken it, he put the Cup to his Mouth: But, O prodigious Astonishment! after having drank, he perceiv'd, as he return'd it to the Page, that it was full again; he took it a second Time, and having emptied it to the last Drop, he return'd it into the Hands of the Page, and at the same Time he saw it full, without any Body putting any Thing therein. At this wonderful Object the Surprize of *Haroun* was great, and he quite forgot the Tree and the Peacock: He asked how this could be done? Sir, said *Aboulcassim*, it is the Work of an ancient Sage, who was Master of all the Secrets of Nature; in saying these Words, he took the Page by the Hand, and once more went suddenly out of the Hall. The *Calif* was provok'd, O! now I see plainly, says he, that this young Man knows not how to behave himself; he brought me all these Curiosities of his own Accord, he shew'd them to me, and when he perceived that I was pleas'd with the Sight, he took 'em away; there is nothing so ridiculous or ungenteel: Ah, *Giasar*, I will teach thee to know better how to judge of Men.

He knew not what to think of the Character of his Host, or rather, he began to have an ill Opinion of him: When he saw him come again the third Time, follow'd by a Damsel, cover'd all over with Pearls and precious Stones, and yet set out more by her own Beauty than all these Ornaments. The *Calif*, at Sight of so fine an Object, was fir'd with Wonder; she paid him a most profound Respect, and charm'd him beyond Expression as she came up to him: He made her sit down by him; at the same Time *Aboulcassim* ask'd for a *Lute* ready tun'd; they brought him one made of Ivory, Wood of Aloes, Sanders and Ebony; he gave this Instrument to the fair Slave, who play'd on it so perfectly well, that *Haroun*, who understood the Musick, cry'd out in

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the

the Excess of his Admiration, O young Man! your Condition is worthy of Envy! the greatest Kings of the World, the very Commander of the Faithful, is not so happy as you. As soon as *Aboulcassim* had observed that his Guest was taken with the Damsel, he took her likewise by the Hand, and led her out of the Room.

This was a new Mortification for the *Calif*, and he was like to have discover'd his Resentment; but with much ado he contain'd himself, and bridled his Passion, and his Host returning that very Moment, they continued to divert themselves till Sun-set; when *Haroun* said to the young Man, O generous *Aboulcassim*, I am confounded at the Treatment you have given me, permit me to retire, and give you no farther Trouble. The young Man of *Basra* paid him his Compliment with an obliging Air, and without contradicting him in his own Ways, conducted him to the Gate of his House, and ask'd Pardon for not having received him so magnificently as he deserved. I agree, says the *Calif*, as he was returning to his Inn, that for Magnificence *Aboulcassim* is beyond Kings, but for Generosity my *Visier* had no Reason to bring him in Comparison with me; for did he so much as offer to make me the least Present, even though I could not forbear to shew how much I admir'd the Beauty of the Tree, the Cup, the Page, and the Damsel? My Admiration ought at least to have induc'd him to offer me some of these Things. In short, this Man is made up of nothing but Ostentation, he takes Pleasure to expose his Wealth to the Eyes of Strangers; I would know for what? only to satisfy his own Pride and Vanity: In the Bottom he is nothing but a covetous Man, and I cannot forgive *Giafar* for asserting a Falshood.

In making these Reflexions so wrongful in Regard to his Prime Minister, he arrived at his Inn: But what Amaze he was in, to find there Silk Tapestry, mag-

magnificent Tents, Pavillions, a great Number of Domesticks, both Free and Slaves, Horses, Mules, Camels; and besides all these, the Tree and the Peacock, the Page with his Cup, and the fair Slave with her Lute; the Domesticks prostrated themselves before him; and the Damsel presented to him a Roll of Paper, which he open'd, and in it were contain'd these Words; *O my dear amiable Guest, whom I do not know, and therefore have not perhaps paid you the Respect which I ought to have done; I beg you wou'd have the Goodness to forget the Faults which I may have committed in receiving you, and that you wou'd not affront me in refusing the small Presents which I have sent you. As for the Tree, the Peacock, the Page, the Cup, and the Slave, they were yours before; for every Thing that pleases my Guests ceases any longer to be mine, and becomes their own proper Goods.* When the Calif had read over the Letter, he was surpriz'd at the Liberality of *Aboulcasem*, and agreed then that he had judg'd wrong of the young Man; Millions of Blessings, cries he, be given *Giasar*, for he is the Cause I am undeceiv'd. Ah *Haroun*, boast no more of being the most magnificent and generous of all Men, one of thy own Subjects hath the Advantage over thee! but then, added he, recollecting himself, how can a private Person make such Presents? I ought to have asked him where such Riches were met with, I was certainly in the wrong not to do so, nor will I go again to *Bagdad*, without having search'd into the Bottom of this Affair; likewise it is of Importance to me to know, why, in Countries subject to my Power, there is a Man that spends his Life more delightfully than I; and I will engage him to make a just Discovery, by what Means he came to so prodigious a Fortune.

Impatient to satisfy his Curiosity, he left in the Inn his new Domesticks, and return'd to the young Man the same Hour as before; and being alone, O

too courteous *Aboulcasm*, said he, the Presents you have made me are so considerable, that I dare not accept of them, for Fear of abusing your Generosity; give me Leave to return them, that I may go to *Bagdad* to publish the charming Reception you have given me, your Magnificence and generous Inclinations. Sir, answer'd the young Man, with a mortify'd Air, you have undoubtedly good Reason to complain of the unfortunate *Aboulcasm*; some of his Actions must have been unacceptable to you, since you reject his Presents; you would not do me such Injury, if you were pleas'd with me. No, answers the Prince, Heaven is my Witness, I am charm'd with your Civility, but your Presents are too valuable, they surpass those of Kings; and, if I may be allow'd to speak what I think, you ought to be less prodigal of your Riches, and not squander them away thus lavishly.

Aboulcasm smil'd at these Words, and answer'd the *Calif*; I am glad to understand that it is not for a Fault committed by me that you refuse my Presents; and to oblige you to receive them, I will say, that I can make such every Day, and even greater, without Prejudice to myself. I see plainly, added he, that this Discourse astonishes you; but you will cease to be surprized, when I shall relate to you all the Adventures that have happened to me, and I must impart that Secret to you. In saying that, he conducted *Haroun* into a Room a thousand Times better furnish'd and richer than the rest; wherein were Vessels perfumed with all Kinds of Sweets, and he shew'd him a Throne of Gold, with a costly Foot-cloth. *Arraschid* could not believe himself in the House of a private Person, but rather that it was a Prince more powerful than himself; the young Man mounted the Throne, and set him by him: Then began the History of his Life after this Manner.

The

The Story of the Lady in the Sack.

I Am the Son of a Jeweller of *Cairo*, call'd *Abdelaziz*, who was so rich, that fearing to provoke the Ambition or Avarice of the *Sultan* of *Egypt* against him, he quitted his Country, and went to live at *Basra*, where he married the only Daughter of the richest Merchant of that City. I am the only Issue of that Marriage; so that enjoying all the Effects of my Father and Mother after their Deaths, I had a shining Fortune; but I was very young, I lov'd Expence, and finding myself in a Condition to gratify my liberal Inclinations, or rather to please my Prodigality, I liv'd with such Profusion, that in less than two or three Years I found my Patrimony gone; then, like all those who repent of their Mis-carriages too late, I made the best Reflexions in the World upon it.

After the Figure that I had made at *Basra*, I thought of nothing but removing elsewhere to spend my unhappy Days; I thought my Misery would be more supportable among Strangers, therefore I sold my House, the only Thing I had left, and went along with a *Caravan* of Merchants, with whom I went to *Moussel*, afterwards to *Damascus*, and crossing the Desert of *Arabia* and Mount *Pharan*, I arriv'd at Grand *Cairo*. The Beauty of the Houses, and the Magnificence of the *Mosques* surpriz'd me, and reflecting that I was in the Place where *Abdelaziz* was born, I could not forbear sighing and shedding some Tears: O my Father! said I then to myself, were you alive, and that in the very Place where you liv'd the Envy of all, and saw your Son in such a deplorable Condition, what Grief would it be to you! Employ'd in this Reflection, which melted me to Softness, I arrived presently upon the Banks of the *Nile*: I was got on the Backside of the

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Sultan's Palace, where there appear'd a young Lady at the Window, whose Beauty struck me; I stop't to gaze upon her; she, perceiving me, retir'd. As the Night came on, and that I was not certain of a Lodging, I went to seek out one in the Neighbourhood: I took little Rest, the Image of the fair One never went out of my Mind; I was sensible I was in Love: Wou'd to God, cry'd I, that I had not seen her, or that she had not discover'd me, for then I should either not have fallen in Love with her, or else I should have had the Pleasure of seeing her longer.

Next Morning I delay'd not to present myself before the Window, in Hopes of seeing her again, but I was deceiv'd in my Expectations, she appear'd not at all. This afflicted me much, nevertheless I desist'd not from endeavouring once more to get a Sight of her: In short, I return'd the Day following, and was more happy; the Lady appear'd, and seeing that I look'd upon her with some Regard, said to me, Insolent Fellow, do you not know that Men are forbid to stop under the Palace Windows? Be gone presently, for if the *Sultan's* Officers should happen to see you in this Place, thou wilt certainly be put to Death: Instead of being terrify'd at these Words, and running away, I threw myself on my Face to the Ground, then rising up, said, Madam, I am a Stranger, and know not the Customs of *Cairo*; but were I acquainted with them, your Beauty would make me incapable of observing them. Ah, rash Youth! cry'd she, do you not think I will call my Slaves to punish your Audaciousness? In saying this, she disappear'd, and I believ'd that being affronted with my Impudence, she went effectually to call her People to chastise me.

I waited in Expectation I should have been fallen on by the Soldiers, but more affected with Passion for the Lady than these Threats, I was insensible
of

of the Danger I was in: I went slowly back again to my Lodging, which that Night was very tormenting to me; a burning Fever, rais'd by the Agitation of my Love, heated my Blood, and occasion'd frightful and troublesome Dreams; nevertheless the Ambition of seeing the Lady again, and the Hopes of being more favourably look'd upon, tho' I had but little Reason to expect it, allay'd my Transports. However, being wholly govern'd by my foolish Passion, I ran again next Day to the Nile Side, and placed myself where I stood the Day before. The young Lady shew'd herself when she perceiv'd me, but with an Air so fierce as indeed dismay'd me: What! Wretch, says she, notwithstanding what I threaten'd thee with, dost thou yet return hither again? Be gone from near the Palace; Pity prevails with me once more to give thee Warning, that thy Ruin is certain, if thou dost not retire this Moment: What stays thee, added she, one Moment after seeing that I was not gone? Tremble, bold Youth, for the Thunder is just ready to fall upon thee.

At this Discourse, which, without Doubt, would have perswaded any one less in Love than myself, instead of leaving the Lady, I look'd upon her with a languishing Air, and answer'd, Fair Lady, do you believe that an unhappy Wretch thus charm'd, and who adores you without Hope, can fear Death? Alas! I had rather lose my Life than live without you: Well, reply'd she, since you are so obstinate, go pass the rest of the Day in the Town, and return this Night under my Window; at these Words she departed instantly, and left me fill'd with Astonishment, Love and Joy. Though hitherto I had been obstinate, in not obeying the rigorous Commands which the Lady had impos'd upon me to go, you may well think now that I readily comply'd with them: The new Circumstance she had added, soften'd the Rigour of them, and in Expectation

tion of the Pleasure which I promis'd to myself, I forgot my Misfortunes: I cannot pretend, said I, to complain of Fortune, she is become more favourable than she was adverse before: I then retir'd to my Lodging, where I employ'd myself in dressing and perfuming. When Night was come, and I reckon'd it was Time to go where my Love call'd, I took the Advantage of the Darknes, and found at a Window of the Apartment, a Cord let down, which served me to mount by; I cross'd two Chambers to come to a Third, which was magnificently furnish'd, and in the Middle whereof was a silver Throne. I took little Notice of the precious Furniture and all the other Rarities there, my Eyes were fixed on the Lady only. Ah, Sir, what attracting Charms! whether Nature had indeed form'd her on Purpose to shew to Men, that when she pleases she can make a perfect Piece of Workmanship, or whether being too much prepossess'd in her Behalf, my charm'd Imagination conceal'd her Defects from my Eyes, I was enchanted with her Beauty.

She made me mount upon the Throne, and afterwards sat down by me, and then asked me who I was? I related to her the History of my Life with a great deal of Sincerity; and perceiv'd that she heard it very attentively; she appear'd to be touch'd with the Condition wherein Fortune had plac'd me, and this Compassion, which discover'd a generous Heart, render'd me the most amorous Man in the World. Madam, said I, how wretched soever my Condition be, I am no longer an Object of Pity, since you are sensible of my Misfortunes. We were now by Degrees engaged in a tender Discourse with one another, which on her Part she carried on with a great deal of Vivacity, and assured me, that if I was so struck at the first Sight of her, on her Side, she could not resist the having a Concern for me; and since you have let me know who you are, I wou'd not have you ignorant of me. I

I am call'd *Dardania*, I was born in the City of *Damascus*; my Father was one of the Vissiers of the Prince who now reigns there, and was call'd *Behrouz*: As the Glory of his Master, and the Good of his Kingdoms were the Rule of all his Actions, all those who were of different Principles, and had other Views, were his Enemies, and these were they who ruin'd him in the King's Esteem. The unfortunate *Behrouz* after several Years Service was discarded the Court; he retir'd into a House which he had at the City Gates, where he gave himself up wholly to my Education; but, alas! before he had the Pleasure to reap the Fruit of his Labours, he died, and left me an Infant. He was no sooner dead, than my Mother converted all his Effects to Money; and this miserable Woman, after having sold me to a Slave-Merchant, went for the *Indies* with a young Man whom she loved: This Merchant of Slaves brought me to *Cairo*, with several other Maidens that he had purchas'd; he cloath'd us all magnificently, and when he believed us in a fit Condition to be presented to the *Sultan* of *Egypt*, he conducted us into his Palace, and led us into a large Chamber, where the *Sultan* was seated on his Throne.

We pass'd one after the other before the Prince, who appear'd charm'd at the Sight of me; he descended from his Throne, and approaching to me, cry'd out, What a Shape is here! what Eyes! what a Mouth! my Friend, continu'd he to the Merchant, since the Time you first sold me Slaves, you have never brought me such a Beauty as this before; nothing is comparable to this young Person; ask what you will have for her, I cannot pay you too much for so charming an Object. In short, the Prince transported with Joy, and already much in Love with me, gave the Merchant a large Sum of Money, and sent him away with the other Slaves. Then he call'd the chief of his Eunuchs; *Keykaher*, said he, conduct

conduct this bright Sun into a separate Apartment : *Keydkaber* obey'd, and brought me into this, which is the richest of all the Palace. I was no sooner come here, but several Slaves both young and old enter'd in to attend me ; some bringing me fine Cloaths, others Refreshments, and some had *Lutes*, whereon they play'd very well ; all of them telling me that they were sent by the *Sultan*, who had appointed them to serve me, and that nothing should be wanted that they could do for me.

I soon received a Visit from the *Sultan*, who declared his Love to me in very lively Expressions, and the awkward Answers I made to his Discourse so novel to me, instead of displeasing that Prince, rais'd his Passion the greater ; in short, I became his Favourite *Sultaneſs*. All the Slaves who believed themselves handsome enough to deserve my Place, were very jealous, and you cannot imagine the Methods they took for three Years together to destroy me ; but I have been so cautious of all my Actions, that all their Malice hath been spent in vain hitherto ; not that I am content with my Condition, for I cannot love the *Sultan*, nor am I so ambitious as to be fond of those Honours which are given me ; I am only piqu'd at the Efforts my Rivals have made to ruin me, and am resolv'd to disappoint them. You'll pardon this from a Woman : Their Enmity, continued she, I must own, gives me more Pleasure than the *Sultan's* Love, yet I must acknowledge that Prince is agreeable and worthy to be beloved ; but whether it is not in our Power to love where we please, or that the Conquest of my Heart was reserved for you, you are the first Man that ever affected me with Concern.

In Return to so obliging a Compliment, which seem'd an Addition to my good Fortune, I promis'd this fair one an immortal Love, and then earnestly press'd her no longer to defer the happy Hour ; my
passionate

passionate Discourses melted her into Softness; but Fortune pleased to make a Shew of false Hopes to the Unfortunate, and my cross Stars not having yet pour'd down all their malevolent Influences; in the Minute that the fair *Dardania*, yielding to the pressing Instances of my Passion, was about to compleat my Desires, one knocked at the Chamber-Door very rudely; we were both in a Consternation: O Heaven! said the Lady to me with a low Voice, we are betray'd! we are undone! 'tis the *Sultan* himself! If the Rope whereby I had got into the Palace, had been hanging at the Window of the Chamber we were in, I cou'd easily have escaped, but it was at a Window of the very Chamber where the *Sultan* himself then was; so that I had no Means left but to hide myself under the Throne, and *Dardania* went to open the Door.

The *Sultan*, follow'd by several black Eunuchs who carried Flambeaux, enter'd with a furious Look; Wretch, cry'd he, what Man is here with thee? He was seen climbing up to the Window of this Apartment, and the Rope is still hanging there: The Lady was struck dumb at these Words, and cou'd not answer a Syllable; and tho' she had Confidence enough to have deny'd the Fact, yet the Consternation she was in wou'd have too plainly betray'd her Guilt. Then the *Sultan* order'd Search to be made, that the rash Adventurer might not escape his Vengeance; the Eunuchs obey'd, and soon discover'd me: They haul'd me from under the Throne, and drag'd me to the Feet of their Master, who said to me, Wretch! What Impudence is thine! Are there not Women enough for thee in the City of *Cairo*, and hast thou no more Respect for my Palace? I was no less affrighted than the Favourite herself, and little wanted that I did not swoon away: I believe if the same Adventure had befallen you at *Bagdad*, and that you had been surpriz'd by the
great,

great *Haroun Arraschid* in his *Seraglio*; pardon, Sir, the Comparison, you wou'd have been in the same Condition. I was upon my Knees before the *Sultan*, and I expected nothing but Death: That Prince drew out his *Sabre* to kill me, but at the same Time he was going to strike, there arrived an old Lady who stopt him. What are you going to do, Sir? said she, strike not such Wretches as these, fully not your Hands with the Blood of such abject Slaves, they are both unworthy that the Earth should receive their Bodies, since they have had the Audaciousness, one of them to fail in Duty towards you, and the other to betray you: Order therefore that they be thrown both of them into the *Nile*, and given for Food to the Fishes. The *Sultan* followed her Advice, and the Eunuchs at once threw us both out of the Window of the Tower into the *Nile*, which ran by the Walls of it.

Though I was stunn'd with my Fall, yet as I could swim well, I soon gain'd the Bank of the River opposite to the Palace; having escaped such Danger, I call'd to mind the young Lady, whom the Fear of Death had made me forget; and my Love surmounting that Dread, I plung'd into the *Nile* again with more Ardour than I got out of it; I followed the Stream, and because the Darknes of the Night would not permit me to discern any Objects, I search'd to discover upon the Surface of the Water, the unfortunate Body I had been the Destruction of; but I could perceive nothing, and feeling that my Strength began to fail me, I was obliged to make to the Land, in Order to preserve a Life that I expos'd in vain.

I could no longer doubt but the Favourite was lost, and I was inconsolable to think her Death must always reproach me; I cry'd bitterly. Alas! said I, without me, without my fatal Love, *Dardania*, the fair *Dardania*, would have been still living. Alas!
why

why came I to *Cairo*? why did I, not considering that Misfortunes are contagious, endeavour to engage the Affection of so charming a Person? Thus overwhelm'd with Grief to see myself the Cause of her Misfortune, and to live at *Cairo* becoming odious to me after this Adventure, I took the Rout of *Bagdad*.

After some Days travelling on the Road, I arrived one Night at the Foot of a Mountain, behind which lay a great City; I sat myself down on the Banks of a Rivulet to repose, and I resolved to pass that Night there. Sleep overcame my Senses, and just as the first Rays of Day began to appear, I heard at a little Distance from me Sighs and Groans, that awak'd me: I listen'd attentively, and it seem'd as if the Complaint was from a Woman that was ill used. I rose presently, and advancing to that Side from whence I heard the Noise, I perceived a Man making a Grave with a Spade: I hid myself in a Bush to observe him, and took Notice that when the Grave was made, he put something therein, and covering it with Earth again, he afterwards went away. The Day coming on apace, I approached to see what it was; I removed the Earth, and found a great Linen Sack all bloody, in which was a young Lady that seem'd to be at her last Gasps; her Cloaths, though cover'd with Blood, left me no room to dispute but that she was a Person of Quality. What barbarous Hand, cry'd I to myself, seiz'd with Horror and Compassion, what inhuman Wretch, has thus abused this young Creature? Heaven sure will punish this Assassine!

The Lady, whom I thought senseless, understood me, and said, O *Mussulman*, be so charitable as to relieve me; if thou lovest thy Creator, give me a Drop of Water to quench my Thirst, and to ease my exquisite Pain: I ran presently to the Fountain and fill'd my *Turban* with Water, which I carried
her,

her, she drank, and then open'd her Eyes to look on me. O young Man, said she, who come so opportunely to my Relief, endeavour to stop my Blood; I do not believe my Wounds mortal, save my Life, and you shall not repent it; I rent my *Turban* and Part of my Cloaths, and then I bound up her Wounds: Proceed with your Charity to the End, said she, carry me into the City, and get my Wounds dress'd. Fair Lady, answer'd I to her, I am a Stranger, and know no Body there; if any one ask me by what Accident I met with you thus assassinated, what shall I answer? You shall say that I am your Sister, reply'd she, and you need not trouble yourself any further.

I took the Lady on my Back, I carried her into the City, and went with her to an Inn, where I provided her a Bed; I sent for a Surgeon, who when he had dress'd her Wounds, assured us they were not dangerous. In short, she was cured in a Month's Time; but during that Interval, she ask'd me for Pen, Ink and Paper, and writ a Letter, giving it into my Hands; Go, says she to me, to the Exchange, ask for *Mahyar* the Merchant, give him my Letter, and take what he gives you, and return. I carry'd the Letter to *Mahyar*; he look'd it over with great Attention, kiss'd it very respectfully, and put it on his Head; he then took out two great Purfes of *Sequins* of Gold, which he gave me. I received them, and went to the Lady, who ordered me to hire a House; I hired one, and we both lived together; when we were got thither, she writ a second Letter to *Mahyar*, who gave me four Purfes full of Gold; I bought, by the Lady's Orders, Cloaths for her and me, with Slaves to wait on us.

I pass'd in that Part of the City for the Lady's Brother, and I lived with her as I had been really so; though she was a very beautiful Person, *Dardanis*

Janina eternally possess'd my Thoughts, and, instead of inclining to a new Amour, I would more than once have quitted the Lady, but she intreated me not to forsake her; Wait, young Man, said she to me, I have yet Occasion for you some Time longer, I will soon let you know who I am, and I will then well reward the Services you have done me. I remained then altogether with her, and out of mere Generosity did whatever she desired me; though I had an extream Desire to know for what she was assassinated, I found it was not possible to engage her to tell me: I often gave her Occasion to tell me her Story, but she was always reserved, and remained very silent, instead of satisfying my Curiosity. Go, said she one Day, giving me a Purse full of Sequins, go find out a Merchant call'd *Namahran*, tell him you want to buy some fine Stuffs; he will then shew you several Sorts, chuse some Pieces, and pay him for them whatever he asks, then shew your Respects to him, and bring me the Stuffs: I enquired, and found out where *Namahran* lived; he was in his Shop, where I saw a young Man very well shaped, with short curl'd Hair as black as Jet; he had fine Pendants at his Ears, and large Diamond-Rings on all his Fingers: I came to him and asked for some Stuffs; he let me see several Pieces; I chose three; he set the Price; I counted out the Money, then rose, and having taken Leave very civilly of him, I gave the Stuffs to a Slave, who carry'd them after me. Two Days after, the Lady gave me another Purse, and bid me return to *Namahran* to buy other Stuffs; but take care, added she, that you do not offer to bargain with him, but whatever he asks, be sure you give it him. As soon as the Merchant saw me return, and knew what I came for, he shewed me much richer Stuffs; I pitch'd upon those I lik'd best, and in order to pay him, threw down my

Purse,

Purse, and bid him take what he must have. He was charm'd with my noble Way of Dealing, and said to me, Sir, pray do me the Honour one Day to come and dine with me; Very freely, said I, and I will chuse To-morrow, if you please: The Merchant answer'd me, that he would take it as a great Favour, and that I should be very welcome.

When I told the Lady that *Namahran* had invited me to dine with him, she seem'd transported with Joy; Neglect not to go, said she to me, and intreat him likewise to come hither the next Day; tell him that you will entertain him in your Turn; I will prepare a sumptuous Feast. I could not tell what to think of those Emotions of Joy which she then discover'd; I saw plainly that she had some Design, which I was far from being able to penetrate. I went the Day following to the Merchant, who received and treated me very kindly; before we parted, I let him know where I liv'd, and that the next Day I would desire him to dine with me: He came according to Appointment. We both sat down to Table, and pass'd the Day in drinking the best of Wines; the Lady wou'd not come into our Company, but took great Care to hide herself during the Repast. Being desired to amuse the Merchant, and not suffer him to return Home that Night, I stopt him in Spite of all Intreaties that he could make to go: We continu'd drinking and lengthning the Debauch till Midnight, then I led him into a Chamber where there was a Bed provided for him; I there left him, and withdrew into my own. I went to Bed, and fell asleep, but had not long enjoy'd the Pleasure of Rest, when the Lady came and wak'd me; she held a Flambeaux in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other. Young Man, said she, rise, come and see your Guest bath'd in his own perfidious Blood: I arose full of Horror at these Words; I dress'd myself

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hastily; I follow'd the Lady into the Merchant's Chamber, and seeing the Wretch extended without Life upon his Bed, I cry'd out, Ah! cruel Woman, what have you done, how cou'd you be guilty of such a Deed? And why have you made me the Instrument of your Rage? Young Stranger, said she to me, repent not that you have contributed to my just Revenge on *Namabran*; he was a Traytor; you will not be sorry for this when you know his Crime, or rather when you understand he was Author of my Misfortune, which I will relate to you.

I am, continu'd she, the Daughter of the King of this Place; one Day when I was going to the publick Baths, I saw *Namabran* in his Shop, I was struck, and in spite of myself his Idea always run in my Head: I perceived that I loved him; I at first struggled with my Passion; I reflected how unworthy he was of me, and I believed I should conquer my Inclinations by these Reflections; but I was mistaken, for my Love surmounted my Pride; I became restless, languishing, and my Grief increased from Time to Time, till at last I fell into a Disease, whereof I had died infallibly, if my Governess, who understood my Symptoms better than the Physicians, had not apprehended the Cause; she engaged me very dextrously to confess that her Conjectures were not false: I related to her the Manner how I entertain'd my unhappy Love, and she judg'd by what I had said, that I was foolishly in Love with *Namabran*. She was affected with the Condition in which she found me, and promis'd to ease my Trouble. In short, one Night she brought in the young Merchant in a Girl's Cloaths, and left him with me in my Apartment; besides the Joy I had of seeing him, I had the Pleasure of observing that he was charm'd at his good Fortune: After having kept him lock'd up in a Closet several Days, my Governess led him out of the *Seraglio* as luckily as she

he brought him in, and from Time to Time he return'd under the same Disguise.

I took a fancy to go and see *Namahran* in my Turn, and thought to please myself by surprizing him, not doubting but this Frolick, which would shew him the Excess of my Passion, could not but prove very agreeable. I went all alone one Night from the Palace, by By-ways that were known to me, and came to his House: I had little Trouble in finding it, because I had taken Notice of it going and coming from the Baths. I knock'd at the Door; a Slave came to open it, and ask'd me who I was, and what I would have? I am, answer'd I, a young Lady of this City, and wou'd speak with your Master: He is in Company, replies the Slave, he is engag'd with another Lady; come To-morrow. At the Word *Lady*, I found myself seiz'd with a Fit of Jealousy, which put me out of my Senses; I became outrageous, and instead of retiring, I enter'd rudely into the House, and run up Stairs, where I saw many Lights, and all other Appearances of an Entertainment, and the Merchant at Table with a young handsome Girl; they drank both together, and sung tender passionate Songs. I could not contain my Passion at this Sight, but fell upon the young Girl and beat her, so that I should have kill'd her, if she had not found Means to get away; nay, I did not only fall upon my Rival, but I spar'd not *Namahran*; he presently threw himself at my Feet, ask'd Pardon, and swore he would never be false again; he appeas'd me, I had Regard to his Oaths and Submissions; he engaged me at the same Time to drink with him, and that so long till he had overpower'd me: When he saw me in this Condition, the Traytor wounded me in several Places with his Knife. I fell without Sense, he believed me dead, put me in a Sack, and carried me at the same Time upon his Back out of the Town, to the very Place

where you found me. During the Time he was digging the Grave, I recover'd my Senses, and utter'd some Complaints; but he was very far from regarding them; and to shew how little Pity he had for me, the Barbarian resolv'd to inter me alive. As to *Mahyar*, continu'd she, that other Merchant, to whom you carry'd Letters for me, he is Merchant to the *Seraglio*; I let him understand that I had Occasion for Money, and I communicated to him my Adventure, engaging him to keep the Secret till I had taken the Satisfaction of a full Revenge. O young Man, behold my Story! I would not let you know it sooner, for fear, lest you should have made a Scruple of putting the Victim of my Revenge into my Power, and I cannot believe that you disapprove of my generous Action; for if, as I believe, you are an Enemy to perfidious Hearts, you will commend me for having had Courage to stab that of *Namabran's*. As soon as it is Day, added she, we will go together to the Palace; the King my Father loves me passionately; I will confess my Fault; I hope he will pardon it, and I dare promise thee he will load thee with Favours.

No, Madam, said I then to the Princess, I ask nothing for having saved your Life, Heaven is my Witness that I repent it not; but, I confess, I am sorry that I was so serviceable to your Resentment; you have abused my good Nature, in making me contribute to a Treachery: You ought rather to have obliged me to revenge the Outrages had been offer'd you in a more noble Manner, I would willingly have exposed my Life for you. In short, Sir, said I, addressing to *Haroun Arraschid*, tho' I found *Namabran* justly punish'd, I was sorry for being made an Instrument of his Death, so I quitted the Lady immediately, and left the City before Day. But the Dawn no sooner began to appear, than I got Sight of a Caravan of Merchants, which were encamp'd
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in a Meadow: I join'd the Caravan, and as it was going to *Bagdad*, where I had a Desire to be, I went along with it. I arriv'd happily there, but found myself in a sad Condition; I was without Money, and nothing left but one Sequin of Gold; I consider'd it was best to change it into Aspers, and with them bought Wash-balls, Sweetmeats, Balsams and Perfumes. I went every Day to a certain House, where dwelt a Man who sold *Fyquaa*, (a Sort of Beverage made of Barley, Water, and dry'd Grapes) and where several Lords and other Persons of Quality met to converse together, and divert themselves. I offer'd to them in a Basket the Things I had bought; every one took what he lik'd, and gave me something for it; so that by this small Craft I just subsisted myself. One Day as I presented, according to Custom, some of my sweet-scented Flowers at the House of one that sold *Fyquaa*, there was in the Corner of the Room an old Man, whom I did not see, and who, taking Notice that I offer'd none to him, call'd me; Friend, said he to me, whence comes it that you don't ask me to buy your Goods as well as others? Do you not take me for a Gentleman, or do you think I have got no Money in my Purse? Sir, answer'd I, I hope you will excuse me, I saw you not before, I assure you; all that I have got here is at your Service, I ask nothing for it; at the same Time I presented my Basket to him, he took a scented Ball, and bid me sit down by him. I sat down, he asked me a thousand Questions, as, Who I was, what my Name? and so forth. Excuse me, said I to him, sighing, from satisfying your Curiosity; I cannot gratify you, without opening the Wounds a-new, which Time has almost heal'd. These Words, or rather the Tone in which I pronounced them, stopt the old Man from pressing me further; he chang'd the Discourse, and after a pretty long Entertainment, rising up to go, he took out

of his Purse ten Sequins of Gold, and put them into my Hand.

I was much surpriz'd with such Liberality: The most considerable Gentlemen to whom I had us'd to present my Ware, never gave me to the Value of one Sequin, and I knew not what to think of this Man. I return'd next Day to the same Place, and found my old Man again there; he was not the last then to whom I address'd myself, I presently made the first Offer to him, he took a little Balsam, and made me sit down again by him; he press'd me so affectionately to relate my Story to him, that I could not deny him: I told him all that had happen'd to me, and after I had put this Trust in him, he said to me, I knew your Father; I am a Merchant of *Basra*, I have no Children, or Hopes of having any; I have taken a Friendship to you, and do adopt you: Now comfort yourself, my Son, for all your Sorrows past; you regain a Father much richer than *Abdelaziz*, and who hath not less Affection for you. I thank'd the venerable old Man for the Honour he had done me, and I follow'd him out of the House; he made me throw away my Basket and Flowers, and brought me to a great House which he had hir'd; he gave me an Apartment in it, with Slaves to wait upon me, and I had brought to me by his Order rich Cloaths. I fancy'd within myself that my Father *Abdelaziz* was still living, and it could scarce enter into my Thoughts that I had ever been miserable.

When the Merchant had done his Business which he came to *Bagdad* about, that is, when he had sold the Commodities which he brought with him, we travell'd together on the Road to *Basra*: My Friends, who never thought of seeing me again, were not a little surprized to understand that I was adopted by a Man who was reckon'd the richest Merchant of the Place. I made it my Business to please the old
Man,

Man, and he was engaged with my agreeable Temper. *Aboulcassim*, would he often say to me, I am transported that I met with you so fortunately at *Bagdad*; thou appearest to me very deserving of all that I have done for thee. I was so touch'd with the Sentiments he entertain'd of me, that, far from abusing them, I made it my whole Study to please him; instead of finding young Company of my own Age to converse with, I suited myself to his Conversation, and scarce ever left him at all.

At last the good old Man fell sick, and the Physicians could not cure him: When he saw his Death approach, he bid all that were with him withdraw, that he might speak to me in private. He began thus: It is Time, my Son, to reveal an important Secret to you: If all my Estate consisted of nothing but this House, and the Riches that you see in it, I should think that I left you more than a moderate Fortune; but all the Effects I have gather'd together during my whole Life, tho' very considerable for a Merchant, yet are nothing in Comparison of the Treasure which is hid in this House, and which I will now discover to you; I shall not tell you at what Time, how, by whom, nor in what Manner it was brought hither, I am altogether ignorant of it; all that I know, is, that my Grandfather at his Death discover'd it to my Father, who likewise put the same Trust in me a few Days before he died. But, continu'd he, I must give you this Advice, and be sure you observe it: You are naturally generous, and when you have an Estate whereby you may follow your Inclinations, you will prodigally squander what you have, you will magnificently receive Strangers, you will load them with Presents, and give to every Body that asks your Assistance. This Conduct of yours, which I should approve very much, if you were in a Condition to go through with it, will

be the Cause of your Ruin; for you will live so great as to excite against you the Envy of the King of *Basra*, or the Avarice of his Ministers; they will suspect you have some hidden Treasure, and neglect no Means to discover it, and they will take it from you. To prevent this Misfortune, you ought to follow my Example: I have always, as well as my Grandfather and Father before me, follow'd my Profession, and enjoy'd this Treasure without making a Noise, we having made no Figure whereby the World could be surprized.

I fail'd not to promise the Merchant that I would imitate his Prudence; he then inform'd me in what Place the Treasure was, and assured me, that whatsoever great Ideas I might form to myself of the Riches contain'd therein, I should find them more considerable than my Imagination could represent. In short, after the generous old Man was dead; and I, as his only Heir, had paid my last Devoirs to his Remains, I took Possession of all his Effects, whereof the House made a Part; and when I went to see the Treasure, I protest, Sir, I was amazed; for, if it be not indeed inexhaustible, it is at least so vast, that I shall never be able to spend it, even tho' Heaven should give me to live much longer than the rest of Men. Thus, far from keeping the Promise I made to the Merchant, I distributed my Riches to all: There is not a Person in *Basra*, who has not been sensible of my Favours, my House is open to all that stand in Need, and every Body goes away contented: Can he be said to enjoy his Treasure who dares not touch it? Or can I make a better Use of my Riches than to serve the Poor, and relieve the Unfortunate? Or than kindly to receive Strangers, and live a Life of Pleasures and Delights?

All the World imagin'd that I was going to ruin myself again: If *Aboulcassim*, said they, had all the
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Treasure of the Commander of the Believers, he would squander it away; but they were at length strangely astonish'd, while, instead of seeing my Affairs grow worse and worse, they appear'd, on the contrary, every Day more flourishing than other; they could not conceive how I could increase my Wealth in spending it. I lived at so great an Expence, that, in short, I raised the Envy of the World against me, as the old Man had predicted; the Noise ran through the Town that I had found a Treasure: This was sufficient to bring the covetous and greedy People to attend me; the Daroga, or Lieutenant of the Polity of *Basra*, came to see me: I am, says he, the Daroga of this City, and I come to demand where the Treasure is, with which supply'd, you live so magnificently? I was concern'd at these Words, and was struck dumb with Astonishment: He then found by my Looks that the Discourse of the Town concerning me was not without some Foundation; but instead of pressing me close to discover my Wealth, Seigneur *Aboulcasem*, continues he, I do my Duty like a Man of Sense and Moderation; make me a Present worth my Acceptance, and I shall take no further Notice: How much do you ask, says I? I will be satisfy'd, answers he, with ten Sequins of Gold a Day: That is not enough, says I, I will give you a hundred, and you may receive it every Month, or every Day, as you please. The Lieutenant was transported with Joy at these Words; Sir, said he to me, I wish you had found a thousand Treasures; rejoice and enjoy 'em in Peace, I will never disturb your Possession: He receiv'd, by Way of Advance, a large Sum, and went his Way.

A little while after, the Visier *Aboulfatah Wasehy* sent for me, and carrying me into his Closet, he said to me, O young Man! I understand you have discover'd a Treasure; you know that a Fifth belongs

to God, and that you ought to give it to the King ; then pay the Fifth, and rest in quiet Possession of the other four Parts : I answer'd, Sir, I declare to you that I have found a Treasure, and I swear at the same Time, by the great God who created both you and me, that I will not discover where it is, not tho' I were to be cut in ten thousand Pieces ; but I will engage to give a thousand Sequins of Gold every Day, provided you let me enjoy the Remainder in Peace. *Aboufattah* was as tractable as the Lieutenant, and he sent to my House a Person in whom he confided, and to whom my Treasurer paid thirty thousand Sequins for the first Month. The Visier, fearing, no doubt, lest the King of *Basra* should be inform'd of what had pass'd, chose rather to tell him the Story himself ; that Prince hearken'd attentively, and the Thing seeming to deserve to be search'd into, he wou'd needs see me ; he received me with a smiling Air, and said, O young Man ! why will you not shew me your Treasure ? Do you think me so base as to take it from you ? Sir, answer'd I, may your Majesty live for ever, but should you tear the Flesh from my Bones with red hot Pincers, I will never discover my Treasure. I am content to pay your Majesty every Day two thousand Sequins of Gold ; if you refuse to accept of that, or if you think it more for your Service to put me to Death, you may give immediate Orders for my Execution ; I am ready to suffer whatever you can inflict, rather than satisfy your Curiosity.

The King look'd upon his Visier at this Discourse, and asked his Advice ; Sir, said that Minister, the Sum offer'd you is so considerable, that you may be said to have found a real Treasure. My Advice is, that you send away this young Man, that he may live in his usual Grandeur, but let him take Care to keep his Word with your Majesty. The King follow'd his Advice, at the same Time he caress'd me ; and

and since that, according to our Conventions, I pay every Year to him, the Visier, and Lieutenant of the Polity of *Basra*, above a Million and sixty thousand Sequins of Gold. Thus, Sir, I have told you what you desir'd, and you see that you need not be surpriz'd at the Presents I have made you, or at the rest of the Riches you have seen in my Possession.

When *Aboulcassim* had finish'd the Relation of his Adventures, the Calif, animated with a violent Desire of seeing the Treasure, said to him, Is it possible that there can be any such Treasure in the World, that your Generosity is not capable of making away with in a short Time? No, I cannot believe it; and if it is not too burthenfome to you, Sir, I must request to see all that which you possess, and I will swear with a most inviolable Oath, that I will not abuse the Trust which you shall put in me. The Son of *Abdelaziz* appear'd afflicted at this Discourse of the Calif: I am sorry, Sir, said he, that you have this Curiosity; I cannot satisfy you but upon Conditions very disagreeable: I value not, cries the Prince, what the Conditions are, I submit to them, whatever they be, without the least Repugnancy or Reserve. Well, says *Aboulcassim*, I must blindfold your Eyes before I conduct you, and you must go without Arms, with your Head naked, and I must carry a Scymeter in my Hand, to give you a thousand mortal Wounds, if you violate in any Degree the Laws of Hospitality: I know well, added he, that I shall be accused of Imprudence, and that I ought not to yield to your Request; but I put a Confidence in your Oath; besides, I cannot prevail with myself to send you away as a discontented Guest: Then said the Calif, be pleased to gratify my curious Desire: That cannot be done presently, answers the young Man, but stay with me this Night, till all my Domesticks are at rest, and I will conduct you into the Apartment where my Treasure lies. At these Words,

Words, he call'd his Attendants, and by the Light of a large Quantity of Tapers in Golden Branches, carry'd by as many Slaves, he conducted the Prince into a magnificent Chamber, and then he retired into his own; the Slaves undress'd the Emperor, and having put him to Bed, went away, leaving all around the Bed the burning Tapers, the Wax of which being perfumed, cast an agreeable Smell in the Burning.

Instead of taking Rest, *Haroun Arraschid* waited impatiently for *Aboulcasem*, who fail'd not to come at Midnight, and said to him, Sir, all my Domesticks are asleep, a deep Silence reigns through all my House, and I am ready to shew you my Treasure on the Conditions I propos'd: Let us go, answers the Calif, rising up, I am ready to follow, and I swear by the Creator of Heaven and Earth, that you shall have no Cause to repent the having satisfy'd my Curiosity. The Son of *Abdelaziz* assisted the Prince to dress him, then putting a Bandage cross his Eyes; 'Tis with Regret, Sir, said he, that I use you after this Manner, your Mien and your Behaviour appear worthy of Trust: I approve your Precautions, says the Emperor, interrupting him, nor take it in the least amiss of you: *Aboulcasem* then convey'd him down a Pair of Back-stairs, into a Garden of vast Extent, and after several Windings and Turnings, they both enter'd into the Place where the Treasure was hid. It was a deep and spacious Vault, whose Entry was covered with a single Stone; then they found a long narrow Entry, shelving and very dark, at the End of which was a large Room, made very bright by the Multitude of Carbuncles therein; when they were come into the Room, the young Man unbound the Eyes of the Calif, who saw with Amazement all that appear'd to his Sight. A Basin of white Marble, which was fifty Foot in Circumference, and thirty deep, was
seen

seen in the Middle: It was full of large Pieces of Gold. Around it were twelve Columns of the same Metal, which supported as many Statues of precious Stones, admirably well wrought. *Aboulcasem* carry'd the Prince to the Side of the Basin, and said to him, This Basin is thirty Foot deep: Look upon this Mass of Gold, and see it is not sunk two Inches yet; do you think I can easily spend this? *Haroun*, after having diligently survey'd the Basin, answer'd, I confess these Riches are immense, but you may squander them away. Well, replies the young Man, when that Basin is empty, I can have Recourse to what I am going to shew you. In saying that, he led him into another Room more bright and shining than the former, where there were several *Sofas* of red Brocade, raised with an infinite Number of Pearls and Diamonds. There was likewise in the Middle of the Room a Marble Basin; but indeed it was not so large or deep as the other where the Pieces of Gold were; but instead of that, it was full of Rubies, Topazes, Emeralds, and all Sorts of precious Stones.

Never was Surprise equal to that the Calif was now in; scarce could he believe himself awake. This new Basin look'd like Enchantment to him. While his Eyes were yet fix'd upon it, the Son of *Abdelaziz* desir'd him to observe upon a Throne of Gold two Persons, who, he told him, had been the Masters of the Treasure. They were a Prince and Princess, who had on their Heads Crowns of Diamonds. They appear'd likewise to be alive, and were laid at Length, Head to Head, and at their Feet was a Table of Ebony, upon which were to be read these Words in Letters of Gold; *I have amass'd together, during the Course of a long Life, all the Riches that are here. I took Cities and Castles, which I plunder'd. I conquered Kingdoms, and subdued all my Enemies. I was the most potent King of the World, but all my Power was overcome by Death.*

Whoever

Whoever sees me in this Condition ought to open his Eyes and consider, that I liv'd like him, and that he must die like me. That he need not fear spending this Treasure, for he cannot reach the End of it: Let him make use of it to purchase Friends, and to live an agreeable Life; for when he comes to die, all these Riches will not protect him from that Fate which is common to all Men.

I blame not your Conduct, says *Haroun* to the young Man, after having read these Words, you have Reason to live as you do, and I condemn the Advice given you by the old Merchant; but, added he, I would gladly know the Name of this Prince, what King could ever be possess'd of such Riches? I am sorry this Inscription tells me not who he was. The young Man then shew'd the Calif another Room, in which were several very precious Things, and among the rest such Trees as that he had presented to him. This Prince would gladly have spent the Remainder of the Night in viewing the Treasures he saw in this wonderful subterranean Cavern, if the Son of *Abdelaziz*, fearing lest he should be discovered by his Domesticks, had not carried him out before Day in the same Manner he brought him in, that is to say, bareheaded and blindfold, and carrying a Scymitar in his own Hands, to smite him if he should make the least Effort to take away the Bandage. They cross'd the Garden, and mounted by the Back-stairs into the Chamber where the Emperor lay; and where the Candles were found burning; yet they entertain'd each other till Sun-rise. Considering all that I have seen, said the Prince to the young Man, and if I may judge by the Female Slave you have given me, you cannot be without the finest Women of the *East*. Sir, said *Aboulcasem*, I have Slaves of very great Beauty; but I love none of them. *Dardania*, my dear *Dardania*, fills all my Soul. In vain I tell myself every Moment, that she is no longer among the Living, and that I

I ought to think no more of her. I have the Misfortune to be entirely devoted to her Image. I am so possess'd with the Thoughts of her, that in Spight of all my Riches, and in the Midst of my Prosperity, I perceive I am not happy: Yes, I could love her a thousand Times more than my Fortune, and had rather possess *Dardania* with a moderate one, than enjoy all these Riches without her.

The Emperor admired the Constancy of the Son of *Abdelaziz*, but intreated him to make all the Efforts possible to overcome such a chimerical Passion. He return'd him his Thanks again for the Reception he had given him; after which he went back to his Inn, and took the Road to *Bagdad*, with all the Domesticks, the Page, the Fair Slave, and all the Presents that he had received from *Aboulcasem*.

Two Days after the Departure of this Prince, the Visier *Aboufatab* having heard speak of the magnificent Presents which *Aboulcasem* made every Day to Strangers who went to see him, and besides, astonish'd at the Exactness with which he paid him, as well as the King and the Lieutenant, the Sums promis'd, resolv'd nothing should be wanting in him to discover the Treasure whence he drew such vast Riches. That Minister was one of those wicked Men, who make nothing of the greatest Crimes when they will answer their Ends. He had a Daughter eighteen Years old, of a ravishing Beauty, who was called *Balkis*: She had all the good Qualities of Wit and good Nature. The Prince *Aly*, Nephew to the King of *Basra*, who lov'd her to the last Degree, had demanded her of her Father, and was contracted to her. *Aboufatab* call'd her into his Closet, and said, Daughter, I want your Assistance; I would have you dress yourself to the best Advantage in all your Gaiety, and go this Night to *Aboulcasem*. I would have you use all your Charms

Charms to engage the young Man to discover his Treasure. *Balkis* was vexed at this Discourse, and let her Father see by the Paleness that overspread her Face, the Horror she conceived at such an Obedience. Sir, said she, what do you propose to your Daughter? Know you what Danger you expose me to? Consider the Disgrace you are going to throw upon her, the Stain with which you blemish your own Honour, and the sensible Outrage you offer to Prince *Aly*, in depriving him of the Prize, that perhaps he flatters himself Master of from my Compliance. I have made all these Reflections, replies the Visier, but nothing shall obstruct my Resolution; therefore I order that you prepare yourself to obey me. The young *Balkis* dissolv'd in Tears at these Words. In the Name of God, my Father, cry'd she, do not compel me to dishonour you. Stifle this Fit of Avarice which excites you to plunder a Man of what does not belong to you; leave him to enjoy his Wealth in Peace, instead of endeavouring to rob him. Go, thou insolent Slut, says the Visier, in Passion, thou hadst not best censure my Designs; answer not a Word more: I will have you go to *Aboulcasem*; and I swear, if thou return without seeing his Treasure, I will plunge my Dagger in thy Breast.

Balkis went away under the sad Necessity of embarking in so dangerous an Adventure, and retir'd into her Apartment fill'd with Melancholy. She took rich Cloaths, and deck'd them with Jewels, without adding to her Charms all that Art could have supply'd; but she stood not in need of that, her natural Beauty was alone but too sufficient to inspire Love in any: Never Woman had less Desire, or rather more Fear, to please, than *Balkis*. She fear'd as much that she should appear too handsome to the Son of *Abdelaziz*, as she dreaded not to seem beautiful enough when she was seen by Prince *Aly*. In short, when Night came, and *Aboul-fatab*.

fatah judg'd it Time for his Daughter to visit *Aboulcasem*, he led her out very privately, and conducted her himself to the young Man's Gate, where he left her, after having told her again, that he would kill her, if she did not acquit herself handsomely of the infamous Task he impos'd upon her.

She knock'd at the Door, and ask'd to speak with the Son of *Abdelaziz*. Presently a Slave brought her into a Room where his Master lay upon a large *Sofa*, reflecting in his Memory on his past Misfortunes, and, what often happen'd to him, particularly on the Loss of his dear *Dardania*. As soon as *Balkis* appear'd, *Aboulcasem* rose up to receive her. He paid her his Compliments, took her by the Hand with an Air of Respect, and after having engag'd her to sit upon the *Sofa*, he ask'd her how she came to do him the Honour of a Visit? She answer'd, That upon the Character she had heard of him for a young Gentleman of great Gallantry, she took the Fancy to come and be merry with him. At the same Time she threw off her Veil, and such Lightning sparkled from her Eyes, as surpriz'd him with her Beauty: In Spight of his Indifference for Women, he could not look upon so many Charms without some Concern: He was struck to the Heart. Fair Lady, said he to her, I thank my Stars for having procur'd me so agreeable an Adventure, and cannot enough bless my good Fortune.

After some Minutes Conversation, Supper-time came, and they both went into another Room, and sat down to a Table spread with Variety of Provisions: A vast Number of Pages and Officers attended; but *Aboulcasem* caus'd them all to retire, in Order that the Lady might not be expos'd to their Observations. He waited upon her himself, and presented to her the best of every Thing: He gave her of the most excellent Wine in a golden Cup,
adorn'd

adorn'd with Rubies and Emeralds; He likewise pledg'd her himself; and the more he look'd upon *Balkis*, the more beautiful he found her. He talk'd to her in the Stile of Courtiers. The Lady, who had not less Wit than Beauty, answer'd him in so engaging a Manner, that he was charm'd with her Conversation. He threw himself at her Feet at the End of the Entertainment, took hold of one of her Hands, and squeezing it between his, said, Madam, your bright Eyes at first struck me with Amazement; but your Conversation has compleated my Enchantment: You have kindled in my Breast a Flame which can never be extinguish'd; I am prepar'd henceforward to be your Slave, and to consecrate to you all the Moments of my Life.

In pronouncing these Words, he kiss'd the Hand of *Balkis* with such a lively Transport, that the Lady, frighten'd with the Danger which threaten'd her, on a sudden chang'd her Countenance: She turn'd pale as Death, and ceasing to contain herself, she looked melancholy, and her Eyes were presently bath'd in Tears. What is the Matter, Madam, said the young Man to her in great Surprize? Whence comes this sudden Grief? What do you tell me in these Tears that strike me to the very Soul? Am I the Cause of them? Am I so unhappy as to have done or said any Thing that displeases you? Speak; I beg you not to leave me any longer ignorant of the Cause of this fatal Change which appears in you.

Sir, answers *Balkis*, I can dissemble no longer: Modesty, Fear, Grief and Perfidy, attack me at once, and are too violent to be supported. I must confess, I am a Woman of Quality; my Father, who knows that you have a hidden Treasure, hath made use of me to discover the Place where it is hid: He order'd me to come to you, and, whatever it cost me, to engage you to show it me. I strove to avoid this Undertaking; but he swore to take

take away my Life, if I return'd without having seen it. What a cruel Command was this for me! Were I not belov'd by a Prince whom I only love, and to whom I am shortly to be married, yet this Adventure my Father puts me upon would have created in me the greatest Horror; and truly, Sir, tho' I yielded to come to you, yet I protest it was with such a Reluctance, as only the Fear of Death could surmount.

The Daughter of *Aboulfatah* having spoken to this Purpose, *Aboulcassim* said to her, Madam, I am very glad that you have discover'd your Mind to me; you shall never repent of this generous Friendship; you shall not die; you shall see my Treasure, and I will treat you with all the Respect you can desire. Notwithstanding your Beauty, which has no Equal, and whatever Impression it has made on me, you have nothing to fear; you shall be here in Safety. I renounce all Hopes that I had entertained, since my being happy would give you Uneasiness. You shall not need to blush when you return to your happy Lover, whose Interests are so dear to you, that they redouble your Fears. Cease then to weep, and be no longer afflicted. Ah! Sir, cry'd *Balkis* at this Discourse, it is not without Reason that you are esteem'd the most generous Man in the World. I am charm'd with this noble Usage, and shall never rest till I have found an Opportunity to make a Return.

After this Conversation, the Son of *Abdelaziz* conducted the Lady into the same Chamber where the Calif had lain, and staid with her till they heard none of the Servants stirring: Then taking a Fillet, he bound the Eyes of *Balkis*. Pardon me, said he, if I use you thus; but I cannot shew you my Treasure, unless you submit to this Condition. Do what you please, Sir, answer'd she, I have that Confidence in your Generosity, that I will follow you where-

wherever you will; I have nothing to fear but my Incapacity to return your Favours. *Aboulcassim* took her by the Hand, and led her down into the Garden by the Back-stairs, conducting her into the subterranean Cavern, where he unbound her Head. If the Calif was so surpriz'd at the Sight of the Pieces of Gold and Jewels which he saw, *Balkis* was much more so: Every Thing she look'd upon caus'd an Amazement, notwithstanding that which occasion'd the most Regard, and which she could not be tir'd with looking upon, was the two Persons who had been the first Masters of the Treasure. She read the Inscription that was at their Feet. The Queen having a Necklace made of Pearls as large as Pigeons Eggs, *Balkis* could not but stop to gaze on it. *Aboulcassim* presently pluck'd it off from the Neck of the Princess, and put it upon that of the young Lady, saying, That her Father might judge by that, that she had seen the Treasure; and that he might be the better satisfied, he desired her to accept of some of the finest Jewels, of which he gave her a great Quantity, that he chose himself for her. Nevertheless, the young Man, fearing the Day would break, while she was diverting herself with regarding all the Wonders of the Cave, which could not satisfy her Curiosity, bound her Eyes again, and conducted her back to a Room, where they convers'd together till Sun-rising. Then the Lady, after having again assured him that she could never forget his Modesty and Generosity, took Leave of him, and went back to her Father to give him an Account of what had passed.

The Visier, wholly taken up with his Avarice, waited impatiently for his Daughter: He fear'd she had not Charms enough to seduce *Aboulcassim*: He was under an inexpressible Agitation of Mind; but when he saw her return with the Necklace, and that she shew'd him the Jewels which the young Man

Man had presented her with, he was transported with Joy. Well, my Daughter, said he, hast thou seen his Treasure? Yes, Sir, answer'd *Balkis*; and, to give you a true Idea of it, I must tell you, that if all the Kings of the Earth had their Riches collected together, they would not be able to vie with those of *Aboulcasem*: But the Riches of that young Man are less charming than his good Breeding and Generosity. At the same Time she related the whole Adventure. He was but little sensible of the Modesty of the Son of *Abdelaziz*, and he would have been better pleas'd to have had his Daughter dishonour'd, than not to know where the Treasure was that he wanted to discover.

By this Time, *Haroun Arraschid* was come to *Bagdad*. As soon as that Prince was return'd to his Palace, he set at Liberty his prime Visier, received him into his Favour; and after having given him an Account of his Journey; *Giasar*, said he to him, what shall I do? Thou knowest that the Acknowledgments of Princes ought to exceed the Obligations they receive. If I should content myself in sending the magnificent *Aboulcasem* all that is most rare and valuable in my Treasury, it would be too little for him, since it is of less Worth than the Presents he has made me. How shall I do to excel him in Generosity? Sir, said the Visier, if your Majesty would be advis'd by me, write this Day to the King of *Basra*, and order him to resign the Government of that Kingdom to the young *Aboulcasem*. Let us immediately dispatch an Express to him, and within a few Days I will go myself, and carry the Patent for the new King. The Calif approv'd this Advice: You are in the Right, said he to his Minister, and 'tis the only Way to express my Gratitude to *Aboulcasem*, and at the same Time, to do myself Justice on the King of *Basra* and his Visier, who have conceal'd from me the vast Sums they have extorted
from

from that young Man. It is but just to punish the Violence committed by them on *Aboulcafem*, and they are not worthy to possess the Dignities they enjoy under me.

Haroun Arraschid writ immediately to the King of *Basra*, and sent away the Courier, then went to the Apartment of *Zobeide*, to relate to her the Success of his Journey, to whom he presented the little Page, the Tree, and the Peacock. He likewise gave her the Damfel. *Zobeide* found her so charming, that, smiling, she told the Emperor, That she accepted of that Slave with a great deal more Pleasure than she did the other Presents; so the Prince kept nothing for himself but the Cup. The Visier *Giafar* had the rest; and that Minister, according to his Resolution, disposed all Things, in order to set out a few Days after.

The Calif's Courier was no sooner arrived in the City of *Basra*, than he hastened to deliver his Dispatches to the King, who could not read them without a sensible Concern. That Prince shewed them to his Visier. *Aboulfatah*, said he, see what fatal Orders the Commander of the Believers hath sent me: Can I ever condescend to obey them? Yes, Sir, answer'd that Minister, abandon yourself to Grief; we will ruin *Aboulcafem*. I will go, and, without taking away his Life, make all the World believe he is dead. I will keep him so conceal'd, that no Man shall ever see him. By this Means, you may continue on the Throne, and enjoy all the young Man's Treasure; for when we are Masters of his Person, we will torture him, till we oblige him to discover his Riches. Do as you will, replies the King; but what shall we answer to the Calif? Leave that to me, says the Visier; the Commander of the Believers may be deceived as well as others. Permit me only to put in Execution the Design I have projected; and let not the Success of it give you the least-Inquietude.

Aboul-

Aboulfatah, attended with several Courtiers, who knew not his Designs, went to see *Aboulcasem*. He received them as the chief Persons of the Court, treated them magnificently, made the Visier sit in the Place of Honour, and loaded him with Civilities, without having the least Suspicion of his Treachery. While they were all at Table, and drinking excellent Wines, the Traytor *Aboulfatah* privately convey'd into the Cup of the Son of *Abdelaziz*, without any Body's perceiving it, a certain Powder, that in a Moment takes away the Senses, makes the Body fall into a lethargick Sleep, and resemble a Carcase that has been long dead. The young Man had scarce put the Cup to his Lips, e'er he began to faint: His Servants ran to his Assistance, but presently saw him in all the Signs of a dead Man. They laid him on a *Sofa*, and began to cry bitterly over him. All the Guests, struck with a sudden Terror, were seiz'd with Astonishment. As for *Aboulfatah*, 'tis not to be expressed how well he carried on his Diffimulation: He was not content to feign an immoderate Grief; he rent his Clothes, and excited by his Example all the rest to Affliction. He ordered afterwards that he should be clad in a Coffin of Ivory and Ebony, and during that Time, seiz'd on all the Effects of *Aboulcasem*, and carry'd them to the King's Palace.

The Noise of the young Man's Death was soon spread thro' the whole City: All Persons of both Sexes went into Mourning, and attended at the Gate of his Palace, according to the Custom of their Country, with their Feet naked, and their Heads uncover'd. The old Men and young, the Matrons and Maidens, all dissolv'd in Tears. They fill'd the Air with their Cries and Lamentations, so that one would have thought some had lost their only Child, some a Brother, or others a tender Husband. The Rich and the Poor were equally touch'd with his

his Death : The Rich bewail'd a Friend that agreeably entertain'd them, and the Poor a Benefactor who never fail'd to feed them with his unweary'd Charity. In short, there was a general Consternation throughout the whole City.

The unfortunate *Aboulcassim* was lock'd up in his Coffin, which the People, by Order of *Aboulfatah*, carry'd out of the City into a large Burying-place, where there were several Tombs, and among the rest a magnificent one, where the Visier's Father lay, with some others of his Family. They put the Coffin into the Tomb, and the perfidious *Aboulfatah*, leaning his Head upon his Knees, beat his Breast : He shew'd all the Signs of a Man possess'd with Despair. All those who saw him pity'd him, and pray'd to Heaven to comfort him. When Night came on, all the People retired into the City, and left the Visier with his two Slaves in the Tomb, who double lock'd the Door, and then they lighted a Fire, warmed some Water in a Silver Bason, and taking *Aboulcassim* from his Coffin, chafed his Body with warm Water. The young Man by Degrees recover'd himself, and look'd upon *Aboulfatah*, whom he knew, Ah ! Sir, said he, where am I, and to what Condition have you reduc'd me ? Wretch, says that Minister to him, know that I am the Cause of your Misfortune : It is by my Orders that you are brought hither, to let you know my Power, and to make you undergo a thousand Torments, if you do not discover your Treasure. I will tear you to Pieces ; I will invent every Day new Punishments to make your Life insupportable. In a Word, I will never cease to torture you, till you deliver me that hidden Wealth, whereby you live with more Grandeur than Kings. You may do as you please, answers *Aboulcassim*, I will never discover my Treasure.

He had no sooner spoke these Words, but the wicked and treacherous *Aboulfatah* made his Slaves

lay hold of the unhappy Son of *Abdelaziz*; then he took from beneath his Robe a Whip made of Thongs of a Lion's Hide, twisted close together; with this he lash'd him so long, and with such Violence, that at length he fainted away. When the Visier saw him in that Condition, he commanded his Slaves to put him into his Coffin again; which having done, they shut him in the Tomb and retired. The Visier went the next Day to give an Account to the King of what he had done: Sir, said he, I try'd Yesterday *Aboulcasem's* Resolution; he has behaved himself hitherto with great Courage; but, I believe he cannot resist the Torments I have prepared for him. The Prince, who was not less barbarous than his Minister, said to him, *Visier*, I am satisfied with what you have done; I hope we shall understand shortly where this Treasure is; nevertheless we ought to send away the Courier without deferring it any longer. But what shall we write to the Calif? Inform him, says *Aboulfatab*, that *Aboulcasem* being apprized that your Place was given to him, in making great Rejoicings and publick Entertainments, died suddenly of a Debauch: The King approved this Thought; they writ this to *Haroun Arraschid*, and sent away the Courier.

The Visier, who flatter'd himself that *Aboulcasem* would the next Day discover his Treasure, went from the City with a Resolution to make him undergo new Torments; but being come to the Tomb, he was surpriz'd to find the Door open: He enter'd much concern'd, and not seeing the Son of *Abdelaziz* in his Coffin, he rag'd like a Man distracted; he return'd presently to the Palace, and related the Accident to the King, who being seiz'd with a deadly Fear, said to him, O *Waschy*, what will become of us? Since the young Man has escap'd us, we are undone; he will not fail to go to *Bagdad*, and acquaint the Calif with this Matter.

Aboulfatab on his Part, in Despair that he had no longer in his Power this Victim of his Avarice and Cruelty, said to the King his Master, I wish to Heaven I had taken away his Life, that then he might have given us no more Trouble : If he is fled, as there is no Doubt, he cannot be gone far from hence ; let us go with all the Guards and search about the Town ; I hope we may find him again. The King resolved presently on so important a Search ; he assembled the Soldiers, and divided them into two Bodies, whereof one he gave to the Visier, and the other he headed himself : The Troops spreading themselves into all the neighbouring Parts of the Country ; while they were searching *Aboulcasem* in the Villages, Woods and Mountains, the Visier *Giafar*, who was upon the Road, met with the Courier, who said to him, It is in vain, Sir, to proceed to *Basra*, if *Aboulcasem* is the only Occasion of your Journey ; for the young Man is dead ; his Funeral was celebrated some Days ago ; my Eyes were the sorrowful Witnesses of that sad Solemnity. *Giafar*, who had pleas'd himself with the Thoughts of seeing the new King, and presenting him with his new Patent, was much afflicted to hear of his Death ; he bath'd himself with Tears, and, not thinking it worth while to continue his Journey, return'd to *Bagdad*.

As soon as he was arrived there, he went to the Palace with the Courier ; the Sadness which appear'd in his Face, made the Emperor think some Misfortune had happen'd : Ah, *Giafar* ! said the Prince, your Return seems very quick, what is the News ? Commander of the Believers, answers the Visier, you will be surpriz'd at the sad News I have to tell you ; *Aboulcasem* is no more, since our Departure from *Basra* the young Man died. *Haroun Arraschid* had no sooner heard these Words than he threw himself from his Throne to the Ground ;
he

he remain'd some Time stretch'd on the Floor, without shewing any Signs of Life; they hasten'd to his Relief, and when he was recover'd from his Fainting, he turn'd to the Courier, and demanded his Dispatches; the Courier presented them to him, and the Prince read them with a great deal of Attention: He then shut himself up in his Closet with *Giasar*; he shew'd him the King of *Basra*'s Letter, and after reading it several Times, the Calif said, This Story does not appear to be well laid; I suspect the King of *Basra* and his Visier; instead of executing my Orders, they have kill'd *Aboulcassim*. Sir, says *Giasar*, in his Turn, I harbour the same Suspicions, and it is my Opinion that you seize both of them: I resolve to have it done as soon as possible, replies *Haroun*, take ten thousand of my best Horse-Guards, march to *Basra*, and seize both the Offenders, and bring them hither to me; I will revenge the Death of the most generous Man in the World: *Giasar* obey'd; he chose ten thousand Horse, and march'd away with them.

We come now to the Son of *Abdelaziz*, to tell you why the Visier *Aboulfatah* could not find him again in the Tomb where he left him. The young Man, after having lain some Time in a Trance, began to come to himself, and perceiv'd himself seiz'd by some strong Arm, who pull'd him out of his Coffin and laid him on the Ground: He believ'd that it was the Visier and his Slaves, that were come to torment him once more; Villains, said he, kill me if you are sensible of any Pity: Free me from my Sufferings, which are in vain, since I declare to you again, that all your Tortures can never extort the Secret from me. Fear nothing, young Man, answers one of the Persons who had pull'd him out of the Coffin, instead of coming to misuse you, we are come to your Relief. At these Words, *Aboulcassim* open'd his Eyes, cast them upon his Deliverers,

liverers, and knew one of them was the young Lady to whom he had shewn his Treasure. Ah! Madam, said he, is it to you I owe my Life? Yes, Sir, answer'd *Balkis*, it is to me and Prince *Aly* my Lover, whom you see here; being inform'd of your Generosity, he would partake with me in the Pleasure of delivering you from Death. It is true, said Prince *Aly*, and I will expose my Life a thousand Times, rather than suffer so brave a Man to die.

The Son of *Abdelaziz* having entirely recover'd the Use of his Senses, by the Assistance of some Liquors they gave him, return'd such suitable Thanks to the Lady and Prince *Aly* as were due to them for such Service, and ask'd them how they came to know that he was still alive? Sir, said *Balkis* to him, I am the Visier *Aboulfatab's* Daughter, and I gave no Credit to the false Report of your Death, for I suspected my Father to be guilty of all he has done; and, to be certain of it, I brib'd one of his Slaves, who has confess'd the whole Truth to me. This Slave is one of those who was here with him, and who, being intrusted with the Key of the Tomb, gave it to me: I immediately inform'd Prince *Aly* of it, who hasted to come to me with one of his most faithful Domesticks; we made all the Expedition we could, and are thankful to Heaven that we come not too late. O Gods! cry'd *Aboulcasem*, Is it then possible that so treacherous and cruel a Father can have so generous a Daughter? Let us be gone, Sir, said the Prince *Aly*, let us lose no Time; I make no Dispute, but the Visier, not finding you in the Tomb To-morrow, will search after you with all the Care possible; but I will conduct you to my House; you will be safe there, for they will not suspect that I give you any Protection. Then *Aboulcasem* put on a Slave's Habit; after which they went from the Tomb, which they left open, and took the Road to the Town. *Balkis* return'd by herself, and gave the

the Key of the Tomb to the Slave, and Prince *Aly* took with him the Son of *Abdelaziz*, whom he hid so well, that his Enemies could get no Tidings of him.

Aboulcafem remain'd in the House of Prince *Aly*, who entertain'd him with the utmost Courtesy, till such Time as the King and the Visier despair'd of finding him, and gave over their Search: Then Prince *Aly* gave him a very fine Horse, and loaded him with Gold and Jewels, saying to him, You may now make your Escape, the Roads are open, your Enemies know not what is become of you, and you may retire where-ever you please. The Son of *Abdelaziz* thank'd the generous Prince for his Favour, and assured him he would have it in eternal Remembrance. Prince *Aly* embrac'd him, took Leave, and pray'd Heaven to conduct him safe. *Aboulcafem* took the Road of *Bagdad*, and arrived happily there, after some Days Travel; when he was come into the City, the first Thing he did was to go to the Place where the Merchants met, or the Exchange: The Hopes he had of seeing him whom he had treated at *Basra*, and telling his Story to him, was his only remaining Consolation; he was concern'd that he could not find him; he ran thro' the whole Town, and look'd upon every Body he met; but finding himself weary, he sat down before the Calif's Palace: The little Page, which he had given to that Prince, was then at the Window, and this Child having by Accident cast his Eyes upon him, knew him: He ran presently to the Emperor's Apartment; Sir, said he to him, I have this Moment seen my old Master, with whom I liv'd at *Basra*.

Haroun not giving Credit to him, said, Thou art mistaken, *Aboulcafem* is dead; deceiv'd by some Resemblance of him, thou hast taken another for him: No, no, Commander of the Faithful, replies the Page, I am very certain it is himself, I know him

well enough. Tho' the Calif did not believe this News, yet he was willing to be satisfy'd, and sent directly one of his Officers with the Page, to see if the Man, whom he supposed to be, was really the Son of *Abdelaziz*; they found him in the same Place, because, on his Part, thinking he had known the little Page, he waited to see when the Child would come to the Window again. When the Page was fully satisfy'd that he was not mistaken, he fell down at *Aboulcassim's* Feet, who rais'd him up, and ask'd him, If he had the Honour to belong to the Calif? Yes, Sir, answer'd the Child, it is the Commander of the Faithful himself, whom you entertain'd at *Basra*, and it was to him you made a Present of me; come along with me, Sir, added he, the Emperor will be very glad to see you. At this Discourse, the young Man of *Basra's* Surprise was great; he follow'd the Page and the Officer into the Palace, and was presently introduc'd into the Apartment of *Haryun*; that Prince was sitting on a Sofa; he found himself sensibly affected at the Sight of *Aboulcassim*; he rose up with an Air of Pleasure, and advancing to the young Man, held him fast in his Arms, and embraced him, without being able to speak a Word; so much was he transported with Joy! When he was recover'd from the Extasy he found himself in by this Adventure, he said to the Son of *Abdelaziz*, O young Man, Lift up your Eyes, and behold your happy Guest! 'Twas me you received so well, and to whom you made such Presents as no King can equal. At these Words, *Aboulcassim*, who was no less astonished than the Calif, on whom, out of a profound Respect, he had not dar'd to cast an Eye, look'd on him, and knowing him to be the same Person, cry'd out, O my Sovereign Master! King of the World! is it you that came to see your Slave? In saying this, he fell upon his Face at the Emperor's Feet, who rais'd him up,

up, and made him sit down with him on the Sofa. How is it possible, said the Prince to him, that you should be yet alive? Then *Aboulcassim* related the Cruelties of *Aboulfatab*, and by what Accident he was deliver'd from the Fury of the Visier. *Haroun* heard him very attentively, and then said to him, I am the Cause of your last Misfortunes: Being come to *Bagdad*, I began to make you my Returns of Gratitude for your Presents: I sent a Courier to the King of *Basra*; I let him know my Intention was, that he should resign the Crown to you; instead of executing my Orders, he resolv'd to take away your Life; for you cannot doubt but that *Aboulfatab* would have murder'd you, but that the Hopes he had that Tortures would soon have oblig'd you to discover your Treasure, was the sole Cause that made him defer your Death: But you shall be reveng'd; *Giasar* is gone with a great many Troops to *Basra*; I have given him Orders to seize your two Persecutors and bring them to me; meanwhile do you remain in my Palace, and you shall be attended by my Officers as myself.

In saying these Words, he took the young Man by the Hand, and led him into a Garden full of most curious Flowers, where he saw several Basins of Marble, Porphyry and Jasper, that were made use of as so many Store-Pools for a vast Number of the finest Fish; in the Middle of the Garden appear'd a Dome built upon twelve Columns of black Marble that were high, whose Inside was of Wood of Sanders and Aloes; the Intervals of the Columns were shut by a double Lattice of Gold, which form'd an Aviary full of Thousands of singing Birds, as Nightingales, Wood-Larks, and the like, which made a most harmonious Consort. The Baths of *Haroun Arraschid* were under the Dome; the Prince and his Guest bath'd themselves, after which several Officers rubb'd and dry'd them with

the finest Sort of Linen, which had never been used before: They cloath'd *Aboulcasem* with rich Garments; then the Calif brought him into a Room where he made him eat with him; the Table was serv'd with Broths made of the Gravy of Mutton, and with all Sorts of white Flesh; the Desert was compos'd of Pomegranates of the Growth of *Amlas* and of *Ziri*, of Apples of *Exblat*, of Grapes of *Melah* and of *Sevise*, and of Pears of *Ispahan*: After they had eaten of these Viands and Fruits, and drank of the best of Wines, the Emperor conducted him into the Apartment of *Zobeide* the Queen. The Princess appear'd upon a Throne of Gold, in the Midst of her Slaves, who were standing, and divided into two Files, some having Kettle-Drums, some soft Flutes, and others Harps; they were not then playing on their Instruments, but were hearkning with Attention to a Slave more beautiful than the rest, who sung a Song, the Sense of which was much to this Purpose: *That we should never love but once, and that we should love as long as we live*; and while she sung, the Damsel, that *Aboulcasem* had given the Calif, plaid on her Lute of Aloes, Ivory, Sanders, and Ebony.

As soon as *Zobeide* saw the Emperor and the Son of *Abdelaziz*, she descended from her Throne to receive them. Madam, says *Haroun* to her, you will be pleas'd that I present to you my Host of *Basra*. The young Man prostrated himself immediately before the Princess with his Face to the Ground: While he was in that Posture, he heard a Noise among the Slaves; for she that sung having cast her Eyes on *Aboulcasem*, gave a great Shriek and fainted away. The Emperor and *Zobeide* turn'd presently on that Side where the Slave was; and the Son of *Abdelaziz* rising up, cast his Eyes likewise upon her, and immediately fell into a Swoon; a deadly Paleness spread over his Face, and he was taken

taken for dead. The Calif, ready to assist him, took him in his Arms, and by Degrees he recover'd of his Fainting Fit: When *Aboulcasem* was come to himself, he said to the Prince, Commander of the Faithful, you know the Adventure that besel me at *Cairo*; this Slave you see is the Person that was thrown into the *Nile* with me, it is *Dardania*. Is it possible, cries the Emperor? Heaven be eternally prais'd for so wonderful an Event.

During this Time, the Slave, by the Assistance of her Fellow-Slaves, regain'd likewise the Use of her Senses; she would have prostrated herself at the Feet of the Calif, who hinder'd her, and ask'd her by what Miracle she was still alive, after having been thrown into the *Nile*? Commander of the Faithful, says she, I fell into a Fisher's Nets, who by good Fortune drew them out that Moment; he was much surpriz'd to have met with such a Draught, and perceiving that I yet breath'd, he carried me into his House, where by his Care being brought to Life, I told him my deplorable Story: He was startled at it, and fear'd that the Sultan of *Egypt* would come to be inform'd that he had sav'd me; and apprehending he should lose his Life by preserving me, he hasten'd to sell me to a Slave-Merchant who went to *Bagdad*: That Merchant brought me to this City, and presented me a little while after to the Princess *Zobeide* who bought me.

As the Slave spoke, the Calif look'd upon her considerately, and found her to be a most exquisite Beauty: *Aboulcasem*, cry'd he, as soon as she had left off speaking, I am no longer surpriz'd at all that you have preserved your Heart entire, thus long for so fair a Person. I return Thanks to Heaven for having brought her hither, and for giving me such an Opportunity of acquitting myself to you: *Dardania* is no more a Slave, she is free: I believe, Madam, added he, turning himself towards *Zobeide*,

that you will not in the least oppose her Liberty: No, Sir, answer'd the Princess, I grant it with Joy, and wish that these two Lovers may taste the Sweetness of a long and perfect Union, after the Misfortunes that have divided them.

That is not all, replied *Haroun*. I will have their Marriage consummated in my Palace, and will make for three Days publick Rejoicings in *Bagdad*: I cannot treat my Host of *Basra* too honourably. Ah! Sir, said *Abouleasem*, throwing himself at the Emperor's Feet, you are above other Men, not only in Rank, you are still more above them in your Generosity; give me Leave to discover my Treasure to you, and give you the present Possession of it: No, no, replies the Calif, enjoy your Treasure in Peace, I renounce all Right thereto, may you live long to enjoy it. *Zobeide* desired the Son of *Abdelaziz* and *Dardania* to relate their Adventures, and she caus'd them to be writ in Letters of Gold. After that the Emperor gave Orders for their Marriage, which was celebrated with a great deal of Pomp: The publick Rejoicings that followed, lasted till the Visier *Giasar* return'd with his Troops, who brought *Aboulfatah* fast bound in Chains; as for the King of *Basra*, he was dead with Grief, for not having been able to recover *Abouleasem*.

As soon as *Giasar* had given an Account of his Commission to his Master, they rais'd a Scaffold before the Palace, and made the wicked *Aboulfatah* get upon it; all the People understanding the Cruelty of the Visier, instead of being touch'd with his Misfortunes, witnessed their Impatience to see him suffer. The Executioner waited with his Sabre in his Hand to take off the Head of the Offender, when the Son of *Abdelaziz* prostrating himself before the Calif, said to him, Commander of Believers, I beg you would spare the Life of *Aboulfatah*; let him live and be Witness of my good Fortune; let him behold the great

great Goodness you have for me, and he will be sufficiently punish'd. O too generous *Aboulcassim*, cries the Emperor, how well you deserve to govern, how happy will the People of *Basra* be in such a King! Sir, said the young Man, I have still one Favour more to ask of you; give to Prince *Ally* the Throne you have design'd for me, that he may reign with the Lady whose Generosity has freed me from the Rage of her Father; two such Lovers are worthy of that Honour; as for my Part, being, as I am, thus favour'd and protected by the Commander of the Faithful, I want no Crown; I am above the Royal Dignity.

The Calif, to reward Prince *Ally* for the Service done to the Son of *Abdelaziz*, sent him a Patent, constituting him King of *Basra*; but finding *Aboulfatah* too culpable to grant him his Liberty as well as his Life, he order'd that the Visier should be confin'd to a dark Tower the Remainder of his Days. When the People of *Bagdad* knew it was the injur'd *Aboulcassim* that had beg'd the Life of the Offender, they return'd him a thousand Praises; and in a little Time afterwards he departed for *Basra* with his dear *Dardania*, both of them being convoy'd by the Calif's Guards, and attended by a great Number of Officers.

Here *Sutlumeme* finish'd the Story of *Aboulcassim Basry*. All the Women of the Princess of *Cashmire* gave her great Applause, some praising the Magnificence and Generosity of this young Man of *Basra*, others pretending that the Calif *Haroun Arraschid* was not less generous than him: Others again, insisting on *Aboulcassim's* Constancy, and that he was a very faithful Lover. Then *Farrukhnar* spoke, and said, I am not of your Opinion, for it wanted but little that *Balkis* had not made him forget *Dardania*: A Lover, even if Death had taken away his Mistress, always preserves such a tender Re-
gar-

gard for her, as incapacitates him from entertaining any new Passion; but Men can hardly boast of so firm a Constancy. Pardon me, Madam, said *Sutchumame*, there are some whose Fidelity has remain'd inviolable; and I am sure you will be convinced of this Truth, if you will hearken to the Story of King *Ruzvanschad*, and the Princess *Cheheristany*: Go on, replies *Farrukhnar*, I will give you Leave to relate it; then presently the Nurse began after this Manner.

The Story of King Ruzvanschad and the Princess Cheheristany.

A Young King of *China* call'd *Ruzvanschad* being one Day a hunting, met with a white Hind with black and blue Spots, which had Rings of Gold on her Feet, and upon her Back a Houfs of yellow Sattin, rais'd with Embroidery of Silver. At Sight of so fair a Quarry, the Prince inflamed with the Desire of making himself Master thereof, rid full Speed upon her; but the Hind evaded his Pursuit, and fled with that Swiftness, that in a little Time he saw not so much as the Dust that she rais'd as she fled away. He scarce hop'd to come up with her again: However he perceiv'd her the second Time by a Fountain, where lying down on the green Turf, she seem'd to rest herself, in order to recover her Breath, which she had almost lost in her Flight from the Chaser. He spur'd his Horse, and rode again full Speed to take her, but all in vain; for the Hind seeing him approach, rose up lightly, and made two or three Bounds, and skipt into the Water, where diving she was seen no more.

The King of *China* alighted hastily from his Horse; he gaz'd, fretted, and ran around the Fountain; he stirr'd the Water, and search'd for his Game, without being able to find any Tracks thereof;

of; he was then much astonish'd at this Adventure; his Visier and the rest of his Followers were not less surpriz'd. The King after making many Reflections upon it, said, he could not be persuaded that this Hind was really a wild Beast, but rather some Nymph, who under that Form, took Pleasure to mock and delude her Chasers. The Courtiers were all of the same Opinion. Mean while *Ruxwanschad* watch'd incessantly the Spring, and sigh'd every now and then without knowing why. I resolve, says he to his Visier, to spend this Night here; I will, for Curiosity Sake, observe this Nymph; I have a strong Fancy to myself that she will rise from the Water again: After having taken this Resolution, he sent away all his Retinue but the Visier. They both sat down upon the Grass, and continued to talk of the white Hind till Night. Then the King wearied with Hunting, was willing to take a little Rest. *Muezin*, said he to his Visier, I cannot keep from sleeping: Wake you while I sleep: Let your Eyes be always fix'd upon the Fountain, and if you see any Thing appear, fail not to wake me. *Muezin*, tho' fatigu'd himself, wak'd some Time in Obedience to the King, but at last finding himself drowsy, in Spight of his Zeal for his Master's Service, he fell asleep.

They had not been long asleep ere they were both awak'd by the Noise of a charming Symphony, that they heard at a little Distance from them: And, to compleat their Amazement, they perceiv'd a magnificent Palace very full of Lights, and which the Hands of Men could never have raised. *Muezin*, says the King very low, What means all this? What Concert strikes our Ears? What Palace is this before our Eyes? Sir, answers the Visier, all this without Doubt is unnatural: It is an Inchantment. Good Heavens! Would we had not tarry'd by this Fountain: This Palace is perhaps

perhaps a Snare, which some Magician hath laid for your Majesty: Whatever it be, replies the Prince, do not think Fear shall stop me, let us march towards the Palace, added he, rising up, and let us see what Sort of People inhabit there. Cease to represent any Misfortunes to me, for the more you show of Dangers, the more you excite me to expose myself to them. The Visier seeing his Master determined to try the Adventure, durst no longer oppose his Designs: They both march'd towards the Palace, they came to the Gate, they found it open, and enter'd into a Room pav'd with Tiles of *China*, furnish'd with Sofas and Tapestry of Gold brocaded, and perfumed with the most agreeable Scents. They cross'd this Room wherein they saw no Body, and pass'd into another, where there sat upon a Throne of Gold, a young Lady all covered over with Jewels, and whose extream Beauty surpriz'd them: She seem'd hearkning with much Attention to fifty or sixty Damsels, some whereof sung, and others play'd upon the Lute. They were all clothed in Taffeta of a Rose Colour set with Pearl, and waited about the Throne. *Ruzvanschad* could not give Attention to the fine Voices or Musick; the Lady on the Throne took up all his Thoughts.

When the Damsels perceiv'd the Prince, they gave over singing: He made a reverend Bow, and being advanc'd into the Middle of the Room, address'd himself thus to the Lady, with whom he found himself already in Love: O charming Queen of Hearts! said he, whose first Interview alone has engaged to your Service the Sovereign Lord of *China*, do me the Favour to tell me the Name of that wonderful Nymph, whose Sight produces these powerful Effects. The Lady smil'd at these Words, and answer'd, I am a Hind that can chain up Lions. I am that Prey which you pursued to
Day,

Day, and leapt into the Fountain: But, Madam, replies the Prince, What am I to think of these Metamorphoses? My Love begins to be startled: How shall I be assured but that this very Moment you show me nothing but false Appearances? No, says the Lady, I appear unto you just as I am naturally. It is true, I change Forms as often as I please; I can become visible or invisible to Men, as I think fit; but all this is done without Enchantment, and the Power of transforming myself as I will, is an Advantage which I receiv'd from Heaven at my Birth.

At these Words, the Lady descended from her Throne, came near to the King, took him by the Hand, and led him into a Chamber, where there was a Table cover'd with delicate Provisions. She oblig'd him to sit, and placed herself betwixt him and *Muezin*, who believing that all that he had seen foreboded nothing good to his Master, waited for some dismal Issue. As for the young King, he was charm'd with the Lady; no Reflection could disturb the Pleasure he took in looking on her. He would have serv'd her, but she said to him, do you two eat; as for us, the Odour of Perfumes, or that of Victuals, is sufficient for our Nourishment.

As soon as the Prince and his Visier had eaten, two Damsels presented to each of them an Agate Cup full of Wine, that was of a purple Colour. They drank, and the Damsels took Care to keep their Cups always full: They likewise carried Wine to the Lady, but she drank not a Drop; she was satisfied to smell of it, and the Odour alone had the same Effect on her, as the Liquor itself had on *Ruzvanschad*. They began to be warm'd. The King said a thousand passionate Things to the Lady, at which she began to soften, and spoke to him thus; Prince, tho' you are of a Species inferior to mine, I cannot help loving you; and that you may understand

understand the Value of the Conquest which you have made, I would not have you be longer ignorant who I am. There is in the Sea an Isle called *Cheberistan*, it is inhabited by *Genii*, whose King is called *Menoutcher*; I am the only Daughter of that Prince, and my Name is *Cheberistany*. It is three Months since I quitted my Father's Court, and being curious of seeing all Sorts of Countries wherein the Children of *Adam* live, I have taken Pleasure in travelling; I had run thro' the World, and was ready to return to *Cheberistan*, when crossing to Day, your Dominions, I saw you a hunting: I stopt to look upon you; my Senses were disturb'd all at once, and I had no sooner lost Sight of you, but I fell into a deep Musing; several Sighs escap'd me, and I perceiv'd, that in Spight of myself, I could think of nothing else but you. Is it possible, said I to, myself, that a Man can cause all this Trouble that afflicts me? Shall a Son of *Adam* triumph over all my Pride? I was ashamed of my Weakness, and would gladly have gone from you, but being detain'd as it were by a Charm, I had no Strength or Power to be gone; then giving Way to the tender Motions which kept me from going, I thought of nothing further, but to find out Ways to please you.

I took the Form of a white Hind, and presented myself before you to decoy you; you pursued me, and after I had thrown myself into the Fountain, you cannot imagine what Pleasure I took to see you fatigue yourself in stirring the Water to find me: I was glad at your Uneasiness, and conceived from thence a happy Omen: Attentive to all your Discourse, I was ravish'd to understand you would spend the Night by the Fountain, and while you slept, I caus'd this Palace to be built for your Reception: The *Genii* which wait upon me built it in a Moment. *Cheberistany* was going on with her Discourse,

course, when a Damsel enter'd that seemed to be much afflicted. The Princess reading in her Aspect the Misfortune she was going to tell her, shriek'd aloud. Afterwards she beat her Face and began to weep bitterly. What a Spectacle this was for the King of *China*! Being much concerned at the Grief she appear'd to be in, he was in great Pain to know the Reason of it, and was going to ask, when the Damsel, who last arrived, advanc'd herself forward, and said to the Princess; O Queen, you know that the Genii, tho' they live longer than Men, are nevertheless, like them, subject to Death. You have lost the King your Father, he is departed from this unstable Life to that which is eternal. All your People expect you, and wait to crown you. Come then and receive the Homage of your new Subjects, and answer to the Impatience which they express, to render you all the Honours due to you; the Grand Visier my Father has sent me to hasten your Return.

Maimona, says the Princess to her, 'tis enough, and I will be grateful to your Father's Zeal, and that which you shew me: I will go with you presently. Adieu Prince, added she, turning herself to *Ruzvanschad*, and offering him one of her fair Hands, which he kiss'd with Transport; 'tis with Regret that I leave you, but be assur'd, that we shall meet one of these Days: If I find you a constant and faithful Lover, I will have no other Husband but you. She disappeared in speaking these Words; presently a thick dark Night succeeded the Brightness of the Tapers with which the Palace was illuminated, leaving the King and the Visier in such Obscurity, that they could discern nothing; and they continu'd in that Condition till Day-light, which occasion'd a fresh Surprise; for instead of being in a Palace, as they fancy'd, they found themselves in the midst of a vast Plain, without seeing any manner of House.

Muezin,

Muzin, said the Prince then, are we to take this for a Dream that hath happen'd to us? No, Sir, reply'd the Visier, I rather believe it to be an Enchantment. The Lady whom we have seen, is some extraordinary Magician, who, to make you in Love with her, hath taken the Form of some charming Nymph, and all those fair Damsels, who sung and play'd so well upon the Lute, are so many Spirits devoted to her Charms. Tho' there was some Appearance of Truth in what *Muzin* said, the King was too much in Love to believe it, and would not lose the good Opinion he had conceiv'd of the Lady. He returned to his Palace, resolv'd to preserve always a lively and tender Remembrance of her. In short, far from forgetting her, tho' he receiv'd not the least News of her, and tho' the Visier never ceas'd to combat his Passion, he fell into a profound Melancholy, forsook all his Pleasures, and could relish nothing but Hunting in the very Place where the white Hind had appear'd, and where he hoped some Time or other to see her again.

Mean while his Love continued for near a Year, without his having the least Reason to flatter himself, that he did not love a chimerical Object. He began to fear that all he had seen was mere Enchantment. This made him take a Resolution to travel, in Hopes that by thus amusing himself; all those Ideas might insensibly wear off; he left the Government of his Kingdom to *Muzin*, and in Spight of all that that Minister could say to him, to divert his Purpose of taking not one Soul along with him, he departed one Night alone, mounted on a good Horse, whose Trappings were a Saddle and Bridle of Gold, adorn'd with Rubies and Emeralds. This Prince was richly cloth'd, and carried with him a large Scymetar, the Scabbard of which was set with Diamonds. Having cross'd his own Dominions, he arriv'd on the Frontiers of *Thebet*,
and

and advanc'd towards the Capital of that Kingdom. He had not taken above two Days Journey, ere he stopt under a large Tree, the Leaves of which afforded a thick Shade; scarce had he lighted from his Horse to repose a while, when he perceiv'd near him, under another Tree, a Lady, who seem'd to be about eighteen Years old; she was sitting with her Head leaning on one of her Hands; she seem'd in a Maze of Thought, and he judg'd by her melancholy Posture, that some Misfortune had happen'd to her. Her Clothes were all wretchedly torn, but, amidst her Rags, he could not but observe that she was a fine Person, and not of common Rank. *Ruzvanschad* approached her, and after offering her his Assistance, he ask'd her who she was; the Lady answered, *I am the Daughter and Wife of a King, and yet I am not what I say; I am a Princess, and am not what I am.*

The King of *China* could not tell what to think of the young Lady; he believed that she had lost her Senses; Madam, reply'd he, recollect your Reason, and believe me to be a Person disposed to do you all the Service that lies in my Power: Sir, said she then, I am not surprized that you look upon me as one mad; the Discourse you have heard from me, may appear to you senseless, but you will undoubtedly pardon me, when you are made acquainted with my Misfortunes; I will let you know them, to make Trial of your Generosity.

The Story of the King of Thebet, and the Princess of the Naimans.

I AM, continued she, Daughter to the King of the *Naimans*; my Father having no other Child but me, when he died, all the Grandees and People proclaim'd me Queen; and knowing I was not
of

of Age to govern, for I was but four Years old, they trusted the Government of the State to the Visier *Aly-Bin-Haytam*, who had married my Nurse, and whose Capacities they knew. That wise Minister was likewise entrusted with my Education. He began to teach me the Art of Governing, and I soon applied myself to Business, when Fortune, that gives and takes away Diadems at her Pleasure, cast me down from my Throne, into a dreadful Abyss of Misery. My Father's Brother, *Mouaffac*, whom we had a long Time before thought dead, and who was said to be kill'd in a Battle against the *Mogul*, came unexpectedly into my Dominions. Several great Lords, who had formerly been his Friends, espoused his Interest, and seconding the Ambition that push'd him on to dethrone me, they rais'd a Revolt in his Favour. The Visier *Aly* strove in vain to appease it, for instead of extinguishing the Fire which they had lighted, he serv'd only to make it rage the more; in short, all my People being seduced by the Intrigues of *Mouaffac* declar'd for him.

The Usurper was no sooner crown'd, but he sought out Ways to secure my Person, and put me to Death, to prevent what might follow from the Zeal of some Friends, who might endeavour to restore me. But the Visier *Aly* and my Nurse, his Wife, found out Means to disappoint the Fury of the Tyrant. They took me away one Night, and we went from *Albasin*, and, passing thro' By-Roads, came at length to *Thebet*. We went to dwell in the Capital of that Kingdom, where the Visier pass'd for an *Indian* Painter, and I for his Daughter: He had applied himself to Painting, and was so much Master of that Art, that he soon acquir'd a great Reputation. And tho' we had Abundance of Jewels, and might have liv'd with Splendor, we liv'd as privately as if we had been reduc'd to subsist on

Aly's

Aly's Pencil. We fear'd the Emissaries of *Mouaffac*, and therefore endeavoured not to be suspected for other Persons than what we appear'd to be.

Two Years were now spent, and I lost insensibly all the Ideas of Greatness, with which I had been educated, and took up Notions conformable to my Misfortunes. I began to accustom myself to the Obscurity of a common Life; I seem'd never to have been other than a private Man's Daughter, and never thought that I had been once upon the Throne. The Tranquillity which I enjoy'd, made me forget all that was pass'd; sometimes at least, if I called to Mind the glorious Rank that I had possessed, I regarded it no otherwise than as a Yoke from which I was disengaged; and, freed from the Cares that are the inseparable Attendants of sovereign Power, I then forgave my Fortune for having taken it away. Good Heavens! had I pass'd the rest of my Life in this obscure and happy Condition! But what do I wish? Alas! it could not be; all Men must fulfil their Destiny, and it avails us nothing to complain of Disgraces we cannot prevent. The Visier made several Pieces, which were admir'd by the whole City of *Thebet*. The King had heard speak of them, and had a Desire to see them. He came himself to *Aly*, who shew'd him them. This Prince was well pleas'd with the Pictures, and no less with the Painter's Conversation. As they were talking together, I enter'd into the Chamber where they were, invited by my Curiosity to see the King. I thought I should have been look'd upon no otherwise than as the Painter's Daughter, and that he would take no Notice of me; but I was deceiv'd, he look'd upon me; he was struck at the first Sight of me; I perceived it. He made as if he had not observ'd me, and continued to talk to the Visier; but with that Trouble and Emotion, with so restless an Air, that it was not difficult to judge that I had made some
Impression

Impression upon him: And indeed the Prince return'd next Day to *Aly*, and came several Days together. Under the Pretext of searching after Pictures, he enter'd into all the Rooms, and at last came into that wherein I was. Indeed he said nothing to me, but his discompos'd Looks discover'd too much the Sentiments of his Mind.

One Day he offer'd to the Visier an Apartment in his Palace, with a large Pension, being willing, as he said, to detain in his Country so famous a Painter, and engage him in his Service. *Aly* guess'd without Difficulty, the Motive of this Proposal; and as he foresaw the Consequences, he said to me, I perceive, my Queen, that the King of *Thebet* loves you; Love has more Part than the Painter in the Offers he makes us. We are going to lodge in his Palace; he will not fail every Day to entertain you with his Passion. Call to Mind your Extraction, and have a Care of yielding to the Sighs of the Prince a Victory unworthy of yourself; resist courageously the pressing Instances of his Affection. If he is so much in Love as to make you his Queen, listen to him; but if he has other Views, reject his Offers, and he shall find we know how to deceive his Expectations. I promis'd the Visier exactly to pursue his Advice; I told him not, that I had observ'd as well as he the King's Love; much less would I reveal to him the Impression it had made upon me. The Prince was young, fair, and perfectly well shap'd, and I could not help having the same Sentiments for him that I had inspir'd him withal.

Nevertheless, what Thoughts soever I entertained of the King of *Thebet*, I was resolv'd to conceal them from him, if he had no other Designs than to tempt my Virtue. But the Prince soon spared me the Trouble of concealing my Thoughts. I had not been long in the Palace, but he declared his Love in such Terms as I desir'd. You charmed
me,

me, said he, the first Moment that I saw you; I have never ceas'd thinking of you, and I can never live without you. But how violent soever my Passion be, do not imagine from thence that I mean to treat you as a Slave. I have the same Respect for you that I would have for the Daughter of the King of *China*, and I swear upon the Faith of a King to place you on the Throne of *Thebet*.

I thanked the Prince for the Honour he design'd me, and took this Occasion to let him know who I was. I related my Story to him, which touched him sensibly. My Princess, cry'd he, I see now that Heaven has reserved this Honour to me of revenging you on your Enemies, since you have sought for Refuge at *Thebet*. Yes, continued he, the perfidious *Mouaffac* shall soon be punish'd for having usurp'd your Throne. Give me your Consent that we may be married to Day, and To-morrow rest assured that I will send Embassadors to declare War against him, if he refuses to yield up the Throne which he hath usurped. I gave the King fresh Acknowledgments, and assured him, that if when we two first saw each other, I had made some Impression upon him; I too on my Part had not beheld him without Concern. This Assurance pleas'd him; he took one of my Hands, he kiss'd it with Transport, and swore he would always love me. He married me the same Day, and our Nuptials were celebrated in the City with great Rejoicings.

The next Day the King, as he had promis'd me, named Embassadors to go to the Country of the *Naimans*. They departed with all Expedition, and were no sooner arrived at the Court of *Mouaffac*, but they demanded Audience, which was granted them. They told the Prince, that their Master having married me, they came to summon him, that he would restore the Kingdom to me, or upon Refusal to declare War against him. *Mouaffac*, tho'
not

not in 'a Capacity to oppose the King of *Thebet*, valued not their Menaces; so that the Embassadors being returned, declared to their Master the Usurper's Refusal. They immediately after raised Levies throughout the Kingdom of *Thebet*, and had a numerous Army on foot; but during the Time the Troops were assembling, and ready to march against the *Naimans*, there came Deputies from that Nation to assure me of their Obedience, and to let me understand that my Uncle *Mouaffac* was dead, after some Days Sickness. Upon this News, the King disbanded his Army, and resolved to send *Aly* to govern for me in the Country of the *Naimans*. That Minister was ready to go, when an Adventure which I could never have expected would happen, hinder'd him.

One Night I was sitting upon a Sofa in my Closet, and reading some Chapters in the *Alcoran*; after which I got up and went to find the King, who was gone to Bed. A frightful Phantom presented itself before me on a sudden, and disappeared again presently. I cry'd out so loud, that I wak'd the King, who was asleep. He ran readily to my Assistance, and asked me the Reason of my Cries; I told him the Cause, and taking Courage by his Presence, I was already dispos'd to believe that the Phantom which had appear'd to me, proceeded only from my Imagination which was warm'd with reading. The Prince heard me very attentively, and was so far from dissipating my Fear, that he said to me, I am more troubled than you, and cannot understand, Madam, how you could be at the same Time in my Bed and in this Closet. Sir, said I, I know not what you mean, do me the Favour to explain yourself. Well, reply'd he, you need only go to the Bed, and you will see the most amazing Thing in the World. In short, coming up to the very Pillow, I perceived, with the utmost Surprise
you

you can imagine, a young Lady that perfectly resembled me. She had exactly my Shape and all my Features. O Heaven! cry'd I at this Sight, what Object is this before my Eyes? What unheard-of Prodigy! Ah! wicked Creature, interrupts the Lady, with a Tone of Voice just like mine, thou must be very impudent to dare to take my Form upon thee. What is thy Design, wicked Enchantress? Dost thou believe, that the King my Spouse, deceived by such Appearances, which render him uncertain which of us two is his Wife, will banish me from his Bed, and give thee my Place? Give over such Hopes; thy Artifice will be in vain: In Spight of these Inchantments, my Husband sees well enough that thou art but a Witch. My dear Lord, added she, addressing herself to the Prince, seize this perfidious Magician, and order her presently to be cast into a dark Dungeon, and let her To-morrow expiate in the Flames her base Intentions.

Tho' the perfect Resemblance, which was betwixt that Lady and me, continu'd the Princess of the *Naimans*, had astonish'd me, yet her insolent Discourse still surpriz'd me more. Instead of answering in the same Language, I could not refrain from weeping, and said to the King; Sir, I believ'd I had overcome my ill Fortune: I thought, after I had join'd my Fate to yours, all my Misfortunes were at an End; but alas! some Dæmon, jealous of my Happiness, is come to cross it: He hath taken my Form, and would pass for me; he hath been successful; you know me no more; you confound me with him: For Pity's sake look on me; if your Wife is still dear to you, your Heart ought to discern her amidst the Inchantment that deceives your Eyes. I call Heaven to Witness, that I am the Princess of the *Naimans*.

The Lady on the Bed interrupted me a second Time; You are a Liar, said she, and an impudent
VOL. I. E Woman.

Woman ; you let us see what we ought to think of you ; Traytors, like you, have presently Recourse to Oaths ; and their Lies, that are always ready to serve their Treachery, supply them constantly with Tears. Cease then, said the King to us both, this Discourse, which teaches me not what I would learn ; you both embarrass me so, that I cannot know my Wife ; one of you is a Magician that seeks to seduce me ; but it is not possible for me to distinguish which it is ; and I fear lest in punishing the Offender, I should hurt the Innocent. The King, not being able to discover me from the Magician, call'd the Chief of his Eunuchs, and commanded him to lock us up in separate Apartments, where we passed the Remainder of the Night. The next Day the Prince sent for the Visier *Aly* and his Wife, and related all that had happen'd. They ask'd to see us both together, not doubting, whatever the King told them to the contrary, but they should know which was me ; but they found us both so like one another, that it was no less impossible for them, than for the King, to discern the Falshood from the Truth. My Nurse recollected that I had from my Birth a Mark on my Knee : She searched us, and was much surpriz'd when she saw we had both the same Mark on the same Place. They were not discourag'd for all this ; they began to examine us apart ; the Lady answer'd their Questions as I did, so that they could not tell what to think. It appear'd, notwithstanding, to my Nurse, that my Answers were more just, and she decided for me ; but they would not depend on her Judgment, and all the King's Visiers being assembled, judged on the contrary, that the Lady which was found in the King's Bed was the Queen, and the other the Magician, and concluded that I ought to be burnt. The King would not follow such cruel Advice, for fear he should put his Wife to Death, whilst he meant

meant to revenge her. He was satisfied to banish me the Court. They took away my Apparel, and cloath'd me with Rags; then turn'd me out of the City. I came hither, living on such Provisions as charitable Persons would give me. This is my Story, Sir, added the Princess of the *Naimans*, and I hope after this I have convinc'd you, that I had Reason to say, *That I am the Daughter and Wife of a King, and yet I am not what I say; that I am a Princess, and yet I am not what I am.* Here the Queen of *Thebet* having done speaking, *Ruxvanschad* said to her, Comfort yourself, Madam, your Misfortunes are at an End, and you need not doubt but Fortune will become more favourable; for, as one of our Poets says very truly, A Thing that has attained to the highest Pitch of its Perfection, is arrived to the first Moment of its Decay; for the extream Point of Adversity is the very next to Prosperity. The same Poet adds; O Man, do thou then expect to perish, when thou shalt be told that thou art perfect; and prepare thy Heart for Joy, when thou feelest the most severe Stroke of Adversity: For thus it is that Heaven has ordained the Life of Man. To convince you of this Truth, I will tell you the Story of the Visier *Caverscha*.

The Story of the Visier Caverscha.

A King of *Hyrcania*, called *Codavende*, had a Visier nam'd *Caverscha*: That Minister, a Man of superior Wit, and of consummate Experience, went one Day to bathe himself. When he was near the Bathing-Tub, he took his Ring off from his Finger, and by Accident let it fall into the Tub; but instead of sinking to the Bottom, it swam on the Top of the Water. *Caverscha*, struck with this Prodigy, order'd presently all his Officers

to remove his best Effects away from his House, and to hide them where he appointed, saying, That the King his Master was ready to seize him. And indeed, his Domesticks had not actually carried off all his Moveables, when the Captain of the King's Guards came to him with Soldiers, and told him they had Orders to carry him to Prison. The Visier submitted, while Part of the Soldiers stay'd behind, to seize on all that was left in the House. This unhappy Minister, whom *Codavende* treated thus upon false Reports, remain'd several Years in Irons, without having the Liberty to see his Friends. They deny'd him all Sorts of Comfort, and every Day the King gave out some new Order to increase the Rigour of his Confinement.

He had a Desire for a great while to eat of a certain Dish called *Rommanaschy*, the chief Ingredient of which are the Seeds of Pomegranates. He ask'd for it perpetually, and they had the Cruelty to refuse it him, which contributed to his Mortification. Nevertheless the Gaoler, out of Compassion, carried some, and presented it to him in a China Basin. The Visier, ravish'd to see at last that which he had so ardently desired, was disposing himself to enjoy the Satisfaction of eating it, when two great Rats that were fighting, came on a sudden to the *Rommanaschy*, which he had set upon the Floor for a Moment, fell therein, and defiled it, insomuch that *Caverfcha* would not eat thereof; but he sent for his Domesticks, and said, Go carry back my Riches into my House again, from whence you brought them; for, said he, the King my Master will take me out of Prison, and restore me to my former Post; which presently happen'd. *Codavende* gave him his Liberty the same Day, and ordering him to be brought before him, said, I have discover'd your Innocence; I have caused your Enemies to be strangled; I once more repose my Trust in

in you, and restore you to the Rank again, which you enjoy'd formerly.

When *Caverfcha's* Friends heard what had pafed, they asked him how he knew that he was to be feized, and how afterwards that he was to be fet at Liberty. When I faw, faid the Viſier, that my Ring, inſtead of ſinking, reſted on the Water, I judg'd by that, that my Glory was arrived at its utmoſt Height; and that ſince my good Fortune could increaſe no more, it muſt of Courſe, according to the Order of Heaven, change to Adverſity; which proved true: And when in Priſon I ſo long had aſk'd in vain for *Rommanafchy*, I knew well that my Miſfortunes would continue; and, in ſhort, when it was brought me, the Rats, that fell therein, let me know I was come to the preſcrib'd Limits of my ill Fortune, and that my extream Grief would preſently be ſucceeded by perfect Joy. Then do not give yourſelf over, Madam, to Deſpair, continu'd the King of *China*; perhaps you are upon the very Point of Happineſs. Imitate me, give yourſelf up to better Hopes. Alas! I know not whether I, like you, am not the Sport of ſome Magician, or whether the Perſon whom I love be not ſome frightly Dæmon. *Ruzvanschad* at the ſame Time told her his Name, and related to her the Adventure of the white Hind. He had no ſooner ended the Relation, than both of them perceived a young Man on Horſeback, who took up all their Attention: He was almoſt naked, and rid full ſpeed: He paſſed ſo near them, that the Queen knew him, and cry'd out, Heavens! my Husband. But he caſt not his Eyes on her: He look'd like one diſmay'd; and tho' he rid full ſpeed, he every now and then look'd behind him, as if he fear'd being purſu'd.

The young Queen of *Thebet* and *Ruzvanschad* look'd after him, and had not yet loſt Sight of

him, ere they saw another Horseman, that spur'd his Horse without ceasing. He was richly habited, and had in his Hand a naked Sword stain'd with Blood. They perceived plainly that he was in Pursuit of the former, and that he burn'd with Impatience to overtake him: But that which increas'd the Wonder was, that he was so like the other, that the Princess, looking him in the Face, could not help crying out, O Heavens! see my Husband. He was so intent upon the Pursuit, that he passed very near the Queen without observing her. Madam, said the King of *China*, I protest nothing is more surprizing than this. Sir, answer'd the Princess, you may judge by this, that what I have told you is no Fable.

As they were reasoning on the Singularity of this Event, there appear'd a third Horseman, who, tho' he rid as fast as the two others, yet he passed not by without seeing *Ruzvanschad* and the Queen. This was the Visier *Aly-Bin-Haytam*. The Princess and he knew each other presently. That Minister immediately alighted from his Horse, and threw himself at the Queen's Feet: Ah, Madam, said he to her, is it you that I see? Heaven be always praised for having preserved you: If it leaves the Criminal to triumph for a while, and Innocence to be forsaken, it at last distinguishes itself more eminently in its Justice. Your Misfortunes are at an End; your mortal Enemy is no more; the King himself hath smote her; his Sword is still stain'd with her perfidious Blood; and, to take entire Vengeance, he is this Moment pursuing the Wretch, who, by the Power of an Incantment, hath likewise taken his Form upon him. I wish I had Time to inform you of all that hath passed, since you were undeservedly banish'd the Court; but I must defer that to another Time. The King is all this while going farther from us: Let us go, Madam,

Madam, mount this Horse instantly, and ride after him. No, Sir, then, said *Ruzvanschad*, instead of fatiguing the Queen, stay here with her ; I will engage to overtake the King, and bring him hither to you. In saying that, he went to his Horse, mounted with Agility, and rid after the King of *Thebet*, without answering to the Compliments that the Princess made him on his Generosity.

After his Departure, the Visier ask'd the Queen who that unknown Youth was, and was not a little surpriz'd to understand that it was the King of *Ghina*. Now satisfy my Curiosity, said the Princess to him, and let me know how the Magician was discover'd. Madam, replies that Minister, the King your Husband, being persuaded that his Council had rightly distinguished the true Princess of the *Naimans*, from her who by Force of Inchantments had taken her Form, liv'd with your Rival in perfect Harmony. He has been with her for some Days in a Castle nine or ten Leagues from the Capital. This Morning we went both of us abroad with one Slave to take the Diversion of Hunting ; and being a little Way off the Castle, the King on a sudden call'd to Mind that he had forgot something of great Importance, that he had to say to the Queen. We presently return'd, and that Prince alighted from his Horse at the Castle-Gate, where he bid me wait, and went to the Princess's Apartment up a private Pair of Stairs. A little while after, I saw a Man coming back without his Turban, almost naked, and who had all the Resemblance of the King, so that I believed it was that Prince. Ah ! Sir, cry'd I, as soon as I saw him, why are you in this Condition ? But instead of answering me, he run to his Horse with all the Air of a Man in great Despair : He mounted thereon, and took his Flight, without saying a Word. I judg'd that there had some unlucky Accident be-

fallen him, and was very impatient to understand what it might be. To be satisfied, I began to follow, and used my utmost Endeavours to overtake him, when I heard behind me a Voice that cry'd, Stay, Visier, stay. I stopt at once; I turn'd my Head, and saw the King, who came from the Castle with his Eyes sparkling, and a Scymiter in his Hand. He came running to me: Visier, says he, we have banish'd the Queen to keep a wicked Woman, who by Magick hath taken her Form. I have just now killed that Wretch, and I am going to do the like by that Traytor, who hath also assumed my Shape. Give me your Horse, added he, speaking to the Slave, I will ride after the Villain, who pretends in vain to escape. In saying these Words, he mounted on the Slave's Horse, and following the Road his Enemy had taken, has been ever since in Pursuit of him.

Whilst the Visier, *Aly-Bin-Haytam*, related this to the Queen, *Ruzvanschad* hasten'd towards the King of *Thebet*, and pursu'd him with as much Ardor as if he had been his white Hind. As for the King of *Thebet*, excited by his Resentment, he gave no Respite to his Horse, and, being a better Horseman than him he pursued, at last he overtook him, and striking him on the Shoulder with his Scymiter, he forc'd him to quit his Stirrups. He instantly alighted from his Horse to kill his Enemy; but the Wretch begg'd him to spare his Life. I give it thee, said the King to him, upon Condition that thou tell me who thou art, and how, and why thou hast taken my Form; in a Word, that thou give me a clear Account of every Thing that I desire to know. Sir, answer'd the Man to him, since your Majesty will give me my Life, I will hide nothing from you; I will tell you the Truth of every Thing with all the Sincerity you require of me; and, to convince you that my real Intention

tion is to satisfy your Majesty, I must begin by retaking my natural Form again. In speaking these Words, he only took off a Ring he had on his Finger, and the King saw nothing but the Appearance of a frightful old Man.

The King of *Thebet* was sufficiently surpriz'd at this Metamorphosis, which serv'd only to raise the Curiosity he was in to know what the old Man was about to relate to him. Sir, said the Wretch, you see what I am naturally; and, to give you intire Satisfaction, I will tell you the History of my Life: I am the Son of a Weaver of *Damascus*, and my Name is *Mochel*. My Father being very rich, and likewise very covetous, and having no Heir but me, I found myself after his Death Master of a very considerable Estate for a Man of my Birth. But, instead of following his Example, or of managing my Fortune a little, I thought of nothing but diverting myself: I lov'd Women, and devoted myself particularly to please a young Lady who liv'd in my Neighbourhood. She had Beauty, and a good deal of Wit; but her Wit was artificial, nor was she much esteem'd for it. She was belov'd by several Men, who flatter'd themselves each had the Preference in her Esteem, because she treated every one with equal Respect when they were alone with her. I was deceived amongst the rest; and, seduced by the Marks of Friendship which she shewed me, I imagined that my Rivals languish'd for an ungrateful Woman, and that I was happier than they. This Opinion increas'd my Love, and my Love threw me into a vast Expence. I sent every Day some new Present to *Dilnouaze*, for that was her Name, and the Presents I made her were so considerable, that in three or four Years I was ruin'd. My Rivals, on their Part, out of Emulation one to the other, endeavour'd to preserve by their Pre-

sents too, the Affection of *Dilmouaze*; so that this Lady enrich'd herself by our Ruin.

After having spent all my Effects, I expected to see myself worse treated than before, and I had this Dread upon me, because I was still very much in Love; but *Dilmouaze*, tho' she was both a Coquet and self-interested, said to me one Day, *Macbel*, you believe, perhaps, that I shall banish you from me shortly, since you have now nothing left to give me. No, my Friend, you are the most amorous of all my Lovers; and since you are the first undone, I will in my Turn shew you that I am generous. I design to divide with thee all that I shall get by thy Rivals, and restore with Interest that which your Love has made you squander away. In short, instead of letting me want Necessaries, she furnish'd me with Silver and Gold. I appear'd richer than ever I had been before. Besides that, she put an intire Confidence in me; she would do nothing without consulting me, and we lived together after this Manner for several Years.

Dilmouaze insensibly grew old, and the Number of her Lovers lessen'd every Day. In short, the Time came that they all left her. What a Mortification was this to a Woman that lov'd the Company of Men so much? She was inconsolable to see herself forsaken. Ah! *Macbel*, said she then, I protest that Age is insupportable to me. Accustom'd as I have been from my Youth to the Courtship of young People, I cannot bear their Neglects: I must either die to free myself from the mortal Chagrin that devours me, or else I must go to the Desert of *Pharam*, and find out the sage *Bedra*: She is the ablest Magician of *Asia*; the whole Earth is subject to her Incantments; the Rivers, when she pleases, run back to their Fountain-Heads; the Sun, at her Voice, grows pale, or starts backward from his Course; and the Moon stands

stands still in the Midst of her Career. I have a great Desire to go and see her; I know in what Part of the Desert she lives; perhaps she will give me a Secret to make me belov'd by Men, in Spight of my Age. You do very well, answer'd I, and I will attend you if you please. She desir'd me: We took Provisions with us, and some Presents for *Bedra*, and so pursued the Road that led to the Desert.

When we were got thither, and had travelled two Days, *Dilnouaze* bid me observe at a Distance a Mountain, and told me the Magician lived there. We then advanced to the Foot of the Mountain, and there saw a vast deep Cavern, from whence came, with a great Noise, Thousands of ominous Birds, or rather flying Monsters of divers Shapes, which, raising themselves to the very Clouds, made the Air resound with their ill-boding Cries. We now came to the Entry, and saw, by the Light of a Steel Lamp, with which all the Cavern was illuminated, a little old Woman sitting on a great Stone: This was *Bedra*. This Magician held on her Knees a great Book open, in which she was reading before a Furnace of Gold, wherein was a Silver Pot, full of black Earth, that boil'd without a Fire.

We judg'd aright that we had found what we sought after. We enter'd, and, approaching the old Woman, saluted her very respectfully. We presented the Things we had brought for her, and then *Dilnouaze* address'd her in these Words: All-powerful *Bedra*, I implore your Assistance; there is no Occasion to tell you the Reason that brought me hither, since you know every Thing by the Power of your Art. The Magician, after having heard *Dilnouaze*, said to her, No, no, it is not necessary that you should inform me of what I know already. In speaking these Words, she took two Vials of Glass which she brought out of the Cave:
She

She set them down on the Ground, and threw into each a Gold Ring. At the same Time she open'd her Book, and read some magical Words. As soon as she had done her Conjurations, we saw a Fire issue out of one of the Vials; and a black thick Smoak out of the other; which, rising up, and spreading themselves thro' the Air, produced on a sudden a terrible Thunder; but this Thunder ceased presently, and nothing more proceeded from the Vials. Then *Bedra* took up the Rings, and after having put one on *Dilnouaze's* Finger, said, Go Woman, and give thy Heart up to nothing but Pleasure, thy Wishes are accomplish'd: The Ring which I have given thee, whilst thou wearest it on thy Finger, has a Power that will enable thee to take what Woman's Form thou pleassest: Thou hast nothing to do but only to wish to resemble such or such a Maiden or Wife, and that very Moment thou wilt become so like her, that none shall know one from the other: And for thee, *Mocbel*, continued she, turning to me, I make thee a Present of another Ring, which has the Virtue to make thy natural Form and Features disappear; insomuch that thou mayst take upon thee what Man's Form thou most desirest. At these Words she put the other Ring on my Finger.

We return'd our Thanks to *Bedra* for these valuable Gifts, and took Leave of her. We waited not till our Return to *Damascus* to make Experiment of our Rings, but were resolv'd to try their Virtue in the Desert. We only wished to resemble some Persons that we knew, and presently we became intirely like them. When we were got to *Damascus*, *Dilnouaze*, who was not of a Humour to let her Ring lie long usefess, took upon her the Form of the finest Ladies in the City, to prostitute herself to their Lovers, and to get of them great Sums of Money. On my Part, to divert myself,

myself, and sometimes to rob, I made use of my Ring, in appearing now in the Form of one Man, and then in that of another. After living a considerable Time at this Rate in *Damascus*, we took a Fancy to travel: We left *Egypt*, and went from City to City, till we arriv'd at length in the Country of the *Naimans*, where we understood that a young Princess, or rather an Infant, was upon the Throne, and that, under the Name of Visier, *Aly-Bin-Haytam* govern'd the Country and had all the Authority: That this caus'd great Discontents, and that the People much desir'd that Prince *Mouaffac*, Uncle to the young Queen, and Brother to the late King, would return into the Country; but that they believed him to be slain in a Battle against the *Mogul*, because since that Time they had heard nothing of him. We gave ear to this Discourse, and *Dilnouaze* said to me, here is a fine Opportunity to gain a Crown, thou hast nothing to do but to take the Figure of *Mouaffac*. I resolv'd without Difficulty to act this Part; but before that, I inform'd myself of all the Circumstances of the Battle with the *Mogul*: I even forc'd from their Tombs the Ghosts of Men departed, from whom I learnt the Names of those great Lords of the Kingdom, who were *Mouaffac*'s best Friends. In short, when I had apprized myself of all that I wanted to know, I only wish'd myself like the Prince, and presently I had his Resemblance. I shew'd myself to all those whom I had been inform'd were willing to adhere to *Mouaffac*. They express'd great Joy to see me, and I soon let them understand I had a Design to mount the Throne; they promis'd to employ all the Interest they had in the Country, and their Promises were not fruitless. The *Naimans* on the Banks of the River *Amor*, won by their Solicitations, began to revolt in my Favour, the Enemies of the Visier *Aly* join'd
with

with them; all the Kingdom soon rose in Arms, the People of *Albasin* open'd their City Gates when I shew'd myself, and after having proclaim'd me King, swore to obey all my Commands. I designed to have seiz'd the young Queen, and make her a Sacrifice to my Security, but the Visier *Aly* sav'd the Life of that Princess, by conveying her out of the Kingdom, with great Secrecy and Diligence.

However, I continu'd peaceably on the Throne, and reign'd with an absolute Power; I rewarded all those who had contributed to my Advancement; I gave them the first Posts in the Kingdom, and had I been the real Prince *Mouaffac*, I should not perhaps have made a better Use of my Authority. I lived very contentedly with *Dilnouaze*, who under the Form of a fine young Lady, possess'd the Quality of Queen. I made her pass for Daughter of a King, at whose Court I pretended to have been a Refugee after the Battle, where I had disappear'd, and who had given her to me in Marriage as a Comfort to me in my Misfortunes. She had a stately Apartment in the Palace, and was serv'd by an infinite Number of fine Slaves, who by their different Qualifications, found out Ways to divert her. In short, every Day flow'd with Pleasure, till we were inform'd, Sir, by your Embassadors, that you had married the Princess of the *Naimans*, and that you were resolv'd to make War against me, if I did not surrender the Crown which I had snatch'd from her. I gave a haughty Answer, as if I had despis'd your Threats, but at the Bottom I was afraid; and I had no sooner sent back your Embassadors, than *Dilnouaze* and I consider'd with ourselves a long Time together, what Course would be best for us to take; being at length persuad'd that we should be too weak to resist you, we determin'd to abandon the Throne, which we could not keep, and resolv'd to revenge ourselves upon you

you and the Princess of the *Naimans*, as if you had done us the greatest Injustice in the World; and see now after what Manner we effected it. I had Recourse to my Ring, continu'd *Mochel*; I feign'd Sickness for some Days, and afterwards to make the People believe that I was dead, I took upon myself the Form of a Corpse; they buried me, and in the Night, *Dilnouaze* came and open'd the Tomb wherein they had laid me. We both went out of *Albasin* in our natural Shapes and travell'd to the City of *Thebet*, where we were no sooner come, but the Deputies of the *Naimans* arrived to notify the Death of Prince *Mouaffac*, and to assure the Queen your Spouse, that they would acknowledge her for their lawful Sovereign. Upon this News you disbanded your Troops, and resolved to confer the Government of the *Naimans* on the Viceroy *Aly*.

Mean while *Dilnouaze*, under the Resemblance of a young Slave of the Queen's, and myself under that of one of the Eunuchs, introduc'd ourselves one Night into the Palace; we got into your Apartment, where it was not difficult for us to execute our Design, for you were gone to Bed, and the Queen was reading in her Closet. *Dilnouaze* took upon her the Queen's Shape, and went to Bed to you; and when your real Wife was coming from her Closet to go to you, I appeared before her, under the Figure of a horrible Phantom; she cry'd out, and I disappear'd: You know the rest, Sir; and I have nothing more but to let you know why I took your Majesty's Form upon me to Day. This Morning, as soon as you were gone out of the Palace, I, under the Shape of the Chief of your Eunuchs, went into your Apartment, where you had left *Dilnouaze* in Bed; *Mochel*, said she to me, undress yourself, come to me to Bed in the King's Form, and take his Place; I did what she desired,

and I was in the Bed with her, when on a sudden the Door open'd from the Back-Stairs, and you came into the Chamber; you were going to kill me, but I got away from you. But Heaven, which would not let my Crimes remain unpunished, delivered me up to your Resentment. Yes, Sir, I own I deserve Death, and if your Majesty, after having heard all the Offences that make up the Story of my Days, repent of having given me my Life, I am willing you should recal your Word, and finish a Wretch, who owns himself unworthy to live.

It is true, answered the King of *Thebet* to him, that I ought to treat thee as I have done that wicked Accomplice of thy base Actions; I ought to free the Earth of such a Monster as thou art, but having promised to spare thy Life, I will keep my Promise, and will only take away thy Ring, that fatal Instrument of thy Crimes. Thou shalt be no more able to hurt Mankind, and let old Age be thy Punishment. As the King ended these Words, he saw *Ruzvanschad*, who came towards him with all Speed, and, judging by his Habit he was no common Man, looked upon him with Attention. *Ruzvanschad* being come up to him, dismounted his Horse, and, after having saluted him, said, Prince, I come to tell you good News: The Queen your Spouse, the Princess of the *Naimans*, is still alive; with what Indignity soever she was driven from the City of *Thebet*, in Spight of all that she has suffer'd since that Time, I can assure you she is not dead, and that if you please, you may see her this very Day. O Heavens! cry'd the King of *Thebet*, at this Discourse, can I believe what I hear? Is it possible that the Queen can be still alive, after all the Misfortunes she hath undergone? but you, added he, addressing himself to the King of *China*, you who seem to be instructed in the strange Events which

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have

have happen'd in my Family, tell me, I beseech you, who you are, and inform me how much I am indebted to you.

I am a Foreigner, answer'd *Ruzvanschad*, and will tell you my Name another Time. It was by Accident I met with the Queen; she related to me her sad Adventures, and I am not ignorant of what happen'd to you this Morning; the Visier *Aly* gave me the Account: He is now with the Princess in a Place whither I have promis'd them to conduct you. This News caused Abundance of Joy in the young King of *Thebet*, who, filled with Impatience once more to see his real Wife, went presently with *Ruzvanschad*, and left the wretched *Mocbel*, after he had taken his Ring from him. As soon as the two Princes were come to the Place where the Visier *Aly-Bin-Haytam* was with the Queen, the King of *Thebet* descended from his Horse with Haste, and received into his Arms the Princess, who advanced to embrace him; Madam, said he to her, what Regard can you henceforward have for a Husband who hath so ill treated you? But alas! to what Excess so ever I have carry'd my Cruelty, you ought not to hate me, since while I persecuted you, I believ'd I was doing you Justice on your Enemies. Let us forget what is past, answers the Queen, your Error ought to serve as an Excuse for the Treatment you gave me, and the Inchantment was such, that I ought to forgive your Mistake. No, Madam, replies the King, I think my Error inexcusable, and I cannot forgive it to myself. What outward Resemblance soever there was betwixt you and that wicked Woman who took your Form, I ought to have known you by your Wit and interior Endowments, which those of your Phantom were not equal to, nor could represent.

After they had both abandoned themselves for some Time, to the Joy they had in seeing each other

other again, the Queen asked the Prince her Husband, how he found out that the Lady, whom he look'd upon as his Wife, was not so? I ran up, said the King, the Privy-Stairs into the Queen's Apartment, and had no sooner open'd the Door, but I saw a Man lying in my Bed with my Wife; I was immediately seized with Rage; I drew my Scymetar, and approach'd to the Bed to sacrifice the two Lovers to my Revenge, but the Man escap'd and got down the Back-Stairs, before I attempted to follow him; I resolv'd to free myself from my treacherous Spouse: She was got up, and ask'd me Pardon with her Hands stretch'd out; I was too much in a Passion to hear her, I struck and cut that Hand off whereon the Ring was, which was no sooner dropt from her Body, but that beautiful Face disappeared, and I saw nothiug before me but a ghastly old Woman. Prince, said she to me, by cutting my Hand off, thou hast broken the Charm that deceived thy Eyes; it was by the Power of an enchanted Ring, that I took the Queen's Form upon me, and the Man who hath escap'd, hath also taken your Form by Virtue of another Ring; do not take away my Life, I am miserable enough, since I see you are undeceiv'd. O wicked Woman, cry'd I then, flatter not thyself with vain Hopes, nor think thou canst ever gain upon my Generosity to let thee survive this Moment: No, no, thy Crime deserves no Pardon; hadst thou injur'd no Body but me, I could have had Compassion enough to forgive thee, but thou hast interrupted the Union in which I liv'd with the Queen; thou art the Cause of my treating that Princess so undeservedly, of my banishing her from the Palace, and that I shall never see her again; for I doubt not but, overwhelm'd with Grief and Misery, she has already ended her deplorable Fate. At these Words, added the King, I lifted up my Scymetar, and

and cut off the Head of that vile Miscreant: After that, without losing Time, I pursued the Wretch that had assumed my Form, and Heaven has not permitted him to escape from my just Resentment:

When the King of *Thebet* had thus satisfy'd the Queen's Curiosity, he related all that had pass'd between *Morbel* and him; he recited to her at large all the Steps that this Wretch and *Dihnouaze* had taken to possess themselves of the Throne of the *Naimans*, and likewise the Manner of their abandoning it afterwards. The Princess and the Visier *Aly* heard the Story with all the Surprize and Attention imaginable. When the King had done, he turn'd himself towards *Ruzvanschad*, and said; Noble Stranger, who have so generously contributed to the good Fortune we rejoice in, what Marks of our Favour can you desire us to give you? Ask what you will that I can grant, and it is yours. *Ruzvanschad* was going to return his Compliment, when the young Queen of *Thebet* anticipated his Words, saying to the Prince her Husband, Sir, you do not know that the Stranger to whom you speak is the King of *China*: As soon as the King of *Thebet* understood that, he ask'd *Ruzvanschad*'s Pardon for not having paid him the Respect due to his Character. The King of *China* interrupted his Excuse, and the two Princes embraced several Times; after which they all went to the King of *Thebet*'s Castle: *Ruzvanschad* stay'd there some Days, where he was magnificently treated; then took his Leave, and return'd into his own Country.

A Continuation of the Story of Ruzvanschad and the Princess Cheheristany.

THE King of *China* being arriv'd in his Palace, delay'd not to relate to his Visier the wonderful

derful Adventure of the King and Queen of *Thebet*: *Muezin* was amaz'd, and took an Occasion to represent once more to his Master, that *Cheberistan* was in Reality no other than a Magician, or rather such a Woman as *Dilnouxze*; so that *Ruzvanschad* began to make no Doubt of it. One Morning, when all the Courtiers were assembled in the Palace, and that, according to Custom, they waited the Prince's Rising, one came and told them, It was not known what was become of him; that the Night before, having made all his Officers retire, he was seen asleep upon a Sofa, but was not now to be found, neither in his own Apartment, nor in any other Part of his Palace; they made fresh Inquiry, but to no Purpose; and several Days passing without any Account of him, all the Courtiers began to be afflicted; in Emulation to one another, they dy'd their Faces with Yellow, and fell to weeping, and all of them strew'd Roses before the Throne. *Muezin*, among the rest, appear'd inconsolable; he lov'd his Master passionately, and in his Sorrow, not to know what was become of him, he cry'd out, Ah! my Prince, in what Part of the World art thou? What can I think of your Absence? Have you undertaken some new Journey? Is it the Power of Magick that hath seduced you from your People? Have you left us of your own Accord? No, you know too well our Zeal and Fidelity, to be consenting to our Afflictions; it is undoubtedly by the wicked Art of some Enchantress that we have lost you.

While the Visier and the rest of *Ruzvanschad's* Subjects were giving themselves over to Grief, that happy Prince was crown'd with Joy in the Isle of *Cheberistan*, where he was carried by the Order of *Cheberistan*. This Princess, after being proclaim'd Queen, apply'd herself to Affairs of State, and she wholly employ'd the first Days of her Reign in the
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Care of the Affairs of her Kingdom ; but in a short Time, finding that she must ever love the King of *China*, and satisfied with his Fidelity, she resolv'd at last to keep her Word with him. To this Purpose she employ'd one of her Genii, who brought him into her Apartment : Ah Divine Princess ! cry'd *Ruxvanschad*, as soon as he saw the Queen of *Cheheristan*, am I so happy as to see you again ? Alas ! I durst no longer flatter myself with such charming Hopes, I fear'd you had forgot me : No, Prince, answer'd *Cheheristany*, Absence never produces the same Effects in Genii as on Men ; it can never shake our Constancy : It has not weaken'd mine, reply'd the King of *China*, tho' I am no more than Man, I am as constant as the Genii : Ah my Queen ! pursu'd he, sighing, how long has it been since we were separated, and how impatient was I to see you again ! I have no Reason to complain of you, Sir, said the Princess ; and since your Affection is true, I will this Day keep the Promise that I made you ; let us go and link our Destinies.

The young King of *China* thank'd *Cheheristany* for the Favour, and swore eternal Love to her. After that, all the Grandees of the Kingdom, and the People, assembled before the Palace, by the Queen's Order, who said to them, Ye Genii, both great and small, who hear me, as you all are engag'd to obey me by an Oath, when after the Death of *Menoutcher* my Father, you crown'd me with Sovereign Power ; I declare to you that I am going to espouse Prince *Ruxvanschad*, and I order you to regard him as your Master ; at the same Time she shew'd him to them : All the Genii applauded the Queen's Choice, and tho' the King of *China* was but a Man, yet so well they loved their Princess, that they fail'd not to crown him King of *Cheheristan*. The Ceremony of the Coronation being over, they made great Preparations for the Marriage ;

riage; but before it was solemniz'd, *Cheheristany* said to *Ruzvanschad*, Sir, you must promise me one Thing; I require not this Promise of you but for our common Good; but it is absolutely necessary that you make it, and perform it punctually; for if by Misfortune it happen that you fail, we shall both repent it. Well, Madam, by your Favour, interrupts the King of *China*, you keep me too long in Suspence; tell me what it is that I must promise you, I am ready to do what you please. That which I require of you, replies the Queen, is a difficult Task, which I doubt you are not able to perform: As I am a Genius, and you a Child of *Adam*, we have different Inclinations; we act otherwise than Men; we have our own Laws and particular Customs; in short, we cannot live long together, if you will not, with a blind Obedience, comply with all I desire. Why, Madam, said *Ruzvanschad*, is that the difficult Task that you suspect me uncapable of? Have a better Opinion of Men, or rather of yourself; believe that you shall always have an absolute Dominion over me, and I will have no other Will but what is conformable to yours. Well then, replies the Princess, you promise me that if I do any Thing before you that shall displease you, you will not take upon you to blame me or find fault. Yes, my Queen, says he, I will be so far from blaming, or finding fault with what you do, that I will approve all your Actions; I will study all my Life to oblige you with my yielding Temper as well as my Love; and I would not have you doubt it, without you design to give me a mortal Disquietude. 'Tis enough, replies *Cheheristany*, I am satisfy'd with the Promise you make me; and whatsoever I do before you, I desire you will never speak, but keep strict Silence: As for the rest, I hope you do not think I would require an unjust Condescension; the Genii never do any Thing
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improperly; if sometimes you see me do Things which appear unreasonable to you, say thus to yourself, She cannot do this without having a Reason for it. The King of *China* having promis'd anew, that he would never find fault with the Princess, they resolv'd immediately on their Marriage.

The Queen having seated *Ruzvanschad* on a Throne of Gold, and set herself down by him, all the Grandees rank'd themselves before them, and the Princess's Ladies on both Sides of the Throne. The Grandees paid their Homage and Respect to the King, in Ceremonies peculiar to Creatures of their Kind; then the People celebrated the Marriage with Rejoicings that lasted three Days together. The King of *China*, charm'd with his good Fortune, minded nothing but pleasing the Princess, and devoted all his Time to Sports and Pleasures, so that for a Time he lost the Thoughts of *China*. After they had been a Year marry'd, *Cheberistany* was brought to Bed of a young Prince as bright as the Day; all the Genii made new Rejoicings, and the King, ravish'd to have a Son of that charming Princess, ceas'd not to give Thanks to Heaven: He was a hunting when he receiv'd this News; he made haste to the Palace to see the Infant, which the Mother held in her Arms before a great Fire. *Ruzvanschad* took the little Prince, and having kiss'd him with a great deal of Gentleness, for fear of hurting it, he gave it back to the Queen, who threw it into the Fire, and forthwith, O surprizing Prodigy! the Fire and the newborn Babe vanish'd away.

This strange Sight was not a little mortifying to the King; but what Grief soever he felt for the Loss of his Son, he remember'd the Promise which he had made the Queen; he stifled his Melancholy, kept Silence, and retired into his Closet, where he fell to Weeping, saying, Am I not most unhappy? Heaven

Heaven granted me a Son, and I have seen it thrown into the Flames by its own Mother, and it is deny'd me to condemn an Action so cruel. O unnatural Mother ! O Barbarian ! but let me hold my Tongue, added he, reproving himself, I shall offend the Queen in shewing my Affliction ; let me force my Inclinations, and, instead of opposing an Action so horrible, I must say and believe in Effect, that the Princess acts not so without Reason. The King said nothing to *Cheheristany*, notwithstanding the Desire he had to reproach her for the Loss of his Son. In a Year after she brought forth a Princess yet fairer than the Prince, which they call'd *Balkis* ; all the Genii of the Isle celebrated her Birth with Feasting for three Days : The King was charm'd with the Beauty of his Daughter, and could not be weary with looking upon her ; she made him forget the Prince of *Cheheristan* : But the Joy of this unhappy Parent lasted not long ; some Days after the Queen's Delivery, a great white Bitch, with a wide Mouth was seen to enter into the Palace ; *Cheheristany* perceiving her, call'd her, and said, Here, take this little Girl and her Cradle : Presently the Bitch came near to the Cradle, took it in her Mouth, and ran away.

It was difficult to express what Grief the King was in at this Sight ; whatsoever Respect he had sworn to pay the Queen, he had much ado to forbear saying a thousand hard and disobliging Things to her, so that he was forc'd to retire, for fear his Passion should have burst out in Taunts and Revilings. He then shut himself up in his Closet, where recollecting in his Memory the deplorable Condition of his Children ; *Cheheristany*, said he, Ah Inhuman ! how could you treat thus your own Children ? Certainly, if the Genii take Pleasure to commit such Actions so contrary to Nature, they need not boast of the Advantages of their Species ;

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I abhor their Customs and their Laws; those of Men are much more agreeable to Reason: But the Queen tells me, that the Genii do nothing but what is proper, and when she does any Thing opposite to my Inclinations, I should say at the same Time she cannot do so without Reason; it is not possible to give a Reason for such Barbarity. Alas! I now found the Depth of the Mystery, and see plainly the Cause of my Misfortunes. The Laws of the Genii oblige them, when they marry with Men, to destroy the Children that are born from that Marriage; see now the Motive of this Conduct which surprizes me. O cruel Princess! can you think that I can be devoted to all that you have a Mind to do? No, in spite of all the Affection I have for you, it is impossible to submit to your barbarous Laws.

Tho' *Ruzvanschad* was sensibly afflicted for the Loss of his Children, he had Government enough of himself not to say any Thing to the Queen; but his Stay in *Cheheristan* grew insupportable to him, and he resolv'd to return to *China*. Madam, said he one Day to *Cheheristany*, I would gladly see my Kingdom of *China* again; give me Leave to go and visit my People, who have a long Time wish'd for my Return: Well, said the Queen, I consent that you give them that Satisfaction; besides, your Presence is necessary in your Dominions: I know that the *Mogul* is raising a powerful Army against you; go and defend your own Empire; what Courage soever your Subjects may have, they will fight better when you are at their Head; I will be sure to come and see you. In speaking these Words, she call'd a Genius, and said to him, carry the King immediately to his Palace in *China*; at the same Time the Genius obey'd, and *Ruzvanschad* soon found himself there.

As soon as *Muezin* saw him, he was in a Transport of Joy, and, throwing himself upon his Face

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to the Earth, said to him; Ah! Sir, Heaven hath heard my Prayers, and restored you to your People: I have govern'd your Dominions during your Absence, and your Subjects, despairing of your Return, rais'd me to the Empire; but I acknowledge you for my Lord and Master, and beg of you to re-ascend the Throne, which your Slave has possess'd too long. The King related to the Visier all that had happened to him, and that Minister was much astonish'd. Mean while, the *Great Mogul* march'd into *China* with considerable Forces; he was enter'd the Kingdom, and promis'd himself nothing less than an entire Conquest of it. Upon the Advice he receiv'd of their March, *Ruzvanshad* drew together all the Troops he could possibly, and went to meet the Enemy; he met them in a vast Plain, where they wanted for nothing; he encamp'd near them, and presently there arriv'd in his Army abundance of all Sorts of Provisions, and particularly Bisket, Fruit, and a vast Quantity of Wine and other Liquors, which were brought upon Camels and Mules; and one of *Ruzvanshad's* Visiers conducted them to the Camp; that Minister was call'd *Wely*. As he arriv'd in the Plain with his Provisions, the Princess *Cheberistany* appear'd before him, attended with several Genji, who unloaded the Camels, broke the Bisket to Pieces, and destroy'd the Fruit and other Necessaries, bor'd Holes in the Vessels of Wine and other Beverages; so that there was nothing left that was fit either to eat or drink.

Wely was much amaz'd to see the Provisions in such a Condition: But the Princess said to him; Go and tell the King your Master that the Queen his Wife hath committed all this Disorder: He delay'd not, but came immediately to *Ruzvanshad's* Tent; Sir, said he, behold your Army without Provisions. At the same Time he told him what the Queen had done, which put the King in Despair.

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The Death of his Children appear'd to him more excusable than this last Action; he was then as a Man distracted, when the Princess appear'd: Madam, said he to her, I can contain no longer, you have put an End to my Patience; you have cast my Son into the Fire, and given my Daughter to a Dog; and what Grief soever these Actions of yours brought upon me, I discover'd not my Resentments to you: I have stifled my Grief; but what you have now done cannot be interpreted otherwise than as an Attempt both against my Life and Glory; it is impossible for me not to complain of you. Ah ungrateful Woman! how you reward my Affection? What is your Design? Do you not see my Army deprived of the Necessaries of Life? What will become of it, tell me? And what will become of me? Undoubtedly you would have me fall a Prey to my Enemy, without fighting: And can all this be suffer'd?

Sir, answer'd the Queen, it had been better for you, could you have kept your Promise, than to break Silence thus to your own Prejudice; but since you have spoken, and that the Evil is incurable, there's an End on't; and now it is in vain to seek out Ways to avert this Misfortune which I have dreaded, since it is already arriv'd. Ah weak and imprudent Prince! why would you not hold your Tongue? Do you know what Fire that was to which I committed your Son? It was an able and prudent Salamander, to whom I intrusted the Education of the young Prince; and the Bitch which you saw, was a Fairy, whom I was willing should have the Charge of your Daughter, to instruct her in all the Arts requisite for a Princess of the Genii. The Salamander and the Fairy have both answer'd my Desire; they have brought up the Prince and his Sister after an admirable Manner; you shall be Witness of it presently: Who waits there, continued

She, speaking to the Genii that follow'd her? bring hither in a Moment my Son and my Daughter. As soon as these Words were pronounced, the Prince of *Cheheristan* and his Sister *Balkis* came into *Ruzvanschad's* Tent; but no Body saw them but the King himself, tho' there were several other Persons there.

The King of *China*, notwithstanding the ill Situation of Affairs, was transported with Joy when he saw the Children; he embrac'd them both, one after the other, with that Pleasure, that a Father only is capable of enjoying. Sir, said she, I will inform you presently why I destroy'd your Provisions. The King of the *Moguls* lies in wait for your Life, and intends to reduce to his Obedience the Empire of *China*. To effect this with the more Security, by a considerable Sum of Money, he hath corrupted the Fidelity of your Visier *Wely*; that perfidious Minister, for a hundred thousand Sequins of Gold, hath undertaken to destroy your Army and yourself by Poison; you intrusted him with the Care of the Provisions, and he hath put into the Bisket and the Wine such a Poison, as will do its Work in a Moment; and thus your Officers and Soldiers had lost their Lives, if I had not destroy'd the Provisions. Perhaps you will not believe what I say, but it is easy to convince you; order the Visier hither, and let him eat a Piece of the Bisket, and you will soon see what happens.

The King was concerned at these Words; he order'd *Wely* to be call'd; and when that Minister was come, the Prince said, let some of the Provision be brought hither; then they brought a Box of Sweetmeats, which were found unbroken, and upon which was the Visier's Seal: The King made them open the Box, and order'd the Traitor to eat of the Sweetmeats. Sir, said *Wely*, I have no Appetite at present, but as soon as I have I will eat of them :

them : If thou eatest not this Moment, answer'd the Prince, I will have thy Head cut off. Then the Visier seeing he could not avoid Death, thought it better to obey ; he took some of the Sweetmeats, eat them, and instantly fell down dead before the Company in the King's Tent.

Sir, said the Queen to *Ruzvanschad*, you will no longer doubt the Treason of your Visier, and you must be undoubtedly persuaded that the Genii do nothing without Reason? Yes, Madam, said the King, I am convinced that I have err'd in not exactly observing the Law you impos'd upon me ; but still I am not without Trouble ; my Army wants Provisions, and the Famine will do the Work, which the Poison was to have done. No, no, said the Princess, Provisions shall not be wanting ; To-morrow you will have more than you want, for this Night you shall attack your Enemies, you shall cut them to Pieces, you shall become Master of their Provisions, and you shall return into your Capital a triumphant Victor. What the Queen said, he found true ; for in the Dead of Night, this Princess with all her Genii, put themselves at the Head of the *Chinese*, and fell on the *Moguls*, who at first made a faint Resistance, but were totally routed ; the Genii and the *Chinese* made so terrible a Slaughter, that the King of the *Moguls*, who commanded himself in Person, hardly escaped. The next Morning, when the Day began to appear, they saw all the Plain cover'd with dead Bodies ; and *Ruzvanschad* was the more pleas'd with this Victory, because he lost but few of his Men in the Fight. The Army got a rich Booty ; all the *Mogul's* Equipage as well as Provisions, which were in great Abundance, became a Prey to the Victors.

Then *Cheberistany* said to the King her Spouse, See, all your Enemies are vanquish'd, the War is ended, you may return into your Country, and live.

in Peace: As for me, I must quit you, the Time is come we must part for ever, you must see me no more, and I shall likewise be depriv'd of ever seeing you: 'Tis your own Fault, my dear Prince, why would you not keep the Promise which you made me? Ah just Heaven! cry'd the King at this Discourse, what is this I hear? In the Name of God, Madam, quit this fatal Resolution; I am sorry for breaking my Promise, vouchsafe to pardon me, I protest that henceforth you shall have no Cause to complain of me; whatever you do for the future, I swear to you, I will never disapprove it, either in Word or Thought. This Oath is superfluous, said the Princess, our Laws have banish'd me from you, and the Laws of the Genii cannot be infring'd: Do not attempt to stop me, for alas! if it depended upon me, I could easily forgive you, but it is not in my Power, for Destiny is inexorable. Adieu, Prince, added she, you have lost your Children and their Mother; you will wish in vain to see them again, they must never more appear before your Eyes. In saying that, she disappear'd with the Prince of *Cheheristan* and the Princess *Balkis*.

What lively Sorrow touch'd the Heart of the King of *China* at the Loss of these dear Objects, is not possible to be express'd: If he had lost the Battle, and fallen into the Hands of the *Mogul*, he had not been so much afflicted: He tore his Hair, disfigur'd his Face, threw himself upon the Ground, and perform'd all the Actions of a Madman; then march'd his Army to his Capital, where being arrived, he said to *Muezin*: Visier, I leave the Care of all my Affairs to you, govern my Empire, and do whatever you think proper; as for myself, I will pass the rest of my Life in lamenting my Wife and Children, which I have lost by my own Folly; I will see no Body but yourself, and then too I will not allow you the Liberty to speak to me, but on this

this Condition, not to trouble me with any Business relating to my Kingdom: You shall mention nothing but *Cheheristany* and my Children; all the Business of my Life shall be employ'd on this melancholy Subject.

Ruzvanschad shut himself up in his own Apartment, wherein no Person was permitted to enter but *Muezzin*: That Minister went to see him every Day, and fail'd not to please the Prince, by flattering him in his Affliction, and feeding him with Hopes that Time would wear it away, but on the contrary it encreas'd every Day; so that at last the King fell into a profound Melancholy, and continued so almost ten Years. In short, giving Way to his Grief, he fell sick, and was near Death, when the Queen appear'd suddenly in his Chamber, and spoke to him thus: Prince, I am come to end your Sorrow, and restore you to Life, which you have already almost lost. Our Laws, to punish your Perjury, compell'd me to leave you for ten Years, and never to return, unless that during the whole Term of my Separation you continued faithful; and therefore when I parted with you, I believed it was never to see you more. The Sons of *Adam*, said I, are not capable of so long a Constancy, he will soon blot me out of his Memory; but Thanks to Heaven I am deceiv'd, and I see that Men can love constantly: I am therefore come again, Prince, added she, and to compleat your Joy, have also brought your Children with me. These Words were no sooner spoke, but the Prince of *Cheheristan* and the Princess *Balkis* enter'd the Room, and shew'd themselves before *Ruzvanschad*, who was charm'd with seeing them. He being both a tender Father and a faithful Husband, was affected with all the soft Emotions that Parentage and Love cou'd inspire him with. His Health was restored in a little Time, and these four Persons lived happily together a great many Years, till the Death of the

King and Queen, when the Prince of *Cheheristan* took Possession of the Empire of *China*, and the Princess *Balkis* reign'd in the Isle of *Cheheristan*, till she came to marry the great Prophet *Salomon*.

When *Farrukhnaz*'s Nurse had ended the Relation of this Story, the Princess's Women, who loved the Adventures of the Genii, and Inchantments, commended this above that of *Aboulcasem*; but all the others were of a contrary Opinion, and allowed that the Story of the young Man of *Basra* was the more moving. For me, says *Farrukhnaz*, I must blame the King of *China* for not keeping his Promise which he made to *Cheheristany*, since she had told him that the Genii did nothing without Reason; this proves that Men will not be bound by their Word. Madam, replies *Sutlumeme*, there are those who keep their Word at the Hazard of their Lives, as I will shew you, by the Story of *Couloufe* and the fair *Dilara*, if you will give me Leave to tell it. I am content, replied the Princess, especially since I find all my Women are well pleased to hear you. Then the Nurse began thus:

The Story of Couloufe and the fair Dilara.

THERE liv'd at *Damascus* an old Merchant call'd *Abdallah*, who pass'd for the richest of his Brethren. He had been in all Parts of the World, and expos'd himself to a thousand Dangers in order to be rich, and after all was uneasy that he had no Children; he spar'd nothing to obtain one; he set open his Gates to the Poor, and gave his Charity daily to the Priests called *Dervises*, that they might pray to God to grant him a Son; he founded likewise Hospitals and Convents, and built Mosques, but all in vain; *Abdallah* could not become a Father, and he was out of all Hopes of be-
ing

ing so. One Day he sent for an *Indian* Physician, who was much renown'd for his Capacities; he invited him to his Table, and after treating him handsomely, he said to him; Doctor, it is a long Time since I have passionately desired a Son. Sir, answer'd the *Indian*, that is a Blessing which depends on God. However, it is allow'd that Men may seek for Assistance. Order me, what you think proper for that, replies *Abdallah*, and I promise you I will do it. First of all, says the Physician, buy a young Slave that is tall and strait as a Cypress; let her have an agreeable Face, plump Cheeks and round Buttocks. Secondly, let the Tone of her Voice be soft; let her have a smiling Countenance, and let her Conversation be pleasant: Besides, I would have it so, that you both love each other. Before you see this Slave, keep yourself chaste for forty Days; let your Thoughts be taken up with no Business; during that Time, eat nothing but the Flesh of black Sheep, and drink nothing but old Wine. If you will exactly observe these Things, you need not despair of having a Son.

Abdallah delay'd not to buy a handsome Slave, and by her had really a Son by following the Advice which the Physician prescrib'd him. To celebrate the Child's Birth, who was call'd *Couloufe*, *Abdallah* invited all his Friends, made them a Feast, and gave Alms, as a Return of Thanks to Heaven, for having accomplish'd his Desires. They brought up *Couloufe*, and as he grew in Years, he receiv'd new Instructions. He had several Masters to teach him, as they found him disposed to learn: One taught him *Hebrew*, another *Greek*, *Turkey*, *Persian*, *Indian*, &c. and to write the Characters of all those Languages. They were not content to teach him the *Alcoran*, but he must understand the Commentaries too, and be Master of all the myttick Sense of it. He was instructed in every Point that had relation to Predef-

ination. He knew likewise what was meant by the Abolisher and the Abolished, and could distinguish between the Points of Ambiguity and Certainty; and he was not ignorant of the History of the *Arabian* Tribes, that of *Persia*, and the Annals of their Kings; besides, he understood Morality, Philosophy, Physick and Astronomy; he was not above eighteen Years old, when he knew all these Things as well as others; he was a good Poet and Musician; he was over and above perfect in all the Exercises of the Body. No Person drew a Bow better, or handled a Sabre and a Launce with more Address and Vigour; in short, he was a young Gentleman of an accomplish'd Merit.

What a Satisfaction was it for a Father to have such a Son! *Abdallah* lov'd him more than his Life, and could not live a Minute without him. Nevertheless, Death, who loves to show his Spight to the Fortunate, was almost ready to take away the old Merchant, who, perceiving his End drew nigh, made *Couloufe* sit down on his Bed-side, and spent his last Breath in giving him good Counsel. After his Death and Funeral, the Son took Possession of all his Estate; but the young Man was no sooner Master of it, but he began to spend it. He built himself a Palace, bought fine Slaves, and chose several young Fellows to be the Companions of his Debauchery, with whom he spent his Time and his Money; there was nothing in his House but Feasting and Dancing, and Concerts of Musick. He liv'd at this Rate for some Years, as if the Source of his Pleasures had been inexhaustible; at length he consumed all his Patrimony; he was forced to sell his Palace and his Slaves, and insensibly found himself a Beggar, which was a great Joy to his Enemies. He was then sorry for his Prodigality; he went to all the young Fellows who contributed to his Ruin: My Friends, said he, you have

have seen me in Prosperity, and you now see my present Misfortunes. I come to you, to assist me in my Necessities, remember the Tenders of Service you made, when at my Table; I doubt not but you are affected with the Condition I am in, and that you will do something for my Relief. It was thus that the unfortunate *Couloufe* strove to excite the Gratitude of his Friends, and engage them to his Assistance. But their Ears were deaf to him; some saying they were sorry to see him in so deplorable a Condition, and begg'd of Heaven to have Compassion on him. Others harden'd with Ingratitude, turn'd their Backs upon him, and refus'd him the vain Relief of venting his Complaints to them. O false Friends, cry'd he, whose ingrateful Proceedings have sufficiently punish'd me, for being so credulous as to believe that you could really love me!

The Son of *Abdallah* being now more afflicted for having been the Cully to the false Friendship of the Companions of his Debauchery, than for the Loss of his Estate, resolv'd to leave *Damascus*, where there were so many Witnesses of his Folly. He went to the Country of the *Keraites*, and arriv'd at the capital City called *Caracorum*, where *Cabal-Can* then reigned. He lodged in an Inn, and, with what Money he had left, bought himself a Robe and a Turban of *Indian Linen*. He spent whole Days together in sauntering up and down the Town, to see their Buildings and Gardens, or whatever else was curious, till he was weary, or that Night came on, and then he return'd to his Inn. One Day he heard say, that the King was preparing to make War, that two neighbouring Kings who paid him a considerable annual Tribute, would no longer pay that Demand, but had made an Alliance together, had Troops on Foot to oppose *Cabal-Can*, if he attempted to penetrate into their Country.

Couloufe

Couloufe being apprized of this News, went to offer his Service to the King, who gave him an Employ in his Army. This young Man signaliz'd himself in this War, by Exploits which gain'd him the Admiration of the Soldiers, the Esteem of the Officers, and the Protection of Prince *Mirgehan*, the King's Son. From the Example of these two neighbouring Kings, other Princes, who also paid Tribute, revolted, so that *Cabal-Can* was oblig'd to turn his Arms against these new Enemies, whom he reduced to ask Peace of him. The Son of *Abdallah* still shew'd so much Courage upon all Occasions, and distinguished himself in such a Manner, that *Mirgehan* would have him always with him.

Couloufe soon gained the Friendship of that Prince, who every Day discovered more and more Merit in him, so that he honoured him with his Trust. A little Time after, *Cabal-Can* died, the Prince succeeded his Father, and was no sooner on the Throne, but he loaded with Favours the Son of *Abdallah*, and made him his chief Favourite. *Couloufe*, seeing that his Affairs were intirely changed, and that he was never happier, said to himself, there are no Events of our Life, but what are pre-ordained in Heaven; when I liv'd at *Damascus* in Pleasure, what Appearance was there that I should fall into Want? and when I came to *Caracorom*, what Hopes could I reasonably entertain of being what I am? No, no, all our Prosperity and Misfortunes cannot but happen to us; let us live according to the Bent of our Desires, and undergo that Fate which we cannot avoid. It was thus the Son of *Abdallah* reason'd, and according to that Principle, he follow'd his Inclinations without Restraint; one Day as he came out of the Palace, he met an old Woman covered with an *Indian Veil*, tied with Ribbons; she had a large Pearl-Necklace on, a Stick in her Hand, and five Slaves also veil'd that attended her.

He came up to the old Woman, and asked her if those Slaves were to be sold? Yes, said the old Woman. He presently lifted up their Veils, and saw that the Slaves were young and handsome, especially he found one very agreeable; sell me that there, said he to the old Woman, she pleases me. No, says she to him, I will not sell you that, you appear to be a fine Gentleman, you shall have one handsomer; I have many more at Home. I have *Turks, Grecians, Slavonians, Ionians, Ethiopians, Germans, Chineses, Armenians, Georgians*, all which I will shew you, and you shall take which you like best, do you follow me; saying these Words, she went forward, and *Couloufe* follow'd her.

When they were come to a Mosque, the old Woman said, Young Man, stay for me here a while, I will return again. He waited about an Hour, and began to be impatient, but she appear'd with a Girl who had a Bundle with her. There was a Veil in it, and a Woman's Surtout, which the old Woman put upon *Couloufe*, saying to him; Sir, we are People of Honour and Quality, and it would not be decent for us to admit a strange Gentleman into our House. Mother, said he, I will do what you please. He put on the Surtout over his Cloaths, and the Veil over his Head, afterwards he attended the old Woman, who brought him into a Part of the Town he was a Stranger to. They enter'd into a large House, or rather a Palace, for all that appear'd, seem'd to have an Air of Grandeur and Magnificence. After having cross'd a large Court, pav'd with green Marble, they came to a Hall of a prodigious Width, in the Middle of which was a Bason of Porphyry full of Water, where there were several small Ducks sporting themselves, and all around, Cages of Gold-wire, wherein were a thousand Birds of different Kinds, who sung delightfully.

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As *Couloufe* was surveying diligently the Birds, and all the rest of the Furniture, that contributed towards making this Hall the most amusing Place in the World; there enter'd a young Lady, who came up to him with a smiling Air; she paid her Respects to him, and after that Salutation, she took him by the Hand, and pray'd him to sit down on Cushions of Brocade of Gold, which lay upon a Sofa of the same Stuff: As soon as he was set, she took the Trouble to wipe his Face and his Eyes with a fine Linen Handkerchief. And while she was rendering him this pleasing Service, the Smiles and wanton Glances, which she darted at him, had well nigh put him beside himself. He found her much to his Mind, and was going to determine to buy her; when another Lady, whose fair Hair lay dishevel'd in Curls upon her naked Shoulders, and who was abundantly handsomer than the former, appear'd. She advanced with a kind Look towards the Son of *Abdallah*, took him by the Hand, kiss'd it, and offer'd to wash his Feet in a Golden Basen, but he refused it; and being struck with her Beauty, he rose up to kneel at her Feet, and resolved to pitch upon her, and regard no others; but was struck motionless on a sudden, and like a Man that had lost the Use of his Senses; for he saw twenty young Damsels, every one handsomer than the other; these attended a young Person still more beautiful and richer cloath'd than the rest, and who appear'd to be their Mistress. *Couloufe* thought he had seen the Moon surrounded with Stars, and at the Sight of an Object so ravishing, he fainted away. All the Slaves ran presently to his Assistance, and having recover'd him from his Fainting, the Lady who had occasion'd it, said to him: You are welcome; poor Bird, thou art caught by the Foot. *Couloufe* kiss'd the Ground, and fetch'd a deep Sigh. They set him

on

on the Sofa, and brought him *Sorbet*, or a Cordial, in a Golden Cup set with Jewels. The Lady drank some of it, and presented the rest to the young Man; then she sat down by him, and observing that he was so disturb'd that he could not speak; From whence proceeds this Trouble that afflicts you, says she to him? Banish this Displeasure that appears in your Eyes; you are weary of us undoubtedly, our Company is not agreeable. Ah! fair Lady, answer'd he, looking upon her tenderly, forbear your Favours; insult me no longer; you know too well, I cannot see your Charms, and not be enamour'd of them. I confess I am beside myself, an inconceivable Disturbance agitates my Soul. Be good-humour'd then, interrupts the Lady, and remember you came hither to buy a Slave. Let us all sit down to Table, I hope we shall be able to divert you.

In saying this, she took *Couloufe* by the Hand, and led him into a Room, where they sat down, with all the other Ladies, at a long Table, cover'd with a Desert of all Manner of Confectionary Ware. After eating, they rose and brought a Bason and Ewer of Gold, in which the Ladies wash'd their Hands with Almond Paste, and sweet-scented Waters; then, after having wip'd their Hands with Towels of Rose-colour'd Silk, they retir'd into the Drinking-Room. This was adorn'd with many Golden Baskets, fill'd with Balm, with Roses and other odoriferous Flowers, that were plac'd on the Brims of a Marble Bason fill'd with a very fine Water: That Bason served to cool their Wine in, and contributed to the Pleasure in mingling its Freshness with the agreeable Odour of the Flowers. All the Ladies made *Couloufe* drink, and drank themselves, so that the Company return'd into the Hall with Heads a little heated. Some of the Ladies began to dance, and others to play upon the Harp,

Harp, the Guittar of *David*, call'd *Canoun*, the Organ and Violin; but tho' they play'd upon these Instruments with all the Delicacy possible, they came not up to the Lady who had enchanted the Son of *Abdallah*: That incomparable Person would in her Turn shew what she could do; she took a Lute, and having tun'd it, she play'd after a most ravishing Manner; then she took the Harp, the Violin, after that a soft Flute; and, in a Word, she play'd upon all of them in the best Manner, that Musick can attain to. In short, he was so charm'd, that he could contain himself no longer; My Queen, cry'd he, you have taken away my Reason; I cannot resist the Transports you inspire me with; permit me to kiss one of your fair Hands, and lay my Head at your Feet: In saying that, this passionate Lover threw himself on the Ground like a Madman, and seizing one of the Lady's Hands, he kiss'd it very amorously. But this amiable Person, affronted at his Boldness, repuls'd him with a haughty Air, and said, What do you do? Hold, and go not beyond the Bounds of Modesty: I am a Woman of Quality; it is in vain that you desire to possess me, you know not what you do; you shall see me no more. At these Words, she flung out of the Room, and all the Ladies, after her Example, did the like.

The Son of *Abdallah*, under the Mortification of having committed a Fault so offensive to the Lady he lov'd, remain'd in the Hall agitated with a thousand different Thoughts. The old Woman who brought him thither, came to him; what have you done, young Man? said she: Have you been hurried into an Offence by the Excess of your Passion? Tho' I told you I had Slaves of all Nations, you may judge by the Magnificence of this House, and the Manner of your Reception, that you were not at a Slave-Merchant's. The Lady you have affronted, is the
 Daughter

Daughter of one of the first Rank at Court: You ought to have shewn her more Respect.

The old Woman's Discourse inflam'd *Couloufe's* Passion, and he was sorry that the Indiscretion of his Transport had oblig'd the Lady to retire. He was under the last Despair of seeing her again, when being otherwise dress'd, and in better Cloaths, she return'd into the Hall with the other Ladies; she set up a Laughter, seeing the Son of *Abdallah* melancholy, and in a brown Study; I believe, said she, that you are sorry for your Fault, and I willingly pardon you, on Condition that you be more prudent for the future, and let me know who you are. He desired no better Conditions to be reconciled to that charming Person, and told her, without the least Difficulty, his Name was *Couloufe*, and that he was the King's Favourite. Sir, said she, I have known you by Report a good while, and have heard a very good Character of you: I wanted an Opportunity to speak with you, for I had often a Desire to see you, and am now ravish'd with the Satisfaction; we will continue to dance and play, continu'd she, turning to her other Women, and use all our Endeavours to divert our Guest. All the Ladies began a-fresh to dance and play on musical Instruments, and divert themselves till Night. As soon as that was done, they lighted up a prodigious Number of Tapers, and till Supper-time the young Lady and the Son of *Abdallah* entertain'd each other. She ask'd him concerning King *Mirgehan*, and if he had any fine Women in his Seraglio. Yes, Madam, says *Couloufe*, he hath some Slaves of very great Beauty. He loves at present one of them call'd *Gbulendam*; she is young and well-shap'd; I might have said that she was the most beautiful Woman in the World, if I had not seen you; but your Charms are so much above hers, that she does not deserve to be compar'd to you. These flattering Words extreamly pleas'd *Dilara*,
for

for that was the young Lady's Name, and it signifies Rest of Heart.

She was the Daughter of *Boyruc*, one of the great Lords of the *Keraites*, who was not then at *Caracorum*: *Mingeban* had sent him Envoy to *Samarcande*, to congratulate *Usbec-Can* upon his Advancement to the Throne of *Tartary*. So that *Dilara*, during the Absence of her Father, took Satisfaction to entertain young People at her House for her Diversion only; for when they once began to lose the Respect due to her, she knew well how to chastise their Boldness: She was over-joy'd to hear *Couloufe* say, that she was handsomer than the King's Mistress; this made her still more vain and gay: She said a thousand agreeable Things at Supper, and strove by her Wit to inspire her Guest with all the Love he was capable of receiving. He fail'd not on his Side to brighten in the Entertainment; warm'd by her Eyes, and the Pleasure of her Company, from Time to Time, he made very pleasant Sallies of Wit and good Humour; and when it was Time to be gone, he threw himself prostrate before *Dilara*, and said to her, If I were to stay here a hundred Years, it would but seem like a Minute; but what Pleasure soever I take in your Company, I must leave you to your Repose: To-morrow, if you will give me Leave, I will come again. I consent, replies the Lady; but come only by yourself to the Mosque as you did To-day, and you shall be conducted hither. After finishing her Discourse, she brought him a Purse of Gold and Silk, the Work of her own Hands, in which she had put Jewels of a considerable Value: Take this, *Couloufe*, said she, refuse not this small Present, or you shall never see me more. The Son of *Abdallah* took the Purse, thank'd the Lady, and went out of the Hall. He met the good old Woman in the Court-yard, who open'd him the Gate to the Street, and shew'd him the Way to the Palace.

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As soon as he was arrived there, he retired into his Apartment, and went to Bed; he pass'd the Remainder of the Night in calling to Mind all that had happen'd the Day before; he was so full of the Thoughts of *Dilara*, that Sleep could not close his Eye-lids; he rose early in the Morning and waited on the King; that Prince, who had not seen him the Day before, and who had asked for him several Times, was in great Pain for him. Ho, from whence come you, *Couloufe*, says he, as soon as he saw him? Where were you Yesterday? Why were you not at Court? Sir, answer'd the Favourite, when your Majesty shall know what Adventure I was engag'd in, you will not be surpriz'd that you did not see me: At the same Time he told him all that had happen'd.

When he had ended the Story; Is it possible, said *Mirgehan* to him, that this young Lady you tell me of should be so handsome as you say? You speak of her with such Vivacity, that I mistrust the Character you give me of her. Sir, reply'd the Son of *Abdallah*, I am so far from flattering her, that I assure you she is much beyond what I say: Yes, if the most famous Painter of the East should undertake her Picture, he would despair, and that with Reason too, of equalling the Original. 'Tis enough, said the King, you fill me with Desire to see the Lady, and I will absolutely go along with you by and by, when you go to see her.

The young King's Curiosity vex'd *Couloufe*: He was apprehensive of the Consequences in Regard to his own Amour. How shall I do, Sir, said he, to introduce you to the Lady? Who shall I tell her you are? I will disguise myself, replies *Mirgehan*, and pass for your Slave: I will go with you, and then hide myself in a Corner, and observe all that passes. The Son of *Abdallah* durst not contradict his Master, who put on a Slave's Habit, and they both

both went at Night to the Gate of the Mosque. They had not been long there e'er the old Woman came, who said to him, You needed not have brought your Slave with you, send him away. The King was concern'd to hear the old Woman talk thus ; but *Couloufe* spoke and said, Good Mother, give this Slave Leave to attend me, he is a pleasant young Fellow, that will make us merry : He makes extempore Verses, and sings admirably ; your Lady will not take it amiss that I have brought him. The old Woman said no more, and they all three walk'd together ; *Couloufe* cover'd with a Woman's Surtout, as the Day before, and *Mirgehan* in a Slave's Habit. They went into the Court, and from thence into the Hall, which they found lighted with an infinite Number of Wax Tapers scented, and which breath'd an agreeable Smell all around.

Dilara ask'd the Son of *Abdallah*, Why he came attended with a Slave ? Madam, said he, I thought it proper to bring him for your Diversion : He is a Buffoon, Poet, and Musician ; I hope he will please you. If that be so, said she, he is welcome ; but, Friend, added she, speaking to the King, be submissive and obedient, and don't you be rude to my Women ; for if you are, you'll repent it. The Prince, finding he was under a Necessity of acting the Buffoon, began to talk merrily, and play'd his Part so well, that the Lady said to the Favourite *Couloufe*, You have got a pleasant sprightly Boy ; I observe there is something in his Behaviour that is genteel and gallant ; he shall be Cup-bearer at Supper ; I like him very well. Since he hath the good Fortune to please you, answer'd the Favourite, he is no longer mine, he is yours, Madam. *Gal-tapan*, said he to the King, I am no longer your Master ; there's your Mistress. At these Words the Prince approach'd the Lady, kiss'd her Hand, and
said ;

said; Madam, I am now your Slave, and henceforward shall devote myself entirely to your Service.

She accepted of *Mingehan* for her Slave. Sir, said she to *Couloufe*, I look upon this Youth as my own, and one that now belongs to my Equipage; but I must be oblig'd to put him into your Hands again; he must live with you; but you must bring him along with you, as often as you come hither. I dare not keep him in my House, because it will be discover'd that he is your Slave: Every one knows he is yours. If it were observ'd that he left your Service to come and live with me, it might furnish the censorious World with Matter of Discourse; and I must behave myself prudently, and avoid giving them that Handle to shew their ill Nature. After this Discourse had held some Time, *Couloufe* and *Dilara* sat down to Supper, and the King stood by them. He delighted the Lady by a thousand Pleasantries; upon which she said to the Favourite, Give your Boy Leave to eat and drink with us. Madam, replies *Couloufe*, he does not use to eat with me. Do not be so severe now, replies the Lady; let us all eat and drink together; he will love us the better for it. Sit down then, *Caltapan*, said the Son of *Abdallah*, since the Lady will have it so.

The pretended Slave wanted not to be bid twice; he sat himself betwixt *Couloufe* and the lovely Daughter of *Boyruc*. He eat, and when Wine was brought, the Lady fill'd his Cup to the Brim, and gave it him. Here, *Caltapan*, said she, drink off this Bumper to my Health. He took the Cup, after having first kiss'd the Hand which gave it, and drank. After that, the Glass went round, and the fair *Dilara*, by her Example, invited her Guests to be merry: She took a Golden Cup full of Wine, and addressing herself to the Son of *Abdallah*; *Couloufe*, said she, I drink to your Inclinations to the charming *Ghulendam*, the King's Favourite. Madam, answer'd

answer'd the Favourite, blushing, I have not the Impudence to aspire to the Mistress of my Prince; I have too much Respect for him. No, you would play the Discreet, says the Lady, laughing, I remember Yesterday your speaking of *Ghulendam* in a Manner so lively, that you seem'd to be charm'd with her. I am certain that you love her: Own frankly that you do, and that you are not displeasing to her, and that sometimes you have been merry together. *Couloufe* at these Words, foreseeing the Consequence, was concern'd. I beseech you, Madam, said he, forbear rallying me on this Subject; I never had a secret Interview of that Lady.

The Disorder that he shew'd upon this Occasion redoubled *Dilara's* Laughter. Instead of putting on a serious Air, replies she, you ought to relate to us your Adventure. *Cattapan*, added she, looking on the Slave, tell your Master he hath but little Faith in me. Proceed, *Couloufe*, says the King, give the Lady the Satisfaction she asks, she desires you with so good a Grace: Relate the Rise and Progress of your Amour; tell her how well you are in *Ghulendam's* Favour, and how you two deceive the King. Madam, continu'd he, turning towards *Dilara*, I am not less curious than you to know this; for tho' I value myself upon being a very prudent Confidant, I can assure you, that Seignior *Couloufe* hath made this Passion of his for the Favourite, a Mystery to me. *Mirgehan* by this Discourse put his Favourite in the utmost Confusion. He plainly saw that *Dilara's* Pleasantry would not fail to make an ill Impression on the Mind of that Prince. Nevertheless they all three drank, till the King was insensibly heated with the Wine, and then he quite forgot he was the Slave he resolv'd to personate. My Princess, cry'd he to the Lady, I beg you would sing something that is agreeable; they say you sing charmingly. These Words, tho' pronounc'd with

a very familiar Air, did not at all offend the Daughter of *Bayruc*: But instead of taking it amiss, she fell into a Fit of Laughing; I will do it readily, says she, my dear *Calliapan*; there is nothing, I would not do for thee. Presently she ask'd for a Lute ready tun'd, and play'd a fine Air, which she accompanied with her Voice. Then taking a Base-Viol, she sung to the Tune she played upon it. The King, who had never heard so good Singing and Playing upon the Lute and Base-Viol, found himself transported with Pleasure, and would no longer permit himself to pass for a Slave, but cried out, Madam, you charm me: How advantageously soever *Couloufe* represented you, you exceed his Description. The Son of *Abdallah* beckon'd to him to hold his Tongue, but to no Purpose. No, continued the Prince, *Isaac Mouseli*, my Musician, whose Voice is so cried up, does not sing so agreeably as you. *Dilera* knowing by these Words, that the Man she had taken for a Slave was the King himself, rose hastily from her Seat, and ran to seek for a Veil to cover her Face. Ah! We are undone, said she with a low Voice, to her Women; this is no Slave that is come hither with *Couloufe*, it is the King. After she had said that, she went towards *Mirgehan*, but would not sit down by him. Sit down, Madam, said the Prince, I ought to stand in your Presence. Am I not one of your Slaves? I would not have sat down myself, but that you, as my Sovereign Mistress, laid your Commands upon me.

The Daughter of *Bayruc* fell into Tears at these Words: Ah! mighty Prince, said she, throwing herself at his Feet, I humbly beseech your Majesty to have Compassion on me; I am a young Girl, without Experience; you have been Witness of my Extravagance, vouchsafe to forgive me. The King rais'd her up, comforted her, and told her she had
nothing

nothing to fear; then ask'd who she was: She satisfied his Curiosity; after which he went with *Couloufe* from the House, and got back to his Palace.

The Merriment that *Dilara* had made with *Couloufe* upon the Subject of *Gbulendam*, produced sad Effects. *Mirgeban* suspected his favourite Mistress and the Son of *Abdallah* to be both in Love with each other, and believed that, without having any Regard to their Duty to him, they tasted the Sweetness of a happy Intelligence, even in his own Palace. It was in his Power to have had them narrowly watched, and that would have convinced him that his Suspicions were false. But he was one of those jealous Men who hear nothing but their own Jealousy, and who yielding themselves up to the first Impressions that are given them, think they have no Need of any farther Manifestation; and therefore the next Day, without endeavouring to find out the Truth of his Conjectures, he sent to forbid *Couloufe* to come any more into his Presence, and commanded him to depart that very Day from *Caracorom*. The Favourite, tho' he knew well the Cause of his Disgrace, and tho' his Conscience reproached him with no Crime against his Prince, insomuch that he need not have despaired of making his Innocence appear, neglected nevertheless to follow the Course he ought to have taken, in Order to his own Justification; but submitted bravely to his Misfortune, obey'd the King's Orders, and putting himself into a Caravan that was going into *Tartary*, he arriv'd at *Samarcande*. As no Person knew better than he how to bear up under ill Fortune, so he was not dejected under this new Stroke of Fate. Besides, having before now found himself in a miserable Condition, all the Accidents of Life appear'd to him as unavoidable; insomuch that, as we said before, nothing could shake the Firmness of his Mind.

He

He liv'd at *Samarcande*, resigning himself to all that Heaven had appointed for him: He far'd well as long as the Money lasted; and when he had no more, he went and plac'd himself in the Corner of a Mosque to beg. The Priests examin'd him concerning his Religion, and finding him very knowing, they gave him a regular Alms of two Loaves a Day, and a Measure of Water, with which he lived very contentedly. He happen'd to be there one Day, when a great Merchant called *Mouzaffer* came to pray in that Mosque. He cast his Eyes upon *Couloufe*, and call'd him to him: Young Man, said he, from whence do you come, and what has brought you to this City? Sir, said the Son of *Abdallah*, I was born at *Damascus*, and come of a good Family. I took a Fancy to travel, and came into *Tartary*; but some Leagues from *Samarcande* I was met by Robbers, who kill'd my Servants, and stript me of all my Effects.

Mouzaffer believ'd him, and said, Do not afflict yourself, good Luck is sometimes link'd to bad; thou mayst find here what will comfort thee; rise and follow me to my House. The Son of *Abdallah* did as he was bid, and when he was come to his House, he judg'd that this Merchant was a rich Man, because he perceived that he had a Magazine full of valuable Stuffs, precious Moveables, and a great many Servants; nor was he deceived in his Judgment, for *Mouzaffer* had very considerable Effects. The Merchant made *Couloufe* sit next him at Table, and gave him Wine, and such other Things as were counted the best Provisions. After Dinner they discoursed together for some Time, and *Mouzaffer* sent him away with several Presents. The next Day the Merchant return'd again to the same Mosque: He took again the Son of *Abdallah*, and brought him home to his House, where he treated him as the Day before. He found there

a Doctor of their Law, called *Danischmend*, who took *Couloufe* aside after Dinner, and spoke thus to him: Young Stranger, Seignior *Mouzaffer*, the Master of this House, has a Design upon you; a Design that requires a speedy Execution, and which, in the Condition you at present are in, will contribute much to the Advantage of your Affairs. You must know, he hath an only Son, called *Taber*, who is a young Fellow of a very violent Temper. This *Taber* hath lately married the Daughter of a foreign Lord: The Husband following his impetuous Humour, has us'd his Wife somewhat roughly. She answering his ill Usage with Words full of Scorn and Pride, so irritated *Taber*, that he turn'd her away. He repented of this soon after, for she is young and very handsome, and one that loves him passionately; but the Laws will not permit him to take her again, till another Man hath first married her, and turn'd her off. This is the Reason why *Mouzaffer* desires that this Day you would marry her, and To-morrow Morning repudiate her. He will give you fifty Sequins of Gold, if you will do him this Favour. With all my Heart, says *Couloufe*, I am very ready to do him such a Piece of Service: He hath done too much for me already to refuse him any Thing he desires. Besides, I never had any Aversion to such a Thing as you propose. I really believe you, replies *Danischmend*, there are in this City Abundance of People who would be very glad to be chosen *Hulla* upon this Occasion, [for so we call the Man that marries a repudiated Woman,] even were they not to get fifty Sequins by the Bargain; for *Taber's* Wife is a perfect Beauty; her Body is as strait as a Cypress; her Face plump and round, her Eyebrows thick, and shap'd like two Bows, and the Glances she darts from her brilliant Eyes, are like so many empoison'd Arrows: The driven Snow is not whiter

than

than her Skin, and her little Vermilion Mouth resembles an opening Rose-bud. We can find in *Samarcande*, continued *Danischmend*, *Hullas* enough; but we love rather to pick out a Stranger, because those Things ought to be done as privately as possible; and for this Reason *Mouzaffer* has cast his Eyes on you. I am the Nayb, or Deputy Judge of this City, and consequently have the Power of marrying you with that charming Lady, made up of all Perfections; and this Minute, if you will, you shall possess her. I consent, replies the Son of *Abdallah*; after the Description you have given, you may well think I would marry her. Well, says the Nayb, but you must promise to repudiate her in the Morning, and to go instantly out of *Samarcande* with the Money that shall be given you. Seignior *Mouzaffer's* Family will not be well pleased that you should stay in this Town, after such an Adventure. I will not stay long, answers *Couloufe*, and if it be not enough barely to promise, I swear that To-morrow Morning I will turn off the Lady to whom you shall marry me.

He had no sooner made this Oath, than the Nayb told *Mouzaffer*, that the young Stranger was willing to serve for a *Hulla*. He accepted, said he, the Conditions which I proposed on your Part; you have nothing now to do but to marry him with your Daughter-in-Law. *Mouzaffer* presently called his Son *Taber*, and the rest of the Family, and in their Presence the Nayb married *Couloufe*, without letting him see the Face of the Lady, because *Taber* would have it so. He was likewise resolved that the *Hulla* should spend that Night without Light, to the End, that not having seen her, he might the next Morning have the less Regret to part with her.

And now the Night being come, they introduced *Couloufe* into the Nuptial Chamber, where they left

him, without any Light, with the Lady, who was laid in a Bed of Gold Brocade. He shut the Door, and double-lock'd it, pull'd off his Cloaths, grop'd for the Bed in the Dark, and having found it, he laid himself down by his Wife. You may believe she slept not. She was not without Trouble to see herself deliver'd up to the Caresses of a Man whom she knew not, or had ever seen, and of whom she must have the most disagreeable Idea, because she knew well that they generally chose none for *Hullas*, but the first unfortunate Wretches they could meet with. On the other Side *Couloufe*, tho' *Danischmend* had boasted of the Lady's Beauty, was very much mortified that he could not have the Satisfaction to see her; or rather the Description of her, had raised in him a lively Curiosity of being satisfied. The Desire which fretted him, and in which he could receive no Satisfaction, deaden'd the Fierceness of his other Desires, that it was in his Power to content. Madam, said he, how favourable soever this Night's Adventure be to me, I am not able to partake of any perfect Bliss; each Instant redoubles the Desire I have to see your Charms. I have entertained so beautiful an Idea of them, and I wish with so much Ardour to behold them, that I know not which is the greater Misfortune, to enjoy you without seeing you, or to see you without Enjoyment. Add to this, that I must part with you To-morrow. Ah! since my good Fortune must last no longer, I ought at least to know the full Value of it. After saying these Words, he held his Peace, in Expectation of what the Woman would answer; and he was much surpriz'd when, instead of answering to his Discourse, she said, O you, whom *Taber* hath chosen to re-establish the Union that his violent Temper hath broken, whoever you be, tell me who you are? Methinks, the Tone of your Voice is not unknown to me: I cannot hear you speak without an Emotion,

tion, of which I distrust the Cause. *Couloufe* shudder'd at these Words. Madam, reply'd he, tell me what Family you are of? The Tone of your Voice distracts my Senses. Methinks, I hear a Lady of *Keraites*, with whom I am acquainted. Just Heaven! is it her? No, no, added he, reproving himself, it is not possible that you can be the Daughter of *Boyruc*. Ah! *Couloufe*, cry'd she, that Moment, is it you that talks to me? Yes, my Queen, says he, 'tis *Couloufe*, the very same, who cannot believe it is *Dilara* that speaks to him. Be persuaded, replies she then, that I am that unfortunate *Dilara*, who entertain'd you at my House with the King *Mirgehan*, and who, by my Imprudence, render'd you suspected by that Prince, and whom you ought to look upon as your worst Enemy, since she was the Cause of your Disgrace. Cease Madam, replies the Son of *Abdallah*, cease to impute it to yourself. Heaven would have it so, and I am so far from complaining of its Rigour, that I give Thanks to the Goodness of those above, for making my Misfortunes be succeeded by so agreeable an Event. But, fair *Dilara*, continued he, how comes the Daughter of *Boyruc* to be *Taber's* Wife? I will let you know, answers she.

My Father, during his Embassy at *Samarcande*, lodg'd in the House of *Mouzaffer*, whom he hath known a long Time. They concluded the Match among themselves, and *Boyruc*, returning to *Caracorum*, sent me away for *Samarcande*. I obey'd my Father with a Reluctance, of which you were the greatest Occasion; for I will own, my dear *Couloufe*, that I lov'd you, tho' I never confess'd it before; and I call Heaven to Witness that your Disgrace cost me Floods of Tears. My Marriage with *Taber* has never been able to banish you from my Memory: That brutal Husband, besides his being ill-natur'd, was so disagreeable in his Person, that, in-

stead of effacing your Image in my Breast, it serv'd only to keep it alive; and as if I had foreseen that Love or Fortune would bring us together, I have flatter'd my Imagination with Hopes of seeing you again; but my good Fortune surpasses my Expectation, since I have found my Lover in the Husband they have given me. O wonderful Adventure! I can scarce believe it.

Couloufe hearing this, had no Room left for Doubt but that she was the Daughter of *Boyruc*. Fair *Dilara*, cry'd he, transported with Love and Joy, what happy Change is here! By what capricious Chain of Adventures am I arriv'd at the Height of my Wishes? Is it you they have forc'd me to marry? You, whose charming Image is engrav'd in my Heart! You, whom I never thought to have seen again! Ah! my Princess, if ever you indeed pitied the Son of *Abdallah*, if ever you lamented my Misfortunes, partake now with me in the Sweetness of those Transports which my kinder Stars permit me to enjoy. Who would have thought that when the King of the *Keraites* banish'd me his Court, Heaven made me undergo that ill Fortune only to render me the happiest Man alive?

Dilara was not insensible of the tender Emotions which *Couloufe* discover'd to her. They passed the rest of the Night in expressing to each other mutually the Pleasure they enjoy'd in this Meeting, and were giving still fresh Assurances of their Affection, when one of *Mouzaffer's* Slaves knock'd aloud at the Chamber-Door, crying out, Ho, you *Hulla*, take the Trouble to rise, if you please; it is Day. The Son of *Abdallah* answer'd not to the Slave, but continued in Bed with the Daughter of *Boyruc*: But he perceived his Joy growing short, and a mortal Sadness succeeded at once to the soft Transports that he had felt before. My Queen, said he, did I not hear a Knocking at the Door?
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They are come already to part us. *Mouzaffer*, impatient to see you retaken into his Family, grudges each Moment of the Divorce that turn'd you out of it; and his Son, justly jealous of the Bliss I enjoy, cannot bear that it should continue longer. The Light itself, in Concert with my Enemies, and envious of my present Happiness, seems to have precipitated its Return. Scarce, alas! have I found you again, but I must lose you, in Spight of the Knot that has link'd us; for I have promis'd, I have sworn, to repudiate you. And can you resolve, says the Lady, interrupting him, to keep such a dreadful Oath? Did you know when you made it, that it was me you promis'd to renounce? You are no way oblig'd to keep a rash Promise. But say you were; yet *Dilara*, your dear *Dilara*, is she not well worth one Perjury? Ah! *Couloufe*, added she, with Tears in her Eyes, you love me not at all, if you are capable of balancing the Possession of me with the vain Honour you conceive of keeping a Promise, that shocks both Love and Reason. But, Madam, reply'd he, does it depend on me, to keep you? Even tho' I should break my Oath, do you think that a Stranger without Money, without Friends to protect him, can oppose the Interest of *Mouzaffer*. Yes, replies the Daughter of *Boyruc*, you may: Despise his Threats, reject his Offers: The Laws are on your Side; if you have Resolution, you will baffle all their Endeavours which they can make use of to separate us. Well, my Princess, said he, buoy'd up by his Passion, you shall be satisfied: My Oath indeed was rash, and I perceive that I cannot keep it without destroying the Repose of my Life. It is done; I will not turn you off, since I may do otherwise. This is the Resolution that I have taken; I defy *Mouzaffer* and all the World to make me alter it.

While he was giving his Wife this Assurance, and

resolving with himself to remain firm to his Design, *Taber*, to whom the Night had seem'd longer than to them, came likewise and knock'd at the Chamber-Door; Come away, *Hulla*, cry'd he, the Day advances; you have already been summon'd to rise; you give us more Trouble than you need; it is a long Time we have waited to thank you, and pay you the Money we promis'd. Dress yourself speedily, that we may make an End of this Business: The *Nayb* will be here in a Moment. *Couloufe* rose presently, put on his Cloaths, and open'd the Door to *Taber*, by whose Order he was conducted to a Bath, where he was waited upon by a *Grecian* Slave. When the Son of *Abdallah* was come out of the Bath, the Slave shifted him with fine Linen, and a proper Dress, and then brought him into the Hall, where *Mouzaffer* was with his Son and *Danischmend*. They saluted the *Hulla*, who made them a reverend Bow. They intreated him to sit down at Table with them, and eat of such as was provided. After the Repast, *Danischmend* took *Couloufe* aside, and presented to him the fifty Sequins of Gold, and a magnificent Turban, wrapt up in a Parcel. Take these, young Man, said he, see what *Mouzaffer* hath given thee. He thanks you for the Favour you have done him, and desires you would not stay much longer in *Samarcande*. Divorce your Wife then, leave the City; and if any Body ask you if you have seen the Camel? [a Manner of Expression us'd by the Orientals to say, Keep the Secret] let your Answer be, That you have not.

The *Nayb* imagining that the *Hulla*, overjoy'd with *Mouzaffer's* Bounty, was going to launch out in his Praises, was very much surpriz'd to hear his Answer. I thought, answers *Couloufe*, throwing down the Turban and Sequins of Gold, that Justice, Honesty and Religion, reign'd at *Samarcande*, especially since *Usbec-Can* was advanc'd to the Crown of *Tartary*;

tary; but I find I am deceived, or rather that you deceive the King. He is ignorant, that in his capital City, where he himself hath his Residence, Strangers are tyrannically used. When I arrived at *Samarcande*, a Merchant address'd himself to me, invited me to Dinner, caress'd me, and oblig'd me to marry a Lady, which I did according to the Laws. I engag'd myself to her upon the Faith of a Musselman, and notwithstanding this sacred Engagement, they pretend that I must divorce my Wife. Forbear, Seigneur, said he to the Nayb, forbear to propose to me an Action so unworthy an honest Man, otherwise I will cast Ashes on my Head, throw myself at the Feet of *Usbec-Can*, and take my Sentence from his Mouth.

The Nayb, at these Words, took *Mouzaffer* aside, and said, You would take this Stranger for a *Hulla*, and you could not have made a worse Choicæ; he refuses to quit his Wife; but I see he's a Man that knows not which Way to turn himself, and he will oblige you to give him something more considerable than the Present you have made him. Ho, is it no worse than so, says *Mouzaffer*? he shall be satisfied; offer him a hundred Sequins, upon Condition he quit the Town immediately, and with all the Secrecy is required of him. No, no, Seigneur *Mouzaffer*, cry'd *Couloufe*, hearing them talk thus, you may safely double the Sum; you may offer him a thousand Sequins, and add, at the same Time, the richest Stuffs in your Warehouse; it will be to no Purpose: I will not break through so sacred an Engagement. Young Man, says *Danischmend* then to him, you do not act the prudent Part in this Affair; I advise you to accept of the hundred Sequins of Gold, and divorce your Wife without further Delay: For if you bring us to the Necessity of making this Business publick, you will repent it on my Word. Your Menaces, replies the Son

of *Abdallah*; do not frighten me at all; you can never oblige me to break through an Union which the Laws protect. Ah! 'tis too much, replies the impetuous *Taber*, who had with great Difficulty restrain'd his Passion, and held his Peace hitherto; Let us carry this Wretch before the Cady, and treat him as he deserves; we'll see if he be allow'd to abuse honest People by his false Promises. *Danifchemend* and *Mouzaffer* attempted again to persuade the *Hulla*, that he ought, of his own Accord, frankly to grant their Request; but not being able to gain their Ends, they carry'd him before the Cady.

They inform'd that Judge of all that had happen'd, and upon their Report of the Matter, the Cady looking on *Couloufe*, spoke to him thus: Young Stranger, you whom no Body knows in this City, and who lived in a Mosque upon Alms, which the Priests allowed you daily; have you lost your Senses, to imagine that you will be left in quiet Possession of a Lady who was married to *Taber*? Shall the Son of the richest Merchant in *Samarcande*, see his Wife, whom he loves, and is desirous to take again, in the Arms of an unfortunate Wretch, whose mean Birth is perhaps the least of his Demerits: Recollect yourself and be wise, thou art not of equal Rank with that of thy Wife; and were you of a Station even superior to that of *Taber* himself, 'tis enough that your Circumstances are such as will not allow you to live suitably to the Degree of a Family of Figure in the World, so that I will not permit you to live with your Wife: Renounce that foolish Hope that you have fed yourself up withal, and that obliges you to break your Oath. Accept Seigneur *Mouzaffer*'s Offer; divorce thy Wife, and return to thy own Country; or if thou refuse to consent, prepare thyself to receive presently an hundred Bastinadoes.

This Discourse of the Cady, tho' pronounc'd with the

the imperious Tone of a Judge, could no ways alter the Resolution of the Son of *Abdallah*, who received the hundred Strokes with an Air of Indifference. Enough for To-day, says the Cady, To-morrow we will double the Punishment; and if that will not cure his Obstinacy, we will have Recourse to some Remedies that are more severe; but this Night let him lie with his Wife, I hope we shall find him more tractable To-morrow. *Taher* would have been very glad, that, without staying till To-morrow, they would have continued to beat the *Hulla*, and 'twas not long of him they did not; but the Cady would not consent to it; so that *Mouzaffer* and his Son return'd to their House with *Couloufe*, who, tho' bruised as he was with the Blows which he had received, look'd upon the Liberty which he had thereby gain'd, of seeing once more his *Dilara*, as a soft Lenitive to the Smart he had endur'd.

Mouzaffer essayed once more to persuade the Son of *Abdallah* by gentler Means; he made him fresh Promises, and offer'd to him the Sum of three hundred Sequins of Gold, if he would, without more ado, divorce the Daughter of *Boyruc*; and whilst he left no Stone unturn'd to make him comply, *Taher* enters into the Lady's Apartment, who was in such a Concern as cannot be express'd: Impatient of knowing what had pass'd before the Cady, she waited for *Couloufe* with all the Disquietude imaginable; and tho' she was assured of his Love, she apprehended his Resolution might not carry him through; and she could not help believing this, when she saw her former Husband appear; she shudder'd at the Sight of him, fearing he was come to tell her that dreadful News: A mortal Paleness spread over her Face, and she could scarce keep from swooning away. *Taher* found himself deceiv'd at these Signs of Grief; for he imagin'd that some Body before-hand had told
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the Lady that the *Hulla* had refused to divorce her, and that that Refusal had occasion'd this sad Affliction under which she appear'd. Madam, said he to her, do not give yourself up to so much Sorrow; you ought not to despair yet: The Wretch that I have chose for an *Hulla*, will not indeed yield you to my Love; but I would not have this trouble you; he hath already received an hundred Bastinadoes, and To-morrow he will receive many more: If he is obstinately bent not to comply with his Promise to the Nayb, the Cady is resolved to make him undergo the utmost Punishment, even Death itself. Comfort yourself then, my Sultaneß, you have but one Night more to pass with him; To-morrow I shall be your Spouse again. I come to assure you of this myself, and I exhort you to have Patience; for I doubt not but the Necessity you lie under of suffering the Embraces of that beggarly Wretch, is a great Mortification to you.

Yes, Sir, said *Dilara*, I will assure you that the *Hulla* is the Cause of all my Grief; the Repose of my Life depends on him: Alas! I fear this Affair will never answer my Desires. Pardon me, my Queen, replies he with haste, allay your Uneasiness, too obliging for *Taber*; you may promise yourself that To-morrow our Union will be re-established. In speaking these Words, he went out of the Lady's Apartment, and *Coulause* enter'd in a Minute after. As soon as the Son of *Abdallah* appear'd, her Grief turn'd into Joy: Ah! dear Spouse, said she, taking him in her Arms, come, receive the Reward of your Constancy. Is it possible that you have chosen to suffer such servile Treatment, rather than renounce your *Dilara*? *Taber* hath related to me the Punishment the Cady made you undergo, and I am no less charm'd with your Resolution, than I resent, in the most lively Manner, the Barbarity they have exercised on you; and I cannot, without the ut-
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most Horror, think on the new Torments with which they threaten you. Madam, replies *Couloufe*, how powerful soever the Mischiefs are that they prepare for me, my Constancy can never be shaken; they shall never have any other Effect upon me, than the new Promises that *Mouzaffer* has just now made me; I know they can never frighten me into a Compliance: 'Tis true, I am ignorant what Fate the great Arbiter hath appointed in this Affair; I know not whether I shall live or die for you; but I am assured, Heaven hath not decreed that I shall divorce you. No, replies the Daughter of *Boyruc*, Heaven hath not thus wonderfully join'd us together, to part us thus on a sudden again. I can never believe the Gods will suffer you to perish; and I find they now inspire me with Means how to deceive our Enemies. Have you told the Cady, added she, that you were the King of the *Keraites* Favourite? No, replies *Couloufe*; for the Judge stop'd my Mouth at once, in saying that he would never permit me to possess you, since I was poor, let my Birth be what it would. If that be so, said she, follow exactly my Advice; To-morrow, when you are before the Cady, be sure that you say you are the Son of *Massaoud*: He is a Merchant of *Cogendes*, who hath immense Riches; you have nothing to do but affirm that he is your Father; tell him boldly that you are shortly to receive Advice from thence, which will let all the World know you say nothing but what is true.

Couloufe promis'd *Dilara* to make use of this Falshood, to avoid, if possible, the Mischiefs that were prepared for him; and the Hopes that they both conceiv'd, by this Means, to oblige the Cady to let 'em live together, made them the more easy; they insensibly gave way, both the one and the other, to their Inclinations, and diverting their Thoughts from the approaching Evil, they abandon'd themselves
to

to their present Satisfaction. They spent the rest of the Day, and the ensuing Night, as Husband and Wife, charm'd with their Condition; but, as soon as it was Day, their Joys were interrupted: The Cady's People, led by *Taber*, arrived at the Chamber-Door; they knock'd rudely: Get up, they cry'd, get up *Hulla*, it is Time to go before the Judge, rise. The son of *Abdallah* fetch'd a deep Sigh at these Words, and his Wife fell into Tears. Unfortunate *Couloufe*, says she, thy Spouse costs thee dear: My Princess, answer'd he, allay your Tears, they pierce my very Heart; let us not give ourselves up to Despair, rather let us animate ourselves with Hopes; trust in Heaven, for I flatter myself with its Relief; I already feel an Earnest of its Goodness; for my Courage redoubles, and there is no Danger can make me tremble.

In speaking after this Manner, he dress'd himself, open'd the Door, and follow'd the Cady's Servants, who brought him to their Master; *Mouzaffer* and his Son attended, and seem'd full of Uneasiness. As soon as the Judge saw *Couloufe*, Well, *Hulla*, said he to him, what Mind are you in To-day? Are you wiser than you were Yesterday? Or must we bastinado you afresh to make you divorce your Wife? I am of Opinion you will not put us to that Trouble, for undoubtedly you have made wiser Reflections, and are of Opinion, that a Man with nothing, as thou art, ought not to be so obstinate as to keep a Wife that is not fit for thee. My Lord, says *Couloufe*, you mistake yourself, I am not such a beggarly Fellow as you speak of, neither is my Birth so obscure as you imagine; and since I must discover myself, know that my Name is *Rue-cuddin*, and that I am the only Son of a wealthy Merchant of *Cogende*, call'd *Massaoud*: My Father is even richer than *Mouzaffer*, and if he knew the Condition I am in, he would soon send me so great

a Number of Camels loaden with Gold, that all the Women of *Samarcande* would envy the good Fortune of her I have married. But because I was robb'd and pillag'd of all I had near this City, and that I afterwards retir'd into a Mosque for Subsistence, you conclude that I am a Man worth nothing; but I shall let you see that you are deceiv'd; I will instantly write to my Father, and as soon as he receives the News, he will send me Riches enough hither.

As soon as *Couloufe* had done talking, the Cady said to him, Are you the Son of a rich Merchant of *Cogende*, and was it only this Accident you mention'd that reduc'd you to the Misery you are in? Assuredly, answer'd the Son of *Abdallah*; you see, my Lord, I am not a Wretch rais'd out of the Dust. But why, young Man, replies the Judge, did not you tell this Yesterday? I would not have us'd you at this Rate. Sir, adds the Judge, turning himself towards *Mouzaffer*, that which the *Hulla* says, alters the Case; he being the Son of a rich Merchant, the Laws will not allow that we force him to divorce his Wife. Good Mr. Cady, interrupts *Taber*, and do you give Credit to this Impostor? He pretends to be the Son of *Massaoud* only to escape the Punishment, and gain Time. I know not what to do, says the Judge, till I know whether he speaks false or true; but I must respite Sentence; and all I can do in your Favour, is to enjoin the *Hulla* to prove what he advances. We ask no more, says *Mouzaffer*, I will send a Messenger to *Cogende* at my own Charges; I know *Massaoud*, having seen him sometimes in this City, and I know that he is a very rich Merchant; if the *Hulla* is actually his Son, we will relinquish *Dilara* to him. Yes, says *Taber*, but while we are waiting for the Courier, it appears to me reasonable that this Couple live apart: That is contrary to the Laws, replies the

the Cady, the Wife ought to live with her Husband, she cannot be taken from him, without committing a Violence that is forbid by the Laws. Then send a Man to *Cogende*, which is not above seven Days Journey hence; in fifteen Days we shall know what to think of the *Hulla*: If he is the Son of *Massaoud*, he shall not be compell'd to quit the Lady; but I swear by the Black Stone of the Holy Temple of *Mecha*, where the Prophet's Tomb is, if he hath deceived us, a cruel and ignominious Death shall be inflicted on the Impostor, and end his impious Life.

This Affair being decided by the Cady, the Parties all retired: *Mouzaffer* and his Son dispatch'd presently one of their Domesticks for *Cogende*, with Orders to inform himself perfectly of all that they wanted to know, and to make all the Expedition possible. As for *Couloufe*, he went immediately to give the Lady an Account of all that had pass'd before the Judge; she received it with a great deal of Joy. Ah! dear Spouse, said she, all will go well, we have nothing farther to fear: Before the Courier can return from *Cogende*, or even arrive there, we will make our Escape; we will fly one Night from *Samarcande*, and go to *Bocara* as fast as possibly we can; and there we will live on my Fortune, in such Tranquillity as our Enemies can never disturb. *Couloufe* approv'd of *Dilara's* Thought, they resolv'd to be gone; but as they were too much observ'd in the House where they lay, to put their Design in Execution without Discovery, they thought it proper to lodge elsewhere; but first they resolv'd to acquaint *Mouzaffer* with it, and if he oppos'd their Design, they then resolv'd to ask the Cady's Leave: This being concluded, The Son of *Abdallah* went to find out *Mouzaffer* and his Son: He told them that this Day he design'd to change his Lodging; that since the Laws made him Master

of

of his Wife, he would dispose of her as he pleas'd, and lodge where he had a Mind. *Mouzaffer* and his Son fail'd not to refuse their Consent; *Taber* especially protested that he would not yield that *Dilara* should go from him; *Couloufe* on his Side would not bate an Inch, so that they went before the Cady again.

The Judge being inform'd of the Difference betwixt them, asked the *Hulla* why he had a mind to leave *Mouzaffer's* House? My Lord, reply'd the Son of *Abdallah*, I have often heard my Father *Massaoud* say, that whoever finds himself in the same House with his Enemies, ought to leave his Lodging as soon as he can; therefore I would rather live elsewhere, till I hear from *Cogende*; my Wife desires to do so as well as myself. Ah Lyar! cries *Taber* at these Words! *Dilara* grieves, *Dilara* is in Tears ever since this Wretch married her, and he has the Impudence to say she is weary of living at my House. Yes, I have said it, replies *Couloufe*, and I say it again; my Wife loves me, and desires nothing more ardently than to be away from you: If this be not true, if she be of another Mind, I am ready to divorce her presently. Mr. Cady, then says *Taber*, you hear him, I will take him at his Word: Order *Dilara* to be brought hither, and that she explain herself upon this Affair. I consent, says the Judge; go Nayb, added he, turning himself towards *Danischmend*, who was present, go to *Mouzaffer's*, and tell *Dilara* that I would speak with her; bring her hither in a Moment, we shall soon know what Disposition she is in; and I declare, that if she makes the *Hulla* a Lyar, she shall be divorced out of Hand.

The Nayb perform'd his Commission with a great deal of Expedition, he brought the Lady before the Judge, who no sooner saw her appear, but he ask'd her if she desir'd to go from *Mouzaffer's*, and if she

she had a greater Inclination for the *Hulla* than her first Husband. *Taber* not doubting in the least, but that she would pronounce her Determination in his Favour, and giving Way to the Emotions of Joy that master'd him, took the Words out of her Mouth, and spoke before she could answer: Speak, Madam, said he, you have nothing to do but to declare your Mind, and you shall be this Day delivered from what you hate. Since you give me this Assurance, says the Daughter of *Boyruc*, I will hide nothing from you: My second Husband, the Son of *Mussaoud*, hath all my Affections, and I humbly beg, Seignior Cady, that you would order that we may be allow'd to lodge elsewhere than at *Mouxaffer's*. Ho, ho, then said the Judge, addressing himself to the first Husband; you see that the *Hulla* advances nothing rashly, he was well assured before-hand.

Ah Traytrefs! cry'd *Taber*, confounded at the frank Confession of the Lady; how can it be that you have suffer'd yourself to be seduc'd since Yesterday? I am sorry for your sake, says the Judge, but I cannot hinder them from lodging where they please. You will then let the Stranger triumph, says *Taber* to him, without knowing that he is the real Son of *Mussaoud*, you will suffer him peaceably to possess *Dilara*? No, replies the Judge, if he is not what he says, but is a poor Wretch, I will put him to Death for having cheated us. Do you imagine, replies the Son of *Mouxaffer*, that if he is apprehensive of the Punishment with which you threaten him, he will not escape out of the City before we receive the News from *Cagende*? You are certainly mistaken; believe rather that he designs to be gone from *Samarcande*, and perhaps will wheedle the Lady to go with him; but why say I, perhaps? Their Plot is already laid, and there is no Doubt but they would change their Lodging on purpose that they might

might the more easily execute their Designs. That is not impossible, replies the Cady, but I will give Orders, that in what Place soever they lodge, they shall be narrowly watch'd by such as shall give me an Account of their Motions.

Couloufe and *Dilara* being thus at Liberty to leave *Mouzaffer's* House, they went away the same Day to lodge in an Inn. They bought several Slaves to wait upon them, and wanted neither Money nor Means to raise it; for the Lady had a considerable Portion, with a great Quantity of Jewels: They thought of nothing but making themselves merry, that they now might without Restraint abandon themselves to their Love, hinder'd them for so many Days from making those Reflections, which the Condition they were now in, ought to have inspir'd them with. They liv'd as if the Cady had set no Guard upon them, and as if *Couloufe* had really been the Son of *Massaoud*, and that they only waited there for the good News from *Cogende*.

The Adventure of the *Hulla*, notwithstanding the Care of *Mouzaffer* and his Son to stifle it, was noised throughout *Samarcande*, so that several People of Fashion desired to see the two Persons that Love had so strongly joined together, insomuch, that *Couloufe* and *Dilara*, who were become the Discourse of the Publick; received every Day new Visitors. One Day amongst the rest, there came to see them a Man of a good Mien, who told them he was an Officer of the King's, and that having heard what had pass'd before the Cady, he was invited by his Curiosity to see them, and that he came to assure them he would interest himself in their Behalf; in short, he offered his Service to them so frankly, and so dextrously perswaded them, that he was in their Interests, that they believ'd that they could not be too thankful to him. They desired he would eat with them, and to shew him the Regard they had

had for him, *Dilara* took off her Veil; so that the Officer amaz'd with her Beauty, could not help crying out; Ah! Seigneur *Hulla*; I am no longer surprized with the Resolution that you shew'd before the Judge! They all three sat down to the Table, which was covered with several Dishes. The Slaves, after the Entertainment, handed Wine and Raqui about plentifully; and then the Lady took her Lute, and began to sing and play delicately, so that she charmed the King's Officer. Then she took her Guitar, and sung a melancholy Song on the Absence of a Lover; this was a Song she had compos'd at *Caracorum*, after *Couloufe*'s Disgrace. But she no sooner had enter'd into the Song, than the young Man fell into a deep Thinking, and then wept bitterly. The King's Officer was surpriz'd, and ask'd what was the Reason of these Tears; Alas! replies the Son of *Abdallah*, what Use would it be of to you to know the Cause? It would be of as little Advantage for you to hear, as me to relate my past Misfortunes. It brings them afresh into my Mind, and I cannot think of those which still hang over my Head, without the utmost Sorrow. This Answer would not satisfy their Visitor. Young Stranger, said he, in the Name of God, tell me your Adventures; it is not only Curiosity that urges me to know them, but I am heartily disposed to serve you, and perhaps you may not repent the Confidence you shall put in me; tell me who you are, for I see well enough, you need not be ashamed of your Birth, speak and disguise nothing from me. Sir, replied *Couloufe*, my Story is too long, and will weary you. No, no, says the Officer, I beg you would not miss one Circumstance. Then the Son of *Abdallah* began to relate all his Adventures, and told them without Disguise. He assured him that he was not the Son of *Massaoud*, but that he had Recourse to that Cheat to gain the Possession of *Dilara*;

Dilara ; but, added he, my Falshood had not the Effect I intended, for they would not believe me upon my Word ; they have sent to *Cogende* a Messenger, who will return in three Days ; likewise the Cady, who hath placed a Guard upon me, will soon discover the Cheat, and punish me with an infamous Death. This is not what so much afflicts me ; but the dreadful Minute in which I must be separated from the Object of my Soul, that Thought alone is all my Trouble.

During the Time that he held this Discourse, which was intermix'd with Sighs and Groans, the Lady, on her Part, melted into Tears, and made known by her Grief, that she was under the same Apprehensions with *Couloufe*. The King's Officer could not see this Spectacle, without Compassion. Dear Couple, said he, I am touch'd with your Affliction. I wish I had it in my Power to serve you, and to hinder your drinking off that bitter Cup of Separation. I wish to God, young Man, that I could frustrate the Danger you lie exposed to ; but that appears very difficult for me. The Cady is a vigilant and inflexible Judge ; we cannot tell how to surprize his Vigilance, and he will never pardon your having deceived him. All that I can advise you to, is to put your Trust in God, who can open the Door that is lock'd ever so fast, and enable you to surmount the most unsurmountable Difficulties. Implore his Aid by fervent Prayers, and despair not of a happy Issue of this Business, tho' you see no Appearance of it. At these Words, the Officer took Leave of *Couloufe* and the Lady, and retired.

It must be confessed then, said the Daughter of *Boyruc*, there are some People in the World very singular, they will come to offer their Service ; if you seem to be in Trouble, they will press you to relate your Uneasiness to them, promising their Relief, and when by their Importunity, you have satisfied

satisfied their Curiosity, all the Consolation which they give you, is to exhort you to Patience. Who, that saw this Man take our Interests so much to Heart, would not have believ'd that he had a Design to be servicable, and to use all his Power to do us a Kindness? Nevertheless, after we had told him the whole Story of our Lives, he left us to Providence: Madam, said the Son of *Abdallah*, what could he do for us? He hath too much the Air of a Gentleman, to be suspected of having engag'd us to relate our Misfortunes only to content his Curiosity: No, no, he was dispos'd to serve us, and I believe he will when I reflect on the generous Pity, which he not only expressed in Words, but that appeared even in his Silence: But when he saw our Condition without Remedy, could he have said otherwise than what he did? And from whom can we now receive Assistance? Heaven only is capable of delivering me from the Danger I am in.

This unhappy Couple sadden'd each other, and revolving in their Minds all the Horror of their Destiny, they pass'd the two following Days in Tears and Sorrow: They thought however of making their Escape, they try'd the Fidelity of their Guards, but found that they were not to be bribed. And now the fifteenth Day arrived, and the Courier of *Cogande* was expected back, which they both dreaded, as much as the Son of *Mouzaffer* ardently desired it. Soon as the first Rays of that terrible Day broke into the Apartment of *Couloufe*, the young Man believing it to be the last Time that he must see the Light, rose to meet his Death; he look'd upon his Wife with Eyes wherein were painted Grief and Despair, and said to her, with a Voice scarce to be heard, Adieu, I go to fulfil my Destiny, and carry my Head to the Cady for you; fair *Dalara*, live and remember sometimes the Man who so tenderly loved you: Ah! *Couloufe*, replies the Lady, dissolving

in Tears, you are going to die, and you desire me to live! Can you think that I can have any Pleasure in Life without you? Can you be so cruel as to desire that I would drag the Load of many languishing and deplorable Days! No, no, I will bear thee Company, and descend with thee to the Grave. *Taher*, the odious *Taher*, shall see what he loves, perish with what he hates, he shall have no Reason to rejoice at your Death: Alas! why must thou die? It is on me only that the Punishment ought to fall; it is thy Wife that made thee perjurd, and suggested to thee that Falshood, which thy Death must expiate. I am the Person that ought to be the Victim; it is at least but just that I should bear a Part in the Punishment: Let us go to the Place where thy Punishment is getting ready; I will let all the World know, that I had rather perish with thee, than live without thee.

The Son of *Abdallah* opposed her Design; he conjur'd her not to give him so fatal a Token of her Tendernefs; and *Dilara*, on her Part, being obstinately bent to die with him, desired him not to oppose her Resolution. While they were arguing upon the Matter, they heard a great Noise at the Street-gate, and presently saw entring into the Court, the Cady follow'd by several other Persons; with whom were *Mouzaffer* and his Son. At this Sight the Daughter of *Boyruc* fainted, and while she was in the Arms of some Slaves who press'd in to assist her, *Couloufe*, taking Advantage of this Opportunity, ran to present himself to the Cady: But that Judge, far from appearing ready to conduct him to his Execution, paid his Compliments to him, and said to him, with a smiling Air; Sir, the Courier who was sent to *Cogende*, is arrived, attended with a Domestick of *Massaoud* your Father, who hath sent you forty Camels loaded with Silks, fine Linen, and other Merchandize; we no longer dispute your being the

the Son of that rich Merchant, and hope you will forget the ill Treatment we have given you. This Discourse of the Judge put *Couloufe* into the utmost Amazement. *Mouzaffer* and his Son assur'd the *Hulla*, that they were very sorry for the Punishment he had undergone. I renounce, said *Taber* to him, the Pretensions which I have for *Dilara*. I am satisfied, she is yours, and I quit all my Interests to her, upon Condition that if you have a Fancy to divorce her, and afterwards to take her again, you will chuse me likewise for your *Hulla*. *Couloufe* knew not what to think of all this; he believed that *Taber* and the Cady rallied him, and that by and by they would speak in another Tone; when one of the Slaves that were arrived, fell down on his Knees, kiss'd his Hand, and delivered a Letter to him; saying, Sir, your Father and Mother are well; they passionately desire to see you; their Eyes and their Ears are waiting for you upon the Road.

Couloufe blush'd at this Discourse, and knew not what to answer; he took the Letter, open'd it, and found these Words: *Thanks be to God alone, and his Blessing upon his Great Prophet, his Family and his Friends. My dear Son, since thy Absence, I have had no Rest; I am upon the Thorns of Uneasiness; the Torment I have felt for the Loss of you, hath seized my Heart, and impair'd the Vigour of my Age. Being inform'd from the Courier, sent by Seignior Mouzaffer, of the Adventure that hath happened to thee; I presently loaded forty Camels with several Sorts of Commodities, which I have sent to Samarcande under the Command of Gioher, Captain of my Carriage. Let me know, as soon as possible, what Condition you are in, to the End our Hearts may be comforted, and we may recover our former Joy and Satisfaction.*

Massaoud.

The Son of *Abdallah* had no sooner read the Letter, but he saw the forty Camels, which came from *Cogende*, entring into the Court. Then the Captain *Gioher* said to him, My Lord and Master, where will you please to appoint me to unlade my Camels, and store the Goods which I have brought you. What the Devil means all this, says *Couloufe* to himself? I have seen surprizing Accidents happen; but, by *Haly*, this exceeds all the rest. The Captain *Gioher* saluted me, as if he had known me perfectly well. The Cady and *Mouzaffer* seem'd satisfied at this Appearance. Well, tho' all this passes my Penetration, let us, nevertheless, make our Advantage of it. Fortune undoubtedly designs to save me, by some capricious Stroke, or else Heaven has wrought a Miracle in my Favour. As much astonish'd as *Couloufe* was at this wonderful Event, he had Resolution and Presence of Mind enough to hide his Surprize. He put the Bales of Goods into a Room, and order'd the Camels to be taken Care of; he had the Assurance to ask the Camel-Driver Questions; *Gioher*, said he to him, tell me what News you bring from our Family; Are any of our Relations married, or sick, or dead? No, Sir, answered *Gioher*, all your Friends, thank God, are well, except your Father, to whom every Minute of your Absence seems an Age, and who charg'd me to tell you, that he earnestly wish'd you would speedily return to *Cogende*, with the Lady you have married.

During the Time that the Conductor of the Camels was speaking thus, the Cady, *Taber*, and his Father, took Leave of the Son of *Abdallah*, and went Home, verily perswaded that he was the Son of *Masjaoud*. And the Judge, before he went away, remov'd the Guard that he placed on the new married Couple. After they were all gone, *Couloufe* return'd to his Apartment, where he had left *Dilara*; that Lady, by the Care of her Slaves, was recovered

from her Fainting; he told her what had happen'd, and shew'd her *Massaoud's* Letter. She had no sooner read it, but she cry'd out; Just Heaven, 'tis to you we ought to return Thanks for this wonderful Prodigy! You have had Compassion on two faithful Lovers, whom you have link'd together. Madam, says the Son of *Abdallah* to her, it is not Time yet, to give ourselves to Joy: Our Sorrows are not over; what did I say, over? I am now more in Danger than ever; you have made me take the Name of a Man, who is undoubtedly at *Samarcande*. The Son of *Massaoud* is in this City; his Father hath writ to him, and sent him forty Camels laden with Goods, under the Command of *Gioher*; this *Gioher*, who in all Appearance never saw his Master's Son, hath follow'd *Mouzafer's* Courier; it is easy to understand the rest. This Error I confess would be favourable to us, if it continues but a Time; nothing then can hinder our Escape, because the Guard being withdrawn, we have no Body to observe us; but the News of the Camels Arrival is perhaps already dispersed throughout *Samarcande*; then the true Son of *Massaoud*, understanding the Mistake, will soon undeceive the Cady, who perhaps is coming this Moment to carry me to Execution,

It was thus that *Couloufe* reason'd, and floating betwixt Hope and Fear, thought himself in a worse Condition, than if he had nothing to hope. He thought every Moment *Yaher* and the Cady were coming to revenge the Mistake with greater Fury: Every Minute added to his Uneasiness. As he was in this Agitation, the King's Officer, which was the very same Man who came to him two Days before, arrived; Seigneur *Hulla*, said he, entring, I understand that your Misfortunes are over, and that Heaven at last hath been favourable to you. I come to testify my Joy, for your Deliverance, and

at the same Time to reproach you for your Insincerity: Why did not you tell me, that you were the Son of *Massaoud*? Dear Sir, replies the Son of *Abdallah*, I told you the Truth: I am not of *Cogende*, I am of *Damascus*, as I told you: It is a great while since my Father died, and that I spent all that he left me: Nevertheless, replies the Officer, they say that you have forty Camels arrived, that are loaded with several Sorts of Goods, and that *Massaoud* hath writ to you, as if you were his own Son. It is true, replied *Couloufe*, that I have receiv'd such a Letter and the Goods; but for all that, I am not his Son. The Officer ask'd how this Business came to pass? And when the *Hulla* had satisfied him, he said, I believe too that it is a Mistake, and that *Massaoud's* Son is at *Samarcande*; so I would advise you to make your Escape this Night. It is our Design, answers *Couloufe*, provided the Cady continues till To-morrow in the same Error; we desire no more. You need not trouble yourself any farther about it, replies the Officer, I hope all will do well. Heaven, without Doubt, will not suffer you to perish, since it hath preserved you, by such a miraculous Adventure, from the Punishment that was preparing for you. At these Words, with adding some more to dispel the Fear with which this Couple seem'd to be seiz'd, he took Leave of them, wishing them all Prosperity.

When *Couloufe* and *Dilara* were alone, they began to talk of escaping, and prepar'd for it. They expected the Night with great Impatience; and before it came, they heard a great Noise, and at once saw several Horse-men appear in the Court of the Inn wherein they lodg'd. At this Sight the new Couple were both seiz'd with Fear, dreading that it was the Cady who came to seize the Son of *Abdallah*, and put him to Death: But they soon banish'd their Fear, when they saw it was the King's

H 2

Guard.

Guard. The Captain who led them descended from his Horse, having a small Parcel in his Hand. He came to the Chamber where *Couloufe* was with his Wife: He saluted both of them with an Air of Respect, and addressing himself to the Husband, said, Sir, I come here on the Behalf of the Great *Usbec-Can*, he wants to see the Son of *Massaoud*; he hath heard of your Adventure, and desires to have the Story from your own Mouth. He hath sent you this Robe of Honour, that you may be in a Condition to appear before him. The Son of *Abdallah* would gladly have excused himself from satisfying the King's Curiosity: Nevertheless he obey'd. He dress'd himself in the Robe of Honour, and went with the Captain of the Guards, who shewing him a Mule in the Court, which had a Saddle and Bridle of Gold, adorn'd with Jewels, and a Page in gorgeous Apparel holding the Stirrup, said to him, Mount upon this Royal Mule, and I will conduct you to the Palace. *Couloufe* came to the Mule, the Page kiss'd the Stirrup, and held it for him to mount; then they convey'd him to the Palace with the Guards.

When he was arrived there, the King's Officers came to receive him, and conducted him to the Door of the Room where the Prince used to give Audience to Embassadors. There the Grand Visier took him by the Hand, and introduced him in, where the King, dress'd in Cloaths cover'd with Diamonds, Rubies and Emeralds, was seated upon an Ivory Throne, round which stood all the great Lords of *Tartary*. *Couloufe* was dazzled with the Splendor that shone around *Usbec-Can*, and instead of looking up to the Prince, he cast down his Eyes, and prostrated himself at the Foot of the Throne. The King seeing him in that Condition, said, Son of *Massaoud*, I am told that very particular Adventures have befallen you; I desire you would relate them

them to me, and speak without Disguise. *Couloufe*, recollecting the Sound of the Voice that spoke to him, lifted up his Eyes, and knowing the King to be the same Person that had come to see him, and whom he took for an Officer of *Usbec-Can*'s, and to whom he had confided all his Secrets, threw himself upon his Face to the Ground, and wept. The Viceroy rais'd him again, and said to him, Fear nothing, young Man, go nearer the King, and kiss the Hem of his Robe. The Son of *Abdallah*, trembling, was amaz'd, but went forward to the King's Feet, where having kiss'd his Robe, he retired some Paces back, and hung his Head down to his Breast. But *Usbec-Can* would not let him continue long in that Posture; that Prince descended from his Throne, took him by the Hand, and led him into his Closet, where he said to him; *Couloufe*, be of good Courage, and fear the Frowns of Fortune no more: You shall no longer undergo these Hardships; no more think of parting with *Dilara*; you shall live with her in my Court, and you shall enjoy the same Place with me, you did at *Caracorom* with King *Mirgehan*. When, upon the Relation made to me of your Fidelity for your Wife, I came, out of Curiosity, to see you; you pleas'd me, and the Confidence you put in me, made me resolve to save your Life, that you might always have the Satisfaction of living with the Object you so much loved; and that I performed after this Manner: The forty Camels, that you have with you, were furnish'd from my Stables; I order'd them to be laden with several Sorts of Merchandize; and that *Gioher*, who conducted them, is an Eunuch that rarely goes out of my Seraglio. I order'd my Secretary to write the Letter you receiv'd; and, that the Courier dispatch'd to *Mouzaffer* might not come and contradict it, I sent Yesterday one of my Officers to intercept him on the Road to *Cogende*, who appointed him from me.

to give his Master such an Account of the Matters as I desired. It was a Satisfaction I was willing to pleasure myself in, and which I performed effectually.

As soon as the King had done speaking, *Couloufe* threw himself down at the Prince's Feet, thanking him for his Favour, and promis'd, as long as he liv'd, to remember his Goodness. The same Day the young Man went to the Palace with *Dilara*. *Usbec-Can* assigned them a magnificent Apartment with a considerable Pension, and caused the Story of their Amour to be written by the best Historian of *Samarcande*.

Farrukhnaz's Nurse having thus related the History of *Couloufe*, held her Peace, to hear what her Mistress would say of it; but she, being still prepossess'd with an ill Opinion against Men, was not yet of the same Sentiment with the rest, who all thought that the Son of *Abdallah* was a perfect Lover. No, no, said the Princess, when *Couloufe* was banish'd from the King of *Keraite's* Court, he went from *Caracorum* without taking his Leave of *Dilara*, and without seeking an Opportunity to speak with her. I own, that the King, in his Anger, order'd him to depart from that City; but Love is ingenious, and would have furnish'd him with Means to have taken his Leave of the Daughter of *Boyruc*, if he had been much in Love with her. Besides, that is not the only Thing I have to reproach him with: Several Days after his Arrival at *Samarcande*, he was so little taken up with the Thoughts of *Dilara*, that he readily offer'd his Service to be a *Hulla*. Moreover, when he knew it was his Mistress, would he not even then have been divorc'd from her? Was he not ready to keep his Oath? And would he not have kept it after all, but that *Dilara*, to prevail with him not to do it, us'd all her Endeavours, and even besought him with Tears? Can a true Lover be so strait-lac'd in his Conscience? Madam, said

said *Sutlumeme*, it is true that the first Concern of *Couloufe* was to support his Honour, and that is what I cannot blame him for : I admire, on the contrary, that a young Man could shew so much Horror for Perjury in the Midst of his Pleasures. I believe that a Lover of his Character is more to be esteem'd than any other, and that his Oath may be depended on. But, Madam, added she, since you are so nice, give me Leave to relate another Story, that perhaps may baffle your Niceness, and gain your Attention more than those of *Couloufe* and *Aboulcasem*. At these Words from the Nurse, all the Princess's Ladies appear'd pleas'd, and seem'd very curious to hear a new Story. *Sutlumeme* begun thus, as soon as *Farrukhnaz* had given her Leave.

The Story of Prince Calaf and the Princess of China.

AFTER having heard the Story of *Couloufe*, you shall now hear that of Prince *Calaf*, the Son of the ancient Can of the *Nogaiian Tartars*. The Historians of his Age make glorious Mention of him. They say, that he surpass'd all the Princes of his Time for a Person of good Mien, of Wit, and of Courage; that he was as learned as any of the Doctors; that he understood the mystick Sense of the Commentaries on the *Alcoran*, and knew, by Heart, the Sentences or Proverbs of *Mahomet*. In short, he was called the Hero of *Asia*, and the Phoenix of the East. This Prince, at eighteen Years of Age, had not perhaps his Fellow in the World; he was the Soul of his Father *Timurtafch*'s Councils. When he gave any Advice, the most consummate Ministers approv'd it, and could not but admire his Wisdom and Sagacity. Besides this, he manag'd the whole Business of the War, and put himself at the Head of the Troops, went out

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against the Enemy, fought and conquer'd them. He had gain'd several Victories, and the *Nogaians* were become so formidable by the Success of his Arms, that none of their neighbour Nations durst engage in War against them.

The Affairs of the Can his Father were in this Condition, when an Embassador from the Sultan of *Carizme* came to his Court, who in his Audience declared, that his Master pretended the *Nogai Tartars* should pay him a yearly Tribute, which, if refus'd, his Master would come in Person with two hundred thousand Men, and force them to a Compliance, at the Hazard of the *Tartarian* Crown, and their Sovereign's Life. The Can thereon assembled his Council, who deliberated whether they should pay this Tribute, rather than contend with so powerful an Enemy, or despise his Menaces. *Calaf*, and the greater Part of those who assisted at the Council, were for the last Advice; so that they sent the Embassador back with a Refusal. After this, they dispatched Deputies to the adjacent Countries, to represent to them their respective Interests, in uniting with the Can against the Sultan of *Carizme*, whose Ambition was grown so exorbitant, that he would not fail to demand the same Tribute of them, if he should once compel the *Nogaians* to pay it. The Deputies succeeded in their Negotiation. The neighbouring Nations, and amongst the rest, the *Circassians*, promis'd to join the Can with fifty thousand Men. Relying on this Promise, besides the Army which that Prince had ordinarily on Foot, he rais'd new Troops.

During the Time that these Preparations were making ready by the *Nogaians*, the Sultan of *Carizme* on his Side, with two hundred thousand Men, pass'd the River *Jaxartes* at *Cogende*. He cross'd the Country of *Ilac* and *Saganac*, where he met with Abundance of Provisions, and advanced just to the River

River *Jund*, before the Can's Army, commanded by Prince *Calaf*, could take the Field, because the *Circassians*, and other auxiliary Troops, could not join them sooner. Prince *Calaf* having received all the Succours he expected, marched directly to the *Jund*, but had no sooner passed a little River in his Way thither, than Couriers inform'd him that the Enemy appear'd on the Plains, ready to give him Battle; which as soon as the young Prince saw, he made his Army halt, and disposed his Troops for an Engagement.

The two Armies were almost equal in Number, and the several Nations of which they were compos'd, were not less warlike one than the other; so that the Battle was very bloody and obstinate. It began in the Morning, and lasted till Night; the Officers and Soldiers on both Sides behaving themselves with the greatest Bravery. The Sultan, during the whole Action, did whatever a consummate Warrior could do, and Prince *Calaf* more than could be expected from so young a General. Sometimes the *Nogai Tartars* had the better, and sometimes they were oblig'd to yield to the Efforts of the *Carizmians*; so that the two Parties successively conquering, and being conquer'd, founded a Retreat at the Approach of Night, resolving to begin the Battle again next Morning. But the Commander of the *Circassians* went secretly to find out the Sultan, and promis'd him that he would abandon the *Nogaians*, provided that by a Treaty, which he should swear religiously to observe, he would promise never to demand Tribute of the *Circassians* under any Pretence whatsoever. The Sultan consented, the Treaty was concluded, the Commander went back to his Quarters; and the Day following, when he should have return'd to the Charge, the *Circassians* were seen all at once drawing themselves off from their Allies, and marching towards their own Country.

This Treachery very much perplex'd Prince *Calaf*, who, seeing himself by this Means much weaker than the Sultan, would very willingly have avoided fighting, but could not do it: The *Carizmians* fell on briskly, and, taking Advantage of the Ground, which permitted them to extend themselves, surrounded the *Nogaians* on all Sides, who, notwithstanding they were forsaken by their best auxiliary Troops, and environ'd by their Enemies, did not lose Courage, but, animated by the Example of their Prince, they clos'd their Ranks, and long sustain'd the vigorous Charge of the Sultan. However, they were put into Disorder, and *Calaf*, despairing to gain the Victory, endeavour'd only to escape from the Enemy. He chose several Squadrons, and, putting himself at the Head of them, charged thro' the *Carizmians*. The Sultan, inform'd of his Retreat, detached six thousand Horse to pursue him; but he disappointed their Pursuit, by following a Road they did not well know, and at last the Prince arrived, in a few Days after the Battle, at his Father's Court, where all were in a great Consternation, when they knew the Misfortune which had happen'd to him.

This News afflicted *Timurtasch*; but that which he received a little after, threw him into Despair. An Officer that escaped from the Battle, came and told him, that the Sultan of *Carizme* had put to the Sword almost all the *Nogaians*, and that he advanced by great Marches, with a Resolution to put to Death all the Can's Family, and to subject his Country to his Obedience. The Can then repented that he had refus'd to pay the Tribute demanded of him. But, as the *Arabian* Proverb has it, What avails Repentance after the Ruin of the Town of *Basta*? The Time press'd, and it behov'd him to think of saving himself from falling into the Sultan's Power. To this End the Can, the Princess
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Elmaze his Wife, and *Calaf*, loaded themselves with whatever was most valuable in their Treasury, and went from *Astracan*, their Capital City, attended by several Officers of the Palace, and with the Troops that made their Way thro' the Enemy with the young Prince.

They took the Rout of *Great Bulgaria*, their Design being to seek for Protection from some Sovereign Prince. They had not gone many Days March before they gain'd Mount *Caucasus*, where 4000 Robbers who dwelt in those Mountains fell at once upon them; and tho' *Calaf* had scarce 400 Men, he bravely sustain'd the Impetuosity of their Charge, and kill'd a great Part of them; yet he lost all his Troops, and was left in the Power of these Banditti, whereof some seized on the Riches they found upon them, while others minded nothing but destroying all the Followers of the Can. They spar'd none but the Prince, his Wife and Son, whom they left almost naked upon the Mountains.

One cannot express the Grief of *Timurtasch*, when he saw himself reduced to this Extremity. He wished he had been in the Condition of those who perish'd before his Eyes; and, abandoning himself to Despair, he seem'd resolv'd to lay violent Hands on his own Life. The Princess, on her Part, dissolv'd in Tears, and made the Air eccho with her Cries and Groans. *Calaf* only had Strength to support the Weight of his Misfortunes: Fortified with the Maxims of the Alcoran, and the Proverbs of *Mahomet* upon Predestination, he had an invincible Resolution of Mind. The extream Affliction which the Can and his Wife express'd, gave him the greatest Trouble. O my Father and Mother, said he, do not sink under your Misfortunes: Consider that it is the Will of God we should be thus miserable; let us submit, without complaining, to his absolute Decrees; we are not the first Princes that
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the Rod of his Justice hath chastis'd. How many Sovereigns before us have been driven from their Kingdoms, and after the leading of a wandering Life, as the meanest Mortals, in foreign Countries, have been restored to their Thrones? If God hath the Power to take away Crowns, he can likewise bestow them again. Let us hope then he will be touched with our Miseries, and that Prosperity will succeed this deplorable Condition in which we now are.

He added several other Expressions to comfort them; and as he spoke, his Father and Mother, attentive to his Discourse, felt within themselves a secret Consolation: They resolv'd to undergo their Lot in Patience. I will, my Son, said the Can, submit myself to Providence; and since the Afflictions which have befallen us are written in the inevitable Records of Fate, let us suffer them without complaining. At these Words, the Prince, his Wife, and Son, being resolved to continue firm under their Misfortunes, pursued their Journey on foot, for the Robbers had taken away their Horses. They march'd thus a long Time together, and liv'd on the Fruits which they found in the Valleys; but being come into a Desert, where the Earth produced nothing whereon to subsist, their Courage fail'd them. The Can being already in Years, began to feel his Strength abate, and the Princess, fatigu'd with travelling, could scarce support herself; so that *Calaf*, tho' weak himself, was forced to carry upon his Shoulders, first one, and then the other, to relieve them. In short, all three being quite spent with Hunger and Thirst, and Weariness, arriv'd at a Place full of frightful Precipices. It was a very steep Hill, and divided with dreadful Pits, among which it appear'd dangerous to pass, and they saw no other Road to enter into a vast Plain that lay before them, because on each Side of the Hill the Country appeared so perplex'd

with Briars and Thorns, that no Passage could be made thro' them. When the Princess saw the Abysses, she cry'd out bitterly, and the Can lost all Patience, and became outrageous. All is over, said he to the Prince his Son; I give Way to my ill Fortune, I must sink under my Burthen; I will throw myself into one of these Chasms, which Heaven undoubtedly hath predestined to be my Grave. I will free myself from the Tyranny of my Fate; for I had rather die than live such a Life of Misery.

The Can, giving himself up to the furious Emotion he was in, went to throw himself into a Precipice, when Prince *Calaf* caught him in his Arms, and held him. Ah! my Father, said he to him, what will you do? To what Excess of Passion do you give Way? Is it thus you testify the Submission you ought to shew to the Decrees of Heaven? Reflect on what you are going to do: Instead of giving such Tokens of an obstinate Impatience, so rebellious to the Will of God, we ought by our Constancy to seek to merit a more favourable Regard from him. We are, I confess, in a very deplorable Condition, and we cannot, without imminent Danger, march amongst these Precipices; but perhaps we may still find out some Road that will lead us into the Plains; give me leave to search. Mean while, Sir, quiet the Violence of your Passion, and wait here with the Princess: I will presently return. Go, my Son, answers the Can, we will attend, and do not dread my Despair; it shall not get the better of me till you come back to us.

The young Prince went quite round the Mountain, without being able to discover any Road. He was grievously afflicted, threw himself on the Ground, wept, and begg'd the Assistance of Heaven. He then rose up and sought anew for some Path that might conduct them to the Plain, and at last found one. He pursued it, and gave Thanks to God for his

his good Fortune. He advanced to the very Foot of a Tree that stood at the Entrance into the Plain, which cover'd with its Shade a fine transparent Fountain of Water. He likewise perceiv'd other Trees, loaded with Fruit of a surprizing Largeness. Transported with Joy at this Discovery, he ran back to give his Father and Mother Notice thereof, who receiv'd the News with great Gladness, taking it as an Omen that Heaven at last began to pity their Misery. *Calaf* led them to the Fountain, wherein they all three washed their Hands and Faces, and quenched the burning Thirst that had almost parch'd them up. Afterwards they eat of the Fruit which the young Prince had gather'd, and which, in the pressing Necessity they had of Nourishment, appear'd to be excellent. Sir, said *Calaf* to his Father, you see now the Injustice of your Complaints, you imagin'd that Heaven had forsaken us; I implor'd its Aid, and it hath assisted us. God is never deaf to the Cries of the Wretched, that put their Trust in him.

They remain'd near the Fountain two or three Days to rest themselves, and to recover their lost Strength. After that, they loaded themselves with Fruit, and advanced into the Plain, hoping that would lead them to some Place that was inhabited; and they flatter'd not themselves with deluding Hopes, for they presently perceiv'd before them a City, which seem'd to be large and stately built. They went forward, and when they were arrived almost at the Gates, they stop'd to wait for the Night, not being willing to enter into the Town by Day-light, because they were cover'd with Dust and Sweat, and almost naked. They sat themselves down beneath a shady Tree, and lay along on the Grass. When they had rested themselves there a while, an old Man, who was come out of the City to take the Air, came under the same Tree; and, after
having

having saluted them very respectfully, sat down by them. They re-saluted him in their Turn, and asked him, What they call'd this City? It is called *Jaic*, replies the old Man, and the Capital of the Country, where the River *Jaic* has its Source. The King *Henge-Can* keeps his Court here. It appears you are Strangers, since you ask this Question. Yes, says the Can, we are of a far distant Country from hence. We were born in the Kingdom of *Carizme*, and liv'd on the Banks of the *Caspian* Sea. We were People of Business, and going with several other Merchants to trade, a large Troop of Robbers attack'd our Caravan, and pillag'd it. They only left us our Lives, and in that Condition you now see us. We have crossed Mount *Caucasus*, and are come hither without knowing any Part of the Country we have passed through, or whither we were going.

The old Man, who was very compassionate of the Troubles of the Afflicted, assur'd them that he was sensible of their Misfortunes; and the better to convince them of it, he offer'd them his House, and that with so good a Grace, that, even had they not stood in need of his Offer, they could not well have told how to refuse it. He shew'd them the Way, and they came to his Home by the Time that Day-light began to close. It was a little House, meanly-furnished with Goods, but such as were there, were neat and useful, and rather shew'd an Air of Modesty than Want. The old Man, when he enter'd, spoke softly to one of his Slaves, who in a little Time brought two young Merchants along with him, one of whom had a large Parcel of Men and Womens Clothes ready made, and the other was laden with all Sorts of Veils, Turbans, and Girdles. Prince *Calaf* and his Father took each of them a Cassetan of Cloth, and a Suit of Brocade, with a Turban of *Indian* Linen, and the Princess

a compleat Suit of Womens Clothes. After the Host had paid the Merchants, and sent them away, he asked for Supper. Two Slaves presently spread the Table, and the Buffet was set out with China-Ware, and Wooden-Plates made of Sanders and Aloes, with several Cups of Coral perfumed with Ambergrease. They serv'd up excellent Soup, with two Dishes of Sturgeons Eggs. The Can, his Wife, and *Calaf*, set themselves down with the old Man, and eat of the Victuals before them, which was succeeded with a Pasty of Antelope, a great Plate pyramided with dainty Fowls, somewhat bigger than Partridges; a Plate of *Tziberica*, an excellent Fish of the *Volga*, and two Sturgeons, with a Dish of Caviere for the last Service. After which they drank three great Bottles of *Camnez* and *Aqua Vitæ*, made of Dates. The old Man, warm'd with the Liquors he had drank, began to be in a pleasant Humour, and did what he could to make his Guests merry; but perceiving that he could not do it, and that they appear'd intirely taken up with their Misfortunes; I see plainly, said he, that I strive in vain to divert your Minds from the Accident that hath befallen you. Your Misfortune takes up all your Thoughts: Nevertheless, give me Leave to shew you, that instead of giving yourselves up to these melancholy Representations, you ought to banish them out of your Remembrance. Comfort yourselves for the Loss you have sustained from the Robbers; the Mischance that afflicts you thus, is nothing new: Travellers and Merchants meet with the like every Day. I myself, in my Youth, was robbed on the Road from *Moufel* to *Bagdad*; the Robbers took very considerably from me, and I thought I should have lost my Life. I found myself in the same Condition you are in; however, I took Comfort. It was very disagreeable for a Man of my Condition to see myself reduced to Beggary. I will relate

late my Story to you, since I see you are People in whom I may confide; perhaps it may be of Service to you. The Relation of my Misfortunes may encourage you to support yourselves under yours. Having said these Words, the good old Man order'd his Slaves to retire, and begun after this Manner.

The Story of Prince Fadlallah, Son of Bin-Ortoc, King of Moufel.

I Was the Son of the late King of *Moufel*, the Great *Bin-Ortoc*: As soon as I was twenty Years old, he would have me marry; he shew'd me a great many young Slaves, some of whom were very handsome; I look'd upon 'em all with Indifference, there was not one that made the least Impression on me; they were sensible of it, they reddened with Rage, and retired full of Anger that they could not gain my Heart. My Father was much surprized at my Coldness, he neither foresaw nor expected it; on the contrary, he believ'd that being struck with so many Beauties at once, I should have been troubled how to make a Choice. I told him that I had as yet no Inclination to Marriage, and that perhaps it proceeded from the great Desire I had to travel; and therefore I beg'd that he would give me Leave only to go to *Bagdad*, and that at my Return I would resolve to take a Wife. He would not compel me to marry, but allowed me to take a Journey to *Bagdad*; and, to appear like the Son of a King in so considerable a City, he order'd me a magnificent Equipage. He open'd his Treasury, and loaded four Camels with Pieces of Gold; he appointed me Officers of his Household to serve me, with a hundred Soldiers to conduct me as my Guard. I departed from *Moufel* with my Retinue for *Bagdad*:
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We met with no Accident for some Days ; but one Night, as we were at Rest in a Meadow where we had encamp'd, we found ourselves so vigorously attack'd, and that by so large a Number of *Bedouin Arabs*, that the greatest Part of my People were murdered, e'er I knew the Danger I was in ; I defended myself with what remain'd of my Guards, and the Officers of my Father's Household ; we charg'd the *Arabs* with so much Fury, that there fell three hundred before us. The Day coming on, the Brigades, which had surrounded us, being ashamed and irritated by the obstinate Resistance of a Handful of Men, redoubled their Efforts ; and, as it was no longer to any Purpose to fight as we did like desperate Men, for we were forc'd to yield to their superior Strength, they took away our Arms and Clothes, and instead of making Prisoners of us, in order to sell us for Slaves, or to suffer us to go at Liberty, as Men who needed no Addition to their Wretchedness, considering the miserable Condition to which they had brought us ; they resolved to revenge the Death of their Companions, and were so base and barbarous, as to put to the Sword a Parcel of Men who could no longer defend themselves. All my People perish'd, and as I was going to be made a Sacrifice with the rest, I made myself known to the Robbers ; Bold Wretches, said I, have Regard to Royal Blood : I am Prince *Fadlallah*, the only Son of *Bin-Ortoc*, King of *Moufel*, and Heir to his Dominions. I am glad, said the Chief of the *Arabs*, to understand who thou art ; we have long mortally hated thy Father, for he has hanged many of our Comrades that have fallen into his Hands ; thou shalt be treated after the same Manner. In short, they bound me, and after they had seiz'd my Equipage, they carried me to the Foot of a Mountain, betwixt two Forests, where there was an infinite Number of little Tents pitch'd, and this was their

Retreat :

Retreat: I was conducted into the Tent of their Chief, which was rais'd in the Middle of the others, and appear'd abundantly larger than any of the rest. They kept me one Day only, after which they bound me to a Tree, where, in Expectation of a lingering Death, which was to put an End to my Life, whose Course was but newly begun, I had the Mortification to see myself surrounded by all these Banditti, who insulted me with reproachful Words, and took a Pleasure to abuse and revile me.

It was already a long Time that I had been bound to the Tree, and the last Moments of Life were not far off, when a Spy came to acquaint the Chief of the *Arabs*, that a fair Opportunity offer'd itself but seven Leagues off, and that a great Caravan was to encamp the next Night in a certain Place. The Chief presently order'd his Companions to prepare for marching, which was done in a little Time; they all mounted their Horses and left me, not doubting in the least but that they should find me dead at their Return. Heaven nevertheless, which brings to nought the Purposes of Men, when they agree not with its eternal Decrees, was not pleas'd I should perish so soon: The Chieftain's Wife had Compassion of me, she came in the Night-time to the Tree to which I was bound, and said to me: Young Man, I pity thy Misfortunes, and should be glad to deliver thee from the Danger thou art in; but if I unbind thee, and set thee at Liberty, hast thou yet Strength enough to get away? Yes, answer'd I, the same God that hath inspir'd you with this charitable Intention, will afford me Strength to escape. This Woman unbound me, gave me an old Caffetan of her Husband's, with two or three Loaves, and shew'd me a Path: Go that Way, said she to me, follow that Road, and thou wilt arrive at a Place that is inhabited. I thank'd my
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Deliverer, and march'd all Night, without losing the Road which she had shewn me. The next Day I perceived a Man on Foot, who drove before him a Horse loaded with two great Packs: I join'd him, and after having told him that I was an unfortunate Stranger that had lost my Way, and knew not the Country, I ask'd him where he was going. I am going, replied he, to sell Goods at *Bagdad*, where I shall arrive in two Days: I accompanied this Man, and left him not till we came into the City; he went where his Business call'd him, and I retir'd into a Mosque, where I continued two Days and two Nights. I had but little Desire to stir from thence; I was afraid of meeting some People from *Moufel* that might know me; I was so ashamed to be seen in the Distress I was in, that, far from thinking of discovering my Condition to others, I would much rather have hid it from myself: Hunger nevertheless took off one Part of my Shame, or rather, it made me yield to its Necessity, which none can resist; I resolv'd to beg my Bread, till I could some other Ways help myself.

I presented myself before a lower Window of a great House, and ask'd Alms with a loud Voice; an old Female Slave came presently to the Window, with Bread in her Hand, which she would have given me. As I was stepping forwards to take it, the Wind by Accident blew aside the Curtain of the Window, and discover'd to me in the Room a young Lady of an excelling Beauty; her Brightness struck my Sight like Lightning, I was quite dazzled; I received the Bread without dreaming what I was about, and I remain'd motionless before the old Slave, instead of giving her Thanks as I ought to have done: I was so surpriz'd, so confounded, so lost in Love, that she took me undoubtedly for a Fool? She went away, and left me in the Street to look at the Window in vain, for the

the Wind no more blew aside the Curtain ; I pass'd the rest of the Day waiting for another favourable Blast. When I saw the Night come on, I thought of retiring ; but before I stray'd from that House, I ask'd an old Man that pass'd by, if he knew whom it belong'd to. It is, answer'd he, Seigneur *Mouaffac's* House, he is the Son of *Abdane*, a Person of Quality, very rich, and a Man of Honour ; it is not long since he was Governor of this Place, but he fell out with the Cady, who found out Ways to misrepresent him to the Calif, and turn him out of his Government. In reflecting on this Adventure, I was insensibly got out of the City, and was come into a great Church-yard, or Burying-place, where I resolv'd to spend that Night. I eat my Bread with little Appetite, though I ought to have had a good one : At length I laid me down by a Tomb, resting my Head upon a Heap of Bricks ; I had no little Trouble to get to sleep, the Daughter of *Mouaffac* terribly affected my Senses, her charming Image heated my Imagination ; besides, the Food I had eaten, was not succulent enough to procure me by its Vapours an easy Sleep ; yet I slumber'd, in Spight of these Ideas which had got Possession of me, but my Slumber was not of long Duration, a great Noise which I heard in the Tomb presently awak'd me. Frighted at the Din of which I knew not the Cause, I rose, in order to run out of the Church-yard, when two Men, who were standing at the Entrance of the Tomb, perceiving me, stopt me, and ask'd who I was, and what I was doing in the Burying-place. I am, said I, an unhappy Stranger, whom Fortune has reduced to live on Alms, and I came to pass the Night here, because I had no Lodging in the City. Since thou art a Beggar, says one of the two Men to me, thank God thou hast met us, we are going to provide good Cheer for thee. In saying that, they dragg'd
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me into the Tomb, where four of their Comrades were eating of Dates and Radishes, and drinking of good Liquors: They made me sit down by them before a long Stone, which serv'd them for a Table, and I was oblig'd to eat and drink out of Complaisance. I soon suspected what they were, that is to say, Robbers, and they presently, by their Discourse, confirm'd me in my Suspicions. They began to talk of a considerable Robbery which they had just committed, and imagining it would be a great Pleasure to me to be one of them, they propos'd it to me. This put me into a terrible Strait, you may well judge; I was no Ways tempted to associate myself with such a Gang, but I was afraid to irritate them in not accepting what they propos'd to me. This somewhat perplex'd me, I knew not what to answer, when all of a sudden I was relieved from this Difficulty. The Cady's Lieutenant, attended with twenty or thirty armed Men, entered the Tomb, seiz'd the Robbers and me, and convey'd us to Prison, where we pass'd the rest of the Night.

The Day following the Cady came to examine the Prisoners; the Robbers confess'd their Crime, because they found it would be in vain to deny it; as for me, I inform'd the Judge in what Manner I met them, and they confirming the same Thing, I was taken aside, because the Cady would examine me in particular, before he was willing to let me go out of his Hands. He came to me, and ask'd me what I was going to do in the Church-yard, where I was taken, and how I got my Living at *Bagdad*? He put a thousand Questions to me, and I answer'd with a great deal of Sincerity; except only that I would not discover my Birth. I gave him an exact Account of all my Steps, and at the same Time related to him, how the Day before, having presented myself at the Window of *Mou-*
affac's

affac's House to ask Alms, I had seen by Accident a young Lady who had charm'd me : At the Name of *Mouaffac*, I saw the Cady's Eyes sparkle ; that Judge remain'd some Minutes thoughtful, afterwards, he took a gay Air upon him, and said to me, Young Man, it is your Fault if you enjoy not the young Lady you saw Yesterday ; it is undoubtedly the Daughter of *Mouaffac*, for I have been told he hath a Daughter perfectly handsome. Were you the last and most abject of Men, I would bring you to the Attainment of your Wishes, don't trouble yourself any farther about it, I will endeavour to make your Fortune. I thank'd him, without penetrating into the Designs that he meditated, and I follow'd the *Aga* of the black Eunuchs, who, by his Order, took me out of Prison, and carried me to the publick Baths. While I was there, the Judge sent two of his Officers to *Mouaffac*, to tell him that he desired to speak with him about an Affair of the greatest Consequence. *Mouaffac* came with the Officers ; as soon as the Cady saw him, he advanced to salute him, and embraced him several Times. *Mouaffac* was much astonish'd at this Reception : Whence comes it, says he to himself, that the Cady, my mortal Enemy, is become so civil ? He hath some Design in this. *Seigneur Mouaffac*, says the Judge to him, Heaven will have it that we two should be no longer Enemies ; an Opportunity offers itself to remove that Hatred which hath been several Years betwixt your Family and mine. The Prince of *Basra* arrived Yesterday Evening at *Bagdad*, he is come to lodge with me, he departed from *Basra* without taking Leave of the King his Father : He was pleas'd to speak of your Daughter, and upon the Character that hath been given him of her, he is become so much in Love, that he hath taken a Resolution to demand her in Marriage. He thinks fit that I should be the Person, by whose Intermediation

diation this Union may be compleated ; and it will be more agreeable to me, because it may be the Occasion of reconciling us. I am amaz'd, answers *Mouaffac*, that the Prince of *Basra* would think of doing me the Honour to marry *Zemroude* my Daughter, and that this News should be brought by you, who have always shewn so ardent a Desire to ruin me. Speak no more of what is pass'd, Seigneur *Mouaffac*, replies the Cady, pray let us mutually forget whatever hath been done by either of us, one against the other ; and for the Sake of this happy Match of your Daughter, with the Prince of *Basra*, let us live the rest of our Days in good Friendship.

Mouaffac was as naturally good as the Judge was wicked ; he suffer'd himself to be deceived by the false Shew of Friendship which his Enemy gave him : He banish'd all Hatred in a Moment, and put a Confidence in the perfidious Caresses of the Cady. They embrac'd each other, and swore an inviolable Friendship ; and then I enter'd into the Chamber where they were, being conducted by the *Aga*, who, after I was come out of the Bath, had brought me a fine Robe, with a Turban of *Indian* Muslin ; the Border of it, which was Cloth of Gold, hung down over my Ear. Great Prince, said the Cady to me, as soon as he saw me, you are heartily welcome to *Bagdad* ; and since you are pleas'd to honour me with your Reception, I want a Tongue to express my Acknowledgments. There is Seigneur *Mouaffac*, whom I have inform'd of the Matter which brought you to this City ; he consents to give you his Daughter, who is bright as a Star, to make her your lawful Wife. *Mouaffac* then paid his profoundest Respect, and said, O Son of the Great ! I am confounded at the Honour you design my Daughter ; she would think it Happiness enough to be Slave to one of the Princesses of your
Sera-

Seraglio. Judge into what an Astonishment these Discourses threw me; I knew not what to answer; I saluted *Mouaffac*, without saying any Thing to him; but the Cady seeing me disturbed, and fearing I should make some Answer that might mar his Project, hasten'd to take the Words out of my Mouth. The Prince desires, says he, that the Contract of Marriage be made out of Hand in the Presence of good Witnesses. In speaking that, he order'd his *Aga* to go for Witnesses, and, during that Time, he drew up the Contract.

When the *Aga* had brought the Witnesses, they read the Contract, which I signed. *Mouaffac* sign'd it likewise, and afterwards the Cady, who put the last Hand to it. Then the Judge sent the Witnesses away, and said to *Mouaffac*, You know that Affairs wherein Princes are concern'd, are not like those of other Men; we must use Secrecy and Diligence; conduct the Prince to your House, he is now your Son-in-Law; give speedy Orders for the Consummation of the Marriage, and take Care every Thing be done as it ought. I went from the Cady's with *Mouaffac*; we found at the Gate two fine Mules richly harness'd, which waited for us, and upon which the Judge caus'd us to mount with great Ceremony: *Mouaffac* carried me along with him to his own House, and when we were come into the Court, he alighted first from his Mule, and with a respectful Air came to hold my Stirrup while I alighted from mine, which I was oblig'd to permit. After that, he took me by the Hand, and led me up to his Daughter's Apartment, where he left me with her alone, as soon as he had told her what had pass'd before the Cady.

Zemroude being persuaded that her Father had married her with the Prince of *Basra*, received me as a Husband that would one Day place her on the Throne; and I the most contented and amorous

Man alive, pass'd that Day at the Feet of the young Lady, to whom I address'd my self in the tenderest and most obliging Manner, to dispose her to have an Inclination for me; and I presently perceived I had not lost my Labour, but that my Youth and Love had made some Impression on her. I was pleas'd at the Success of my Love; I continued to court her, and had the Pleasure to observe, that every Minute I made some Progress in her Heart. In the mean time, *Mouaffac*, to celebrate his Daughter's Nuptials, prepared a great Feast, whereat were several of the Chief of his Family. The Bride appeared as bright and as fair as the Daughters of *Mahomet's* Paradise, and the Sentiments I had inspired her with, seem'd to add a new Lustre to her Beauty: The Entertainment was succeeded with Dancing and Concerts of Musick; several beautiful Slaves began to dance, to sing, and play on all Sorts of Instruments; and while the Company was engag'd in the Merriment, I saw the Bride and her Mother steal out of the Room. A little while after, *Mouaffac* came and took me by the Hand, and conducted me into a very fine Apartment; we came into a Chamber very richly furnish'd, where there was a large Bed of Gold Brocade, about which were placed, in Silver Candlesticks, Tapers of Wax richly perfum'd. *Zemroude*, whom her Mother and two Slaves had undress'd, was already in Bed: *Mouaffac*, his Wife, and the Slaves, retired, and left me in the Chamber, where, after having given Thanks to Heaven for this good Fortune, I put off my Cloaths, and went to Bed to the Person whom I lov'd more than my Life.

The next Day in the Morning I heard a knocking at my Chamber-Door; I rose, and opening the Door, found it was the Black Aga, who brought a great Bundle in with him: I imagined that it was the Cady that had sent my Wife and me two Robes of Honour, but I was deceived: Seigneur Adventurer,

turer, says the Negro to me, with an Air of Raillery, the Cady gives his Service to you, and desires you would be pleas'd to send him back the Cloaths he lent you Yesterday to personate the Prince of *Basra*; I have brought you your old ones again.; I was much surprized at this Compliment, and understood then the Malice of the Cady; I gave the Aga the Turban and his Master's Robe, and took my old Caffetan again that was all in Tatters. *Zemroude* had heard Part of the Negro's Discourse, and seeing me covered with Rags, O Heaven! says she, What means this Change? And what is it this Man says to you? My Princess, answered I, the Cady is a great Villain, but he is now cheated in his wicked Designs; he believed that he had married you to a sorry Rogue, and a Beggar; but your Husband is a Prince: I am not beneath the Person you thought you had married; the Rank of the Prince of *Basra* is not above mine. I am the only Son of the King of *Moussel*, Heir to the Great *Bin-Ortoc*, and my Name is *Fadlallah*; at the same time I told her the History of my Life, without suppressing the least Circumstance. And when I had done, My Prince, said she, though you were not the Son of a great King, I should never love you the less for it; yet I assure you I am proud to hear of your high Birth, for my Father's sake, who is more sensible than I am of the Honours of the World: All my Ambition is, to have a Husband that loves me only, and will not torment me with Rivals in his Affection.

I sail'd not to swear to her, that I would love her all my Life: She appear'd charm'd with that Assurance; she call'd one of her Women, and gave her Orders to go secretly, and with speed, to buy the richest Suit of Cloaths that she could find ready made: The Slave that was charged with this Commission, punctually obey'd her, as she desired: She returned quickly with a Robe and magnificent Vest, together

with a Turban of *Indian* Muslin, as costly as the other, so that presently I became more richly cloathed than before. Well, Sir, said *Zemroude* to me, do you believe that the Cady will have any great Occasion to rejoice at what he has done? He designed this as an Affront to my Family, which will procure an Honour to it: He undoubtedly imagines, by this Time, that we are over-whelmed with Grief. What Chagrin will he be in, when he comes to know how well he hath served his Enemies? But before we let him know who you are, his wicked Intention shall be punished. I will take Care of that my self: I know there is a Dyer in this City, who has a Daughter of a most frightful Uglinefs: I will say no more to you of it at present, added she, lest I disappoint you in the Pleasure of the Surprize: Let it suffice you to know that I am contriving a Project of Revenge, that will make the Cady desperate, and render him the Jest of the Court and the City.

I believed that Judge would be sufficiently punished for having given me for a Son-in-Law to *Mouaffac*, when he came to know who I was; but *Zemroude* appear'd very desirous to have her Revenge. You know the Nature of the Sex, and that she would not have been pleas'd, had I gone about to thwart her Design: She dress'd herself in plain Cloaths; but such as were very neat; and after having covered her Face with a thick Veil, she asked my Leave to go Abroad; I granted it: She went all alone, and arriv'd at the Cady's House, and got into a Corner of the Room, where the Judge gave Audience both to Mussulmen and Infidels. He had no sooner seen her, than struck with a majestick Presence, he sent an Officer to know who she was, and what she wanted. She answered, that she was a Tradesman's Daughter in the City, and desired to speak with the Cady about a private Affair. The Officer having carry'd this Answer to the Cady, who naturally lov'd the Fair Sex, he made Signs for
Zemroude.

Zemroude to come nearer, and to go into a Closet he had on the Side of his Tribunal: She obeyed, making a reverend Bow with her Head; she set her self down on a Sofa, and lifted up her Veil; the Cady follow'd her in, set himself by her, and was surprized at her Beauty. Well, my dear Child, said he, what Service can I do you? Sir, answer'd she, You, who have the Power of the Laws in your Hand, and who distribute Justice to the Poor, as well as the Rich, I beg you would be attentive, and understand my Complaint. Have Pity on the sad Condition I am in. Let me understand your Business, replies the Cady, I swear by my Head and Eyes, that I will do for thee whatever is possible and impossible.

Then *Zemroude* threw aside her Veil entirely, and shew'd the Judge her fine brown Locks, that hung in Rings upon her Shoulders: See, my Lord, said she, if this Hair is disagreeable; examine, I beseech you, my Face, and tell me, without Flattery, what you think of it? The Cady, at these Words, which gave him so great Encouragement, remained not long mute: By the Sacrifice of Mount *Arafate*, [a Mountain near *Mechâ*, which the Mahometans think sacred, because they believe that *Adam* and *Eve*, having been driven out of Paradise for their Disobedience, the one towards the East, the other towards the West, wandered up and down the Earth for the Space of a Hundred and twenty Years, doing Penance all that while for their Offence, and that at length they met and knew one another again on the Mountain *Arafate*, which, for that Reason, took its Name from the *Arabick* Word *Arafa*, which signifies, to know again.] By the Sacrifice of Mount *Arafate*, cry'd he, I can see no Fault in you; your Forehead resembles a Plate of burnish'd Silver, your Eyebrows are like two Bows, your Cheeks like Roses, your Eyes two precious Stones which cast a sparkling Lustre, and one would take your Mouth for a Box of Ruby, that encloses a Brace-

let of Pearls. The Daughter of *Mouaffac* stop'd not here; she rose from off the Sofa, and took two or three Steps along the Closet with a graceful Air: Mind my Shape, my Lord, said she, consider it well, do you find any thing amiss in it, or irregular? Is it not free and easy? Have I a stiff and affected Manner? Is my Gesture disordered, and my Mien so vulgar? What is there so shocking in my Gait? Do I not step well? I am charm'd, replies the Judge, with your whole Person, I never saw any thing so fine as you. And what do you see in my Arms, continued she, baring them to the Shoulders, are they not passable white and round? Ah cruel! replies the Cady, interrupting her, and transported with Love, I shall die; if thou hast any thing more to say, speak quickly, for my Reason is gone, and I cannot look upon you any longer.

Know then, my Lord, reply'd *Zemroude*, that in Spite of these Charms which Heaven hath bestowed on me, I live in Obscurity, in a House where I am not suffered to speak to any body, not only Men, but also Women, who, by their Conversations, might give me some Diversion; not but that many Matches have been propos'd to me by my Father, and I should long since have been married, if he had not had the Barbarity to deny me to all those who made Love to me. He tells one, that I am as dry as a Stick; another, that I am bloated and puffed up like a Bladder; to this, I am a Cripple and lame; and to that, I have lost my Senses; that I have a Wen on my Back, a Cancer in my Breast, am dropsical, and all over scabbed. In short, he would have me pass for a Creature unworthy the Conversation of Men, and hath so far undervalued me, that I am become the Reproach of Mankind, so that no Man will enquire after me, and I must be condemn'd to eternal Celibacy. At these Words she counterfeited Tears, and managed her self with so much Art, that the Judge was perfectly

perfectly deceived. O barbarous Father! cry'd he, How canst thou treat so lovely a Daughter with such Rigour? How canst thou suffer so fair a Tree to continue barren? Well, this is what I will not permit; but what is then your Father's Design? pursued he: Speak, my Angel, Why would he not have you marry? I know not, my Lord, replies *Zemroude* in doubling her false Tears; I am ignorant what his Intentions may be; but I protest that my Patience is worn out. I can live no longer in this Condition, I have found Means to get away from my Father's, to come and throw my self into your Arms, and beg your Assistance. Have the Goodness, my Lord, to interpose your Authority, that I may have Justice done me, or I cannot live a Moment longer; I will stab myself with my own Ponyard, to put an End to these Sufferings.

Zemroude, by these last Words, compleated to turn the Cady's Brain: O, said he to her, thou shalt not die, nor pass all thy Youth in Tears and Complaints. I am resolved to take thee out of that Darkeness, wherein thy Perfections are hid, and 'tis thy Fault if thou art not this Day the Cady of *Bagdad's* Wife. Yes, thou perfect Image of the Daughters of Paradise, I am ready to marry thee, if thou wilt consent. My Lord, replies the Lady, though you were not so considerable a Man in this Place as you are, I should give you my Hand without Reluctance, for you appear to me an agreeable Person; though after all, I fear you will not be able to gain my Father's Consent, notwithstanding the Honour of your Alliance. Trouble not your self about that, replies the Judge. I will answer for the Event; tell me only in what Street your Father lives, what is his Name, and of what Profession he is? He is call'd *Oufsa-Omar*, answers *Zemroude*; he is a Dyer by Trade, lives on the East-side of *Tyger-street*, and you may see at his Shop-door a Palm-Tree, with Dates on it. That is enough,

says the Cady: Go, and return to your Lodging, you shall hear of me shortly on my Word.

Then the Lady having look'd upon the Judge with a smiling Air, covered her Face with her Veil, and went out of the Closet, to come and find me out: She gave me an Account of the Interview betwixt them, and was transported with Joy, to think how she should revenge her self on the Cady. Our Enemy, says she, who thought to make us the Laughter of the People, will, ere long, become their Jest himself. The Judge had no sooner lost Sight of *Zemroude*, but he sent an Officer to *Ousta-Omar*, who found him at Home: You must come and speak to the Cady, says the Officer, he wants to talk with you, and hath given me Orders to fetch you. The Dyer turn'd Pale at these Words; he believed some Body had complain'd against him to the Judge, and that that was the Reason why he was sent for: He followed the Officer with a great deal of Uneasiness. As soon as he was come before the Cady, that Judge made him go into the Closet, wherein he had entertain'd *Zemroude*, and sit on the same Sofa. The Artisan was so confounded at the Honour done him, that he blush'd several Times. Master *Omar*, said the Cady to him, I am very glad to see you; it is a long Time since I design'd to speak with you about something to your Advantage. They say, that you are a good moral Man, and that you pray regularly five Times a Day, and never fail on *Fridays* to go to the great Mosque; besides, 'tis said, you eat no Pork, neither do you drink Wine or Brandy; and that while you are at work, one of your Boys reads the *Alcoran*. That is true, my Lord, replies the Dyer, and I can say above four thousand Sentences of *Mahomet* without Book; and am preparing my self to go, in a short Time, a Pilgrimage to *Mecha*. I assure you, answers the Judge, all this pleases me very well, for I passionately love a true Mussulman. They say

say likewise, continued he, that you have a chaste Daughter of Woman's Estate, and fit to be married : Is that true ?

Great Judge, replies *Ousta-Omar*, whose Palace is a Sanctuary, and a Refuge for the Unfortunate, who are toss'd in the Tempest of this World, what you say is true : I have a Daughter who is at Age for a Husband ; for she is past Thirty, but the poor Creature is not in a Condition to be seen by Man. She is ugly, or rather frightful, lame, consumptive and leprous. In short, she is a Monster that I cannot too carefully hide. Well, said the Cady, smiling, I expected you would tell me so, Master *Omar*. I have been inform'd, this is the Character you would give your Daughter : But understand me, Friend, that this crooked, scabby, weak Cripple, this frightful Monster with all her Faults, is loved to Distraction, by a Man who desires to make her his Wife ; and this Man is my self.

At this Discourse, the Dyer looking the Judge earnestly in his Face, said to him, If my Lord the Cady is pleased to be merry, he is welcome ; he may make a Jest of my Daughter, if he has a Mind so to do. No, no ; replies the Cady, I am not in Jest ; I am in Love with your Daughter, and I ask your Consent. The Artisan set up a Laughter at these Words ; By the Prophet, cries he, some Body has imposed on you : For I must inform you, my Lord, that my Daughter is lame, crooked, and dropsical. Very true, interrupts the Judge, I have had the same Description of her : I love these Sort of Girls ; I fancy them above others : But once again replies the Dyer, she will not be for your Purpose : She is called *Cayfacattaddadhri*, the Monster of the Age ; and I protest to you, she is not miscalled. Oh, it is enough, says the Cady, with a proud imperious Tone, I am weary of all these Excuses. Master

Omar, I would have you give me this Monster of the Age, such as she is, and make no further Replies.

The Dyer seeing he was resolved to marry his Daughter, and being now more than ever persuaded, that some Body for Diversion, had made him in Love, by giving him a false Character of her, said to himself, I will demand of him a good round Sum on my own Account: This will go near to take off his Edge for my Daughter, and he will then trouble neither himself nor me any more about her. My Lord, says he, I will not let you have my Daughter, unless you will give me a thousand Sequins of Gold. That is too much, said the Cady; nevertheless, thou shalt have them this Minute; at the same Time he order'd a great Bag full of Sequins to be brought him, and counted out a Thousand, they were weigh'd, and the Dyer receiv'd them of him. Then the Judge order'd the Contract to be drawn up; but when they came to sign, the Dyer protested he would not do it, without it was in Form, before a Court of Justice. Thou art very diffident, says the Cady to him, I will give thee Satisfaction, for I am resolved to have thy Daughter. Therefore he sent to find out the Doctors of their Law, and other Officers of their Courts of Justice, to be Witnesses to the Contract. When all the Witnesses were assembled before the Judge, *Ousta-Omar* spoke thus; Seigneur Cady, said he, I give you my Daughter to be your lawful Wife, since you absolutely demand her of me. But I declare before all these Gentlemen, that it is upon this Condition, that if she do not please you, when you have seen, and had her for some time, and you should have a Mind to divorce her, that you shall then give her a thousand Sequins of Gold, as you have given me. Very well, I swear to thee, says the Cady, I will do it before all this Assembly; Art thou pleased? The Dyer answered, He was, and that he would go and fetch him his Bride.

After

After *Omar* was gone, all the Assembly broke up, and left the Cady alone at his own House. He had been two Years married to a Merchant's Daughter at *Bagdad*, with whom he had liv'd very agreeably. This Woman, finding her Husband had determin'd to take a new Wife, was provok'd against him. How now, said she to him, can there be two Heads in one Cap, two Hands in one Glove, two Swords in one Scabbard, two Wives in one House? Ah! fickle Wretch; since the Caresses of one young and faithful Spouse are not capable to fix thy Inconstancy, I am ready to give Place to my Rival, and to retire to my Father's House. Thou hast nothing to do, but to divorce me: Give me my Portion again, and thou shalt never see me more. You are so kind as to prevent me, says the Judge; for it troubled me to think of acquainting thee with my new Marriage. Then presently he took a Purse, wherein were five hundred Sequins of Gold, and put it into her Hands: Take it, Woman, said he, thy Fortune is therein; go, take away thy Cloaths, for I here divorce thee; and, that thy Parents may not dispute it, I will give it thee in Writing, signed by me and my Secretary, according to the Laws; stay no longer. So the Woman retired to her Father with her Writing and her Money.

He had no sooner got her out of the House, but he furnished an Apartment magnificently to receive his new Spouse. The Floor was spread with Velvet, and the Hangings and Sofas were Brocade of Gold and Silver: Several Cassolets, fill'd with agreeable Odours, perfum'd the Nuptial Chamber. Every thing was ready, and the Cady waited impatiently for her. But she not coming, he call'd his faithful Aga, and said to him; I wonder the lovely Object of my Soul should stay so long with her Father: The Minutes that retard my good Fortune appear tedious: The Cady, impatient of seeing his new Wife,

was

was going to send away his Aga to *Ousta-Omar*, when a Porter arrived with a deal Box covered with green Taffeta. What is the Meaning of this, Friend? says the Judge to him: My Lord, answers the Porter, setting the Box down, I have brought your Bride; you need but take off the Covering, and you'll be convinc'd. The Cady took off the Cloth, and saw a Wench of three Foot and a half high; she had a long scabby Face, her two Eyes were sunk in her Head, and redder than Fire; she had no Nose; but above her Mouth, which was made like the Throat of a Crocodile, there hung down two large Bits of Flesh, which were indeed nauseous to look on. So that he could not regard his new Wife without Horror; he threw the Covering over her again presently, and said to the Porter; Where hadst thou this frightful Animal? My Lord, replies the Porter, 'tis the Daughter of Master *Omar*, the Dyer, who told me you had married her for Love. Just Heaven! cry'd the Cady, can any Man marry such a Monster as this! At that very Time the Dyer, who was satisfied what Surprize the Judge would be in, arrived: Wretch, says the Cady to him, whom dost thou take me for? How durst thou be so impudent as to treat me in this Manner? Me, who can so easily revenge myself on my Enemies! Me, who can at my Pleasure lay thee fast in Irons! Dread my Rage, thou miserable Wretch, instead of this frightful Object which thou hast sent me, give me thy other Daughter, to whose Beauty nothing is equal, otherwise thou shalt presently feel the Anger of an enrag'd Judge. My Lord, says *Omar*, cease to threaten me, I beseech you, and be not so angry with me. I swear by the Creator of the Light, that I have no other Daughter besides this; I told you often, that she was not for your Turn, and you would not believe what I said to you. Why then are you angry with me?

The Cady, at this Discourse, began to think he was impos'd upon, and said to the Dyer, Master *Omar*, Yesterday Morning there came hither a very beautiful Girl, who told me, that you were her Father, and that you made the World believe she was a Monster, to the End that no Person might desire to marry her. My Lord, said the Tradesman to him, that fine Girl was certainly a Cheat, and you will find it done by some Enemy of yours. Then the Cady hung down his Head, and remain'd some Time thoughtful; afterwards he spoke thus; This, said he, is a Misfortune that was predestin'd for me, talk no more of it; go, I prithee, and carry thy Daughter along with thee; keep the Thousand Sequins of Gold which I gave thee, but demand no more, if thou wilt preserve a Friendship with me. Though the Judge had sworn before the Court, that he would give a Thousand Sequins more, if *Omar's* Daughter did not please him; that Artist did not think fit to oblige him to keep his Word with him, for fear of incurring his Displeasure, because he knew him to be a revengeful Man, and who might easily find an Occasion to do Mischief to his Enemies; he rather chose to content himself with what he had got. My Lord, said he, I will obey you, and deliver you from my Daughter; but I would have you, if you please, first to divorce her. 'Tis true, said the Cady, I have no Design to keep her, and I assure thee, it shall be done as soon as possible. He immediately sent to find out his Secretary, who, at the same Time, drew up the Divorce in Form. After which, Master *Omar* took Leave of the Judge, and made the Porter carry Home the horrible *Cayfacattaddadbri*.

This Adventure was soon spread over the Town; all the World laugh'd at it, and approv'd the Trick put upon the Cady; who was not only derided for it in *Bagdad*; we push'd our Revenge farther. I went, by *Mouaffas's* Advice, to wait upon the Prince of the
Faithful,

Faithful, or the Calif, to whom I told my Name, and related the Story, not forgetting, you may imagine, the Circumstances that more particularly testify'd the vicious Inclinations of the Cady. The Calif, after having attentively heard me, reproach'd me in an obliging Manner. Prince, said he to me, why had you not Recourse to me before? You were asham'd undoubtedly of your Circumstances; but you might have come to me without a Blush in the worst Condition; it depends not on Man to be either happy or unhappy, and it is none but God, who at his Pleasure orders every Accident of our Lives. Could you apprehend that you should not find a favourable Reception from me? No, you know that I love and value the King *Bin-Ortoc*, your Father, and you might believe that you should have found a secure Refuge in my Court.

The Calif caress'd me a thousand Times, gave me a Robe of Honour, with a *Turkish* Cassetan, and a large Diamond Ring off his Finger. He treated me with excellent Sorbet; and when I was return'd to my Father-in-Law's, I found six large Parcels of *Persian* Brocade of Gold and Silver, two Pieces of *Damask*, with a very fine *Persian* Horse richly trapp'd: Besides which, he restored to *Mouaffac* the Government of *Bagdad*; and to punish the Cady for having attempted to deceive *Zentrout* and her Father, he condemn'd him to perpetual Imprisonment, where, to compleat his Misery, he order'd him to live with the Daughter of *Ousta-Omar*.

In a short Time after my Marriage, I sent a Courier to *Moufel*, to inform the King my Father of all that had happen'd since my Departure from his Court, and to assure him, at the same Time, that I would soon return with the Person whom I had espoused. I waited impatiently the Return of my Messenger; but alas! he brought me News that afflicted me sore: He inform'd me, *That Bin-Ortoc*
having

having heard that 4000 Arabs having attack'd me, and that my Guard were all cut to Pieces; and being perswaded I was not alive, became so melancholy, that at last he died: That Prince Amadeddin-Zengui, my Cousin-German, possess'd the Throne; that he reign'd with a great deal of Equity; and that nevertheless, tho' he was generally beloved, the People had no sooner heard that I was still alive, but that they expressed an incredible Joy. Prince Amadeddin, at the same Time, by a Letter that the Courier brought me, assured me, on his Part, of his Fidelity; and expressed a great deal of Impatience of seeing me, that he might restore to me my Diadem, and become the first of my Subjects. This News made me take a Resolution of hastening my Return to *Moussel*. I took Leave of the Prince of the Faithful, who gave me 3000 Horse to guard me to my own Kingdoms; and after embracing *Mouaffac* and his Wife, I departed for *Bagdad* with my dear *Zemroude*, who would have died for Grief in leaving her Father and Mother, if the Love she had for me had not moderated her Affliction.

I had scarce got Half-way from *Bagdad* to *Moussel*, but the advanced Guard of my Convoy discovered the Van of a Body of Troops which marched strait upon us. I believ'd they might be the *Arabs* again. I put all my People in Battalia, and made a Disposition to engage them, when my Spies inform'd me, that the Men we took for Robbers and Enemies, were the Troops of *Moussel*, who came to meet me, and that *Amadeddin* headed them. That Prince on his Side having been appriz'd who we were, came from his small Army with all the principal Lords to salute me, and welcome me into my own Dominions. He spoke to me conformably to his Letter, that is to say, in a submissive and respectful Manner, and all the Persons of Quality, who attended him, assured me of their Zeal and Fidelity. Whatever Reason

Reason I might have to be diffident of them, and to think that my Cousin, under Pretext of doing me this Honour, might perhaps have a Design to take away my Life, and remain Master of my Kingdom, I chose rather to banish all Jealousy, than to let him know that I had the least Dread or Suspicion; for I sent back the Calif's Soldiers who guarded me, and put my self into the Hands of Prince *Amadeddin*; and I had no Reason to repent of that Trust, for he was so far from having any such base Design, that he gave me the sincerest Marks of his Loyalty and Affection. When we arrived at *Moufel*, all the People witnessed, by their Acclamations, the Pleasure they took to see me again, and for three Days together made Rejoicings. The Tradesmens Shops and Houses were hung with Tapestry within and without, and at Night there were Illuminations in them that represented the Letters of some Versè of the Alcoran; insomuch that each House having a particular Verse, the whole Book might be read throughout the City in Characters of Flame; and it seem'd as if the Angel *Gabriel* had a second Time brought to our Grand Prophet those Letters of Light.

Besides these pious Illuminztions, there were before the Shops in every Street Refreshments of all Sorts, heap'd up in Pyramids, and around them were large Jars of Sorbet, and Wine made of Pomegranates, of which all the People eat and drank at Discretion. At the Corners of all the Streets there was Musick and Dancing. All the Tradesmen being mounted in open Chariots, hung round with Bells, and Streamers of all Colours, together with Tools and Implements that denoted their several Professions, and attended with a great Number of Kettle-Drums, Fifes and Trumpets, came before the Balcony wherein *Zemroude* and I were seated; and all the People cry'd as they pass'd by, *Health and Blessing on thee, thou Apostle of God: God give Victory to the King.*

I thought

I thought it not enough to participate of these Honours with the Daughter of *Mouaffac*, but I study'd to find out every Thing that might give her Pleasure. I caus'd to be plac'd in her Apartment whatever was very curious and rare, and most agreeable to look upon, and gave her twenty five young *Georgian* Ladies, who were Slaves in my Father's Seraglio, to wait upon her. Some sung, others play'd perfectly well on the Lute and Harp, and some danc'd with all the Art and Grace and Agility possible. I also appointed her an Aga, with twelve black Eunuchs, each of which had some particular Talent that was proper to divert her.

I govern'd the most faithful and zealous of Subjects: I lov'd *Zemroude* more than ever, and was belov'd again. I liv'd happy, when a young Dervise came to my Court: He introduced himself to all the principal Lords by his pleasant and agreeable Wit: He presently gain'd their Friendship and Affection by his facetious Repartees, and the Brightness of his Conversation: He attended them a hunting, diverted and drunk with them a-Nights, and was coveted by every Body. He was mentioned to me by all the Courtiers, as a Man of the most charming and agreeable Company. In a Word, they inflam'd me with a Desire to talk with him; and indeed, far from finding he had been flatter'd in the Description had been given me of him, he seem'd to be more witty than he had been represented. His Conversation charm'd me, and freed me from an Error that lead away People of Quality, who believe that Wit and good Sense are never found but in Courts. I was so pleas'd with the Dervise, and he seem'd a Man so proper to be employ'd in great Affairs, that I offer'd to make him one of my Ministers. He thank'd me, and said, he had made a Vow against ever accepting of any Employ; that he lov'd to live a free and independent Life; that he despis'd Riches and Honours,
and

and was content with what God, who took Care of the vilest Animals, would give him to subsist on; and, in short, that he was satisfy'd with his Condition.

I admir'd a Man so wear'd from the Things of this World, and I esteem'd him the more for it. I received him civilly as often as he came to Court: If he was in the Croud amongst the Courtiers, my Eyes would wander till they found him out, and he was one of those to whom I ofteneft took Occasion to speak. I insensibly conceived such a Friendship for him, that I made him my Favourite. One Day, as we were hunting in a Forest, I stept aside from the Chase, and the Dervise alone was with me. He began to entertain me with his Travels; for though he was but young, he had been a great Traveller: He told me of several curious Things he had seen in the *Indies*, and amongst the rest of an old *Brackman* he was acquainted with. That great Person, said he to me, knew a vast Number of Secrets, each of them more curious one than the other, so that there was nothing in Nature hid from him. He died within my Arms; but as a Testimony of his Love, before he expired, he said to me, My Son, I will tell thee a Secret, for which thou wilt have Cause to thank me, upon Condition thou wilt promise to divulge it to no Body. I promised him, added the Dervise, and on the Faith of my Promise he let me know the Secret. Of what Nature was that Secret, said I to him, is it not to make Gold? No, Sir, replied he, it is a Secret more rare and valuable, it is that of Re-animating a dead Body. It is not, pursued he, that I can render to a dead Body the same Soul that at first inform'd it: Heaven alone can perform this Miracle; but I can cause my own Soul to enter into a Body depriv'd of Life, and I can shew this to your Majesty when I please. With all my Heart, said I to him, and do it presently if you will.

By

By Accident there pass'd by us that Moment a Hind: I drew an Arrow, shot and pierc'd her thro'. We shall see now, said I, if you can re-animate this Animal. Sir, replies the Dervise, your Curiosity shall soon be satisfied: Observe well, what I am going to do. He had no sooner said the Words, but I saw his Body fall down at once senseless, and at the same Time I saw the Hind rise up with a great deal of Agility. You may judge of my Surprise; and though I could not doubt of what I saw, I distrusted my Eyes. Mean while the Hind came and seem'd to caress me with great Respect, and after making several Rounds, she fell down again, and presently the Dervise's Body, that was stretch'd on the Ground, was re-animated. I long'd to know this wonderful Secret, and I pray'd the Dervise to impart it to me. Sir, said he, I am sorry I cannot satisfy your Desire, for I promised the dying *Brachman* I would never teach it to any Man, and I am a Slave to my Word. The more the Dervise refused to satisfy my curious Desires, I found that he encreased them. For the Sake of God, said I to him, do not refuse me this Satisfaction which I ask of you: I promise also not to discover the Secret, and I swear by him who created us both, that I will never make an ill Use of it. The Dervise paus'd a while, then reply'd thus; I cannot, says he, refuse any Thing to a King whom I love more than my Life; I will comply with your Requests: And indeed, added he, I only made the *Brachman* a simple Promise, I did not bind my self by an inviolable Oath. I will then tell my Secret to your Majesty: It is done by remembring only two Words, and it is enough to repeat them mentally to re-animate a dead Body. At the same Time he told me the Words.

I no sooner knew them, but I must needs try their Efficacy: I pronounced them with Intention to pass my Soul into the Hind's Body, and I perceived myself

self instantly metamorphosed into that Animal: But the Pleasure I conceived in having happily performed the Operation, soon chang'd into Grief; for as soon as my Spirits were entered into the Body of the Hind, the perfidious Dervise made his Pass into mine, and presently, bending my Bow, he would have shot me with one of my own Arrows, if, judging by the Action his Design, I had not made my Escape. He fail'd not to let fly an Arrow, but by good Luck it miss'd me. I was then reduced to live with the Beasts of the Mountains and the Woods. Happy had I been, if, as I perfectly resembled a Beast, and had lost my human Form, I had lost my Reason too; for then I had not been a Prey to a thousand tormenting Reflections. While I deplored my Misfortunes in the Forests, the Dervise possessed the Throne of *Moufel*; and that which gave me more Trouble, he enjoy'd *Zemroude*. The Dervise left his Body in the Wood, and being very well satisfy'd in taking mine, he tasted in Peace the Sweetness of reigning. But dreading lest with the same Secret which had been so fatal to me, I should find Means to introduce my self into the Palace, and revenge my self on his Treachery, he gave Orders the same Day that he saw himself on my Throne, to slay all the Hinds that could be found in the Kingdom, being willing, as he said, to clear his Country of such Sort of Cattel, which he hated mortally: And the better to engage his Subjects to destroy these Beasts, he published an Order to give thirty Sequins of Gold for the Head of every Hind that should be brought him.

The People of *Moufel*, encouraged by the Hopes of Gain, spread themselves about the Fields on all Sides with their Bows and Arrows. They entered the Forests, ran through the Mountains, and pierced with their Arrows all the Hinds they could meet with. By good Fortune I escaped; for perceiving at the

Foot

Foot of a Tree a dead Nightingale, I re-animated her, and under that new Form I flew towards the Palace of my Enemy, and hid my self among the thick Leaves of a Tree in the Garden. This Tree was not far from the Queen's Apartment. The Reflection on my sad Adventure, and the good Fortune of my Rival, struck me with Grief, and I began to sing my Sorrows. One Morning, when the Sun was rising, and several Birds, charm'd with the Return of his Light, express'd by their Songs their Joy, I, little sensible of the Brightness of the new-born Day, was employ'd in nought but Grief. My sad Eyes were turn'd to *Zemroude's* Apartment, and I made the Air resound with so complaining a Melody, that I drew the Princess to the Window. I continued my sorrowful Notes in her Sight, and endeavoured to render them yet more touching, as if I would have made her understand the Subject of my Grief. But alas! she took Pleasure to hear me; and I had the Mortification to observe, that instead of being touched with my pitiful Accents, she did nothing but laugh with one of her Slaves, which likewise stood at the Window to hear me.

I went not out of the Garden that Day, nor some others following, but took Care every Morning to sing in the same Place. *Zemroude* never failed to come to the Window; and, what seem'd to be the Work of Heaven, she had a Desire to have me. Hark ye, said she to her Women, I would have some Body take me that Nightingale: Go, and find me a Bird-catcher. I love that Bird, I am mad for it; I must have it brought me. They obey'd the Queen, and got able Bird-catchers, who spread their Nets to take me; and as I had no Design to escape them, because I saw they had no other Aim against my Liberty than to make me the Slave of my Princess, I quickly suffer'd my self to be taken. As soon as I was put into her Hands, she appear'd full of Joy.

Joy. My Minion, said she, chirping to me; charming Nightingale, I will be thy Rose. [*The Oriental Nations say, the Nightingale is in Love with the Rose. All the Tartarian Poets take Notice of this Love in their Works, and never mention a Nightingale, without speaking at the same Time of a Rose and a Rose-Tree.*] I find already that I have an excessive Fondness for thee. At these Words, she kiss'd me, and put my Bill softly into her Lips. Ah! the little Rogue, cry'd she, laughing, I think he understands what I say. In short, after having caress'd me, she put me with her own Hands into a Cage of golden Wire, which one of the Eunuchs of her Household had bought in the City for me.

I sung every Day as soon as she was awake; and when, to look on me, or give me something, she came near the Cage, instead of appearing wild or untam'd, I stretch'd my Wings and hover'd to shew my Joy, and offer'd my little Beak to her. She was astonish'd to see me so tame and tractable in so short a Time. Sometimes she took me out of my Cage, and let me fly about the Chamber. I always went to her to be caress'd, and receive her Kisses; and if any of the Slaves offer'd to take me, I pinch'd them with my Bill. By this Means I became in a little Time so dear to Zemroude, that she would say often, If I should by Misfortune come to die, she should be disconsolate, she had such an Affection for me. If in my Misfortunes I had some Pleasure in being in the Queen's Apartment, I paid dear for it when the Dervile came to see her. What intolerable Punishment was it! I can scarce think of it to this Day without Torment. From Time to Time I lifted up my Eyes to Heaven for Vengeance. My Feathers would stand on End, and my little Heart beat with Passion: I trembled extreamly, and flutter'd in my Cage. If sometimes the Queen caress'd me before the Traitor, and that he offer'd to flatter me

me with Signs, I would strike my Bill against him with all my Strength, and appear in a great Rage; but my Passion only serv'd them for Sport, and could give me no Revenge.

Zemroude had also in her Chamber a Bitch which she lov'd. This Animal one Day, when we were alone, died in puppying: Her Death inspired me with a Thought of making a third Trial of the Secret; I will, said I to my self, pass into the Body of this Bitch: I shall see what Grief it will produce in the Princess to find her Nightingale dead. I cannot tell how this Fancy took me, for I did not foresee what this new Metamorphosis would bring about; but this Inclination of mine seem'd to me a secret Notice from Heaven, and I follow'd it at all Adventures. When *Zemroude* return'd into the Chamber, her first Care was to come and look into the Cage; but when she perceiv'd that her Nightingale was dead, she cry'd out so loud, that all her Slaves came running in. What want you, Madam, they all said, with a frighted Air? Has some Misfortune happen'd to you? Do you not see me in Despair? answers the Princess, crying bitterly, my Nightingale is dead. My dear Bird! My little Husband! Why art thou so soon snatched from me? I shall never more hear the Sweetness of thy Songs! I shall never see thee more! Oh! What have I done to merit that Heaven should punish me with so much Rigour?

She was so afflicted, that her Women try'd in vain to comfort her: Their Discourse serv'd only to increase her Grief. One of them ran to acquaint the Dervise of the Condition in which the Queen was. He came speedily into her Apartment, and represented to her, that the Death of a Bird ought not to occasion such an Affliction; that the Loss was not irreparable; and since she was so fond of Nightingales, it would not be difficult to satisfy her: But he found all his Reasoning in vain, he could not
 2 bring

bring *Zemroude* to Temper. Forbear, Sir, said she, to give Counsel to my Grief, for I shall never conquer it. I know well that it is a great Weakness to afflict my self thus for the Death of a Bird. I am convinc'd of it as well as you, and am sorry I cannot resist the Force of this Stroke that brings me to Despair. I lov'd this little Animal: It appear'd sensible of the Caresses which I gave it, and it answer'd them in a Manner that was ravishing. If any of my Women came near it, it would be froward, or rather disdainful: Instead of which, it would come to my Hand when I reach'd it out to take it: It looked as if it had a Love for me: It regarded me with a tender and languishing Air. One would have thought, that not to have the Use of Speech to express its Kindness for me, was a Mortification to the dear little Creature; I read that in its Eyes. Ah! I can never think of it without Despair. My lovely Bird, I have lost thee for ever. At these Words, she redoubled her Tears, and appear'd as if she would hear of no Consolation. I conceiv'd a favourable Presage from the Liveliness of her Grief. I was giving Suck to my Whelps in a Corner of the Chamber, from whence I could hear whatever was spoke, and observe all that was done, without any Body's taking Notice of me. I had a Thought that the Dervise, to comfort the Queen, would employ his Secret; nor was I mistaken in my Opinion.

The Dervise, seeing that the Princess was not capable of harkening to Reason, and loving her passionately, was touch'd with her Tears, and instead of expatiating in superfluous Discourse, he order'd all the Slaves of the Queen to go out of the Chamber, and leave him alone with her. When they were alone, Madam, said he to her, believing no Body heard him, since the Death of your Nightingale gives you such Disturbance, he shall live again. Afflict your self no more, you shall see him living; I promise

mise to restore him to your Desire. To-morrow, when you wake, you shall hear him sing again, and you shall have the Pleasure to caress him. I understand you, Sir, said *Zemroude* to him, you look upon me as one that have lost my Senses, and who must be sooth'd in my Grief. You would make me hope that To-morrow I shall see my Nightingale alive. To-morrow you will put off the Miracle till the next Day, and so from Day to Day till you have made me forget my Bird; or rather, continued she, you have a Design to wait till you can get another to supply his Place, and so delude my Affliction. No, my Queen, reply'd the Dervise, no, it is this very Bird you see extended in the Cage without Sense or Life; this Nightingale, the happy Object of so piercing a Grief; it is the same that shall sing. I will give it new Life, and you shall again be prodigal of your Favours to it. He shall know the Value of them better than before; and you shall see him more solicitous to please you: For I myself will animate it every Morning; I will make it live again to divert you: I will perform this Prodigy, continued he; it is a Secret which I am Master of. If you doubt it, and will not have Patience till To-morrow to see your Bird re-animated, I will make it live again presently.

The Princess making no Reply, he judg'd by her Silence that she was not fully persuaded that he could do it. He went and seated himself on a *Sofa*, where, by the Virtue of two Cabalistical Words, which serv'd as a Vehicle for the Soul to make it pass into the dead Body, he left his own Body, or rather mine, and enter'd into that of the Nightingale. The Bird at once set up a singing, to the great Astonishment of *Zemroude*: But the Voice continu'd not long; for as soon as it began to sing, I quitted the Body of the Bitch, and hastned to regain my own. At the same Time, running to the Cage, I snatch'd out the

Bird rudely, and pluck'd off its Neck. What do you do, Sir, said the Princess to me? Why do you use my Nightingale thus? If you would not have it live, why did you call it back to Life?

Thanks to Heaven, cry'd I, without minding what she said; so wholly was I taken up with the Revenge I had taken of the Outrage done to my Honour and my Love. I have punish'd the perfidious Wretch, whose execrable Treason merited a more rigorous Punishment. Tho' *Zemroude* was surprized to see her Nightingale alive again, she was no less so to hear these Words pronounc'd with so much Passion, Sir, said she to me, Why are you thus transported, and what means all this you say to me? I related to her all that had happen'd, and observ'd, that in the Recital she trembled every Moment: Sometimes the Shame of having been unfaithful to me, tho' innocent, made her blush, and sometimes the Grief she had in the Reflection, turn'd her as pale as Death. She could no longer doubt but that I was the true *Fadlallah*, because she knew that the Dervise's Body had been found in the Wood, and that Order had been given to kill all the Hinds.

I had no sooner related to *Zemroude* this strange Adventure, than I was sorry for it. I wish'd I had only told her that some great Cabalist had taught me this Secret of re-animating a dead Body, without mentioning one Word to her of the Trick which the Dervise had play'd me. Would to Heaven she had been always ignorant of this horrid Treachery! Perhaps, alas! she had been still alive. But what do I say? Oh! Whither are my Thoughts wandering? Do I not know that the Good and Ill which attend us are decreed in Heaven. The Daughter of *Mouaffac* conceiv'd such Grief for having been the Object of the Happiness of this Wretch, that it was impossible for me to give her any Consolation.

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In vain I represented to her, that her Error was intirely to be excused, and all the Crime was to be imputed to the Dervise only, who had expiated it by his Death. In Spight of all that I could say, in Spight of the Assurances which I gave her, that I would always love her with the same Tenderhefs, I could not make her forget this disagreeable Event. She fell sick, and died within my Arms, asking me Pardon for a Crime she was no ways guilty of, and which did not in the least abate the Love I had for her.

In short, when she was dead, and I had perform'd the Funeral Obsequies to her Remains, I sent for Prince *Amadeddin Zengui*; Cousin, said I to him, I have no Child, I surrender to you the Crown of *Moufel*; I quit it to you; I renounce all Sovereign Grandeur, and resolve to pass the Remainder of my Life in an obscure Condition. *Amadeddin*, who truly loved me, spar'd no Arguments to dissuade me from my Resolution; but I let him know that he strove in vain. Prince, said I to him, the Resolution is taken, I resign my Rank to you; possess the Throne of *Fadlallah*, and may you be more happy than him. Reign over a People who know your Merit, and have already try'd the good Fortune of having you for their Master. As for me, who am cloy'd with Grandeur, I will go into a distant Climate, live as a private Man, and there, freed from the Cares that wait on Sovereign Power, I will bewail *Zemroude*, and, reflecting on the happy Days we have pass'd together, make it my only Business to entertain my Thoughts with the sweet Remembrance of that pass'd Felicity.

Thus I left *Amadeddin* upon the Throne of *Moufel*, and, attended only with some Slaves, I took the Road of *Bagdad*, where I happily arrived with a great deal of Gold and precious Stones. I alighted at *Mouaffac's*: His Wife and he were not a little surprized to see me; but their Astonishment en-

creased, when they heard of the Death of their Daughter, of whom they were passionately fond. I could not make the Relation without falling into Tears myself, nor without provoking theirs. I stay'd not long at *Bagdad*; I join'd Company with a great Number of Pilgrims, who went to *Mecha*, where, after having paid my Devotions, I met by Accident with some *Tartarian* Pilgrims, with whom I went to *Tartary*. We pass'd by this City; I found the Place agreeable, so I stop'd, and have remain'd here Forty Years. I pass for a foreign Merchant who have left off Trading; I live a retir'd Life, almost without seeing any Body; *Zemroude* is always present to my Thoughts, and I take a Pleasure to think of her.

Continuation of the Story of Prince Calaf and the Princess of China.

F*Adlallah* having ended the Relation of his Adventures, he said to his Guests, this is my Story; you see by my Misfortunes and yours, that human Life is a Reed, that is incessantly agitated by the Wind. I promise you, nevertheless, that I have liv'd a happy and quiet Life since I came to *Faic*. I am not at all sorry that I resign'd the Crown of *Moufel*: I relish the Sweets of the Obscurity, which I now enjoy. *Timurtafch*, *Elmaxe*, and *Calaf* gave a thousand Thanks to the Son of *Bin-Ortoc*. The Can admired the Resolution that he had taken of depriving himself of his Royal Estate and Dignity, to live as a private Man in a strange Country; where they knew not the Rank he had formerly possess'd in the World. *Elmaxe* prais'd the Fidelity that he had preserved for *Zemroude*, and the Affliction he had conceived for her Death; and then *Calaf* said to him; Sir, it were to be wish'd that all Men,
who

who are in Adversity, had that Fortitude, which you have shewn in the worst of Fortunes. They continued to entertain each other, till it was Time to retire; then *Fadlallah* call'd his Slaves, who brought Candles in wooden Candlesticks and lighted the Can, the Princess, and their Son into an Apartment, where the same Simplicity was observed as in the rest of the House. *Elmaze* and *Timurtasch* lay in one Chamber, and *Calaf* in another; the next Morning the old Man enter'd into the Apartment of his Guests, as soon as they were up, and said to them; You are not the only unfortunate People. I am just now told, that an Embassador from the Sultan of *Carizme*, arriv'd last Night in this City, and that his Master hath sent him to *Ilenge-Can*, to desire him not only to deny Protection to the Can of the *Nogaians*, his Enemy; but at the same Time to detain him if he passes thro' the Country of *Faic*. It is reported for Truth, continu'd *Fadlallah*, that the unfortunate Can, to prevent falling into the Hands of the Sultan of *Carizme*, hath quitted his Capital, and is fled with his Family. At this News *Timurtasch* and *Calaf* chang'd Colour, and the Princess fainted.

The Fainting of *Elmaze*, together with the Concern of the Father and the Son, made *Fadlallah* judge that his Guests were no Merchants. I see plainly, said he to them, after the Princess was come to her Senses, that you are much concern'd at the Misfortune of the Can of the *Nogaians*, or rather I will tell you what I think; I believe you three to be the deplorable Objects of the Sultan's Hatred. Yes, Sir, said *Timurtasch* to him, we are the Victims he would sacrifice; I am the Can of the *Nogaians*, you see here my Wife and Son; we are under no Apprehensions of discovering ourselves to you, after your kind Reception, and the Confidence you have plac'd in us. Nay, I hope, by your Counsel and

Assistance, we may be able to escape out of this Difficulty in which we are. The Conjecture is very nice, replies the old King of *Mouzel*; I know *Ilenge-Can*, he dreads the Sultan of *Carizme*, and undoubtedly, to please him, he will search every where to find you. You are in no Security with me, or in any other House about this City. You have no other Way to take, but to fly speedily out of the Country of *Jaic*, pass the River *Irtiche*, and get as soon as possible to the Frontiers of the Tribe of *Berlas*. *Timurtasch*, his Wife, and *Calaf*, took this Advice, and *Fadlallah* provided them three Horses with Provisions; and giving them a Purse full of Gold, Depart hence presently, said he, for you have no Time to lose; To-morrow, perhaps, *Ilenge-Can* will make a Search for you.

They return'd Thanks to the old King, then made the best of their Way from *Jaic*: Passing the River *Irtiche*, they arrived, after several Days Journey, upon the Territories of the Tribe of *Berlas*. They stopt at the first Horde [*A great Number of Tents pitched in a Plain, which make a Kind of a City, and in which the Tartars live*] they met with, where they sold their Horses, and liv'd with a great deal of Tranquillity while their Money lasted; but as soon as that was gone, the Can became melancholy again; Why, says he, do I remain yet in the World? Had it not been better for me to have stood my Ground in my own Dominions against my haughty Enemy, and to have dy'd in Defence of my Capital City, than to drag a Life, which is but a Chain of Misfortunes? 'Tis in vain that we patiently suffer Disgrace: Heaven will never make us happy, since, notwithstanding the Submissions which we have shewn to its Decrees, we are still left in Misery. Sir, said *Calaf* to him, do not despair of seeing an End of our Misfortunes; Heaven, which disposes of Events, hath, perhaps, prepared more

more agreeable ones for us, which we cannot foresee. Let us go, pursued he, to the principal Tent of this Tribe; I fancy our Fortune will there take another Turn.

They all three went to the Horde, where the Can of *Berlas* dwelt: They enter'd into the great Tent, which served as an Hospital for poor Strangers, and they laid themselves down in a Corner, very much troubled what they should do to subsist. *Calaf* left his Father and Mother in this Place, went out and advanced amongst the other Tents, to ask Charity of Passengers; he got a little, with which he bought Provisions, and at Night brought 'em to his Father and Mother; they could not refrain from Tears, when they heard their Son had been a begging. *Calaf* waited on them, and said, Nothing, I confess, appears to me so mortifying, as to be reduc'd to beg; nevertheless, if I cannot otherwise provide for you, I will beg, let the Shame be what it will; but, added he, you had better sell me as a Slave, and the Money you will get for me, will maintain you a long Time. What says my Son? cries *Timurtasch*, at this Discourse: Do you propose that we should live at the Expence of your Liberty? Oh! Sad Misfortune that hath attended us! If one of us three must be sold to support the two others, let it be me; I will not refuse for your two Sakes to bear the Yoke of Slavery.

Sir, replies *Calaf*, I have a Thought come into my Head: To-morrow Morning I will turn Porter; some or other will employ me, and we will live on my Labour. They resolv'd on this, and the Day following the Prince put himself among the Porters that ply'd about the Tents, and waited for any Body that would make use of him: But, by ill Luck, it happen'd that no Person employ'd him; so that Half his Day was spent, and he had got nothing. This vex'd him sore; If I cannot manage

my Affairs better than this, said he to himself, how shall I maintain my Father and Mother? He was weary of waiting in vain as a Porter, till Some-body employ'd him; so that he went out from the Tents, and advanced into the Fields, to consider more at his Ease what Course he should take to get Bread. He sat down under a Tree, where, first praying to Heaven to pity his Condition, he fell asleep: When he waked, he saw before him a Falcon of singular Beauty; he had on his Head a Hood of a thousand various Colours, and about his Neck a Chain of Gold set with Diamonds, Topazes, and Rubies. *Calaf*, who understood Falconry, presented his Fist to him, and the Bird perch'd thereon. The Prince of the *Negaians* was full of Joy at this Accident. Let us see now, said he to himself, what this will tend to. This Bird, according to all Appearance, belongs to the Sovereign of this Horde. He was not deceived; for it was the Can of *Berlas's* Falcon, that he had lost the Day before as he was hawking. The Grand Falconers of the Court were searching the Country round with the greater Diligence, because their Master had threatened them with the utmost Punishment, if they found not this Bird, which he was very fond of.

Prince *Calaf* return'd to the Horde with the Falcon, and presently all the People set up a Shouting. See, say they, the Can's Falcon is found again: Bless'd be the young Man who is going to rejoice our Prince, in carrying his Bird to him. When *Calaf* was arrived at the Tent Royal, and appeared there with the Falcon, the Can transported with Joy, ran to his Bird, and caress'd him a thousand Times; then, addressing himself to the Prince, he ask'd him, Where he found him? *Calaf* told him the Truth; and then the Can said to him, Thou seemest to me to be a Stranger; Of what Country art thou? And, What is thy Profession?

Sir,

Sir, answer'd the Son of *Timurtafch*, in prostrating himself at his Feet, I am a Merchant's Son of *Bulgaria*, who was once very rich: As I was travelling with my Father and Mother into the Country of *Faic*, we met with Robbers, who left us nothing but our Lives, and we are come to this Horde, begging our Bread on the Road. Young Man, replies the Can, I am glad it was you that found my Falcon, for I have sworn to grant the Person that brought it back to me, any three Things which he should ask: Tell me what you desire, and be sure, I will give it thee. Since I have Leave to ask three Things, reply'd *Calaf*, I would first of all have my Father and Mother taken out of the Hospital, and plac'd in a particular Tent, near your Majesty's Quarters, that they be maintained at your Expence the Remainder of their Days, and be served by the Officers of your Household. Secondly, I desire one of the finest Horses in your Stables ready bridled and saddled. And lastly, a magnificent Habit, with a rich Sabre, and a Purse full of Gold, to enable me at Ease to perform a Journey that I am desirous to go. Thou shalt be satisfied, said *Alinguer*, bring hither thy Father and Mother to me; I will this Day begin to treat them as thou desirest, and Tomorrow cloath thee with rich Garments, mount thee on the finest Horse in my Stables: Then thou may'st go where thou pleases.

Calaf prostrated himself a second Time before the Can, and, after having thank'd him for his Bounty, he return'd to his Tent, where *Elmaze* and *Timurtafch* waited impatiently for him. I have brought you good News, said he, your Condition is already chang'd; at the same Time, he told them all that had happen'd. This Adventure pleas'd them; they look'd upon it as an infallible Sign that the Rigour of their Destiny began to abate. They willingly follow'd *Calaf*, who conducted them to

the Tent Royal, and presented them to the Can. That Prince received them well, and promised them he would punctually keep the Engagement he had made to their Son. He delay'd not, but that Day appointed them a particular Tent, where they were served by Slaves and Officers of his Household, and he order'd that they should be treated as he was himself.

The next Day *Calaf* was clothed with rich Habits; he received from the Hands of the Can a Sabre, whose Handle was set with Diamonds, and a Purse full of Sequins of Gold: Afterwards they brought him a very fine *Turkish* Horse, upon which he mounted before the whole Court, and, to shew that he knew how to manage a Horse, he made him curvet, and shew'd his Skill in Horsemanship with such a becoming Grace, as charm'd the Prince and all the Courtiers. After having thank'd the Can for all his Favours, he took Leave of him, and went to find out *Timurtasch* and the Princess *Elmaze*; I have an extreme Desire, said he to them, to see the great Kingdom of *China*, permit me to satisfy myself; I have a Fancy that I shall signalize myself by some bright Action, and gain the Friendship of that Monarch, who hath such vast Kingdoms under his Government. Permit me to leave you here under safe Protection, and where you can want nothing, and to follow my own Inclinations; or rather, let me put myself under the Conduct of Heaven. Go, my Son, said *Timurtasch* to him, obey the noble Transport that agitates thee, run to meet the Fate that waits thee. Hasten, by thy Virtue, that slow Prosperity that is to succeed to our Misfortune; or, by a glorious Death, merit a shining Place in the History of unfortunate Princes. Go thy Ways; we will wait here to hear from thee, and do thou remember that our good or ill Fortune depends on thine.

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The young Prince of the *Nogaians* embrac'd his Father and Mother, and went towards *China*. It is not observ'd by Authors, that any Adventures befall him upon the Road; they only say, that, being arrived at the great City of *Pequin*, otherwise called *Cambalec*, he alighted at the House of a little old Woman, who was a Widow. *Calaf* knocked at the Door, and the old Woman open'd it. He saluted her, and said, Good Mother, can you give Entertainment to a Stranger? If you can afford me Lodging in your House, I will assure you, you shall not repent it. The old Woman look'd upon the young Prince, and judg'd by his good Mien and Habit that he was no common Guest. She made a low Bow with her Head, and answer'd, Young Stranger, my House is at your Service, and all that is in it. And have you, replies he, a Stable for my Horse? Yes, said she, I have. At the same Time she took his Horse by the Bridle, and led him into a little Stable, which was behind the House; then she came back to *Calaf*, who found himself very hungry, and ask'd, If she had any Body that could get him something to eat? The old Woman reply'd, that she had a little Boy of twelve Years old, who would do it: Then the Prince gave him Money to go to buy some Victuals.

During this Time, the Hostess was not a little employ'd in satisfying *Calaf's* Curiosity; he ask'd her a thousand Questions; as, What were the Customs of the Place? How many Houses in *Pequin*? and, in short, the Conversation at last fell upon the King of *China*. Do me the Favour, said *Calaf* to her, to tell me, What Character has this Prince? Is he generous? And do you think he would take any Notice of the Zeal of a young Stranger, who should offer to serve him against his Enemies? In a Word, Does he deserve that a Man should court his Favour? Without doubt, replied the

the old Woman, he is one of the best of Princes, that loves his Subjects, as well as he is beloved ; and I am surpriz'd that you have never heard any Body talk of the good King *Altoun-Can* ; for the Fame of his Bounty is spread throughout the World. Upon the Description you have given of him, replies the Prince of the *Nogaians*, I should judge him to be the most happy and contented Monarch in the whole Earth. But yet he is not so, answer'd the old Woman ; one may rather say, that he is the most unfortunate ; for first of all, he hath no Prince to succeed him, no Male Child, whatever Prayers he makes, or good Works soever he does, to obtain one ; yet I may tell you, that the Mortification of having no Son is not his greatest Affliction ; that which disturbs the Repose of his Life, is the Princess *Tourandocte*, his only Daughter. Why is she his Punishment, replies *Calaf* ? I will tell you, says the old Woman, and I can speak it with Certainty ; for I have often heard the Story from my Daughter, who hath the Honour to be in the Seraglio as a Slave to the Princess.

The Princess *Tourandocte*, continued the old Hostess, to the Prince of the *Nogaians*, is in the nineteenth Year of her Age ; she is so fair that the Painters who have drawn her Picture, though the most able of the *East*, have protested that they were ashamed of their Work, and that the Pencil in the World that knew best to take the Features of a beautiful Face, could not express the Beauties of the Princess of *China* ; notwithstanding several Pictures have been taken, though infinitely short of Nature, yet they have occasion'd terrible Effects. She hath, besides her ravishing Beauty, a Wit so improv'd, and so fine a Genius, that she does not only know what is usual for Persons of her Sex and Rank, but at the same Time all Arts and Sciences that are proper for Men of Learning and Distinction.

She

She can write the different Characters of several Sorts of Languages; she is Mistress of Arithmetick, Geography, Philosophy, Mathematicks, the Laws, but chiefly of Divinity; she hath read the Laws and the Morals of our great Legislator *Berginghuzin*, the same whom some take to be *Confucius*; in a Word, she is as understanding as all the Doctors of the Law put together; But these fine Qualities are effaced by an unexampled Hardness of Soul; she tarnishes all her Deserts by a detestable Cruelty.

It is two Years since the King of *Thebet* sent to demand her in Marriage for the Prince his Son, who was fallen in Love with her upon seeing a Picture of her. *Altoun-Can* overjoy'd with this Alliance, propos'd it to *Tourandocte*; that haughty Princess, to whom all Men appear'd despicable, and whose Beauty had made her vain, rejected the Proposition with Scorn. The King was in a Passion with her, and declar'd that he would be obey'd; but instead of submitting, as she ought, to the Will of her Father, she cry'd for Spight, and pretended she was to be forced; she griev'd immoderately, as if there had been a Design to do her some great Mischief, and tormented herself after such a Manner, that she fell sick. The Physicians understanding the Cause of her Disease, told the King that all their Medicines were to no Purpose, and that the Princess would infallibly lose her Life, if he was obstinately bent to make her marry the Prince of *Thebet*.

Upon this, the King, who lov'd his Daughter to Distraction, frighted with the Danger she was in, went to see her, and assured her, that he had sent back the Ambassador of *Thebet* with a Refusal: That is not enough, Sir, said the Princess, I am resolv'd to die, unless you will grant me what I ask. If you desire my Life, you must engage yourself by an inviolable Oath, that you will not constrain
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my Inclinations, and that you will publish an Edict, by which you shall declare, that of all the Princes who make Love to me, none shall espouse me, but he who first answers directly and to the Purpose, to such Questions as I shall put to him before all the Lawyers who are in this City; and that whoever resolves my Questions aright, I consent to marry him; but whoever replies amiss to the Questions proposed, his Head shall be struck off in the Court of your Palace. By this Edict, added she, which I would have made known to all the foreign Princes that arrive at *Pequin*, they will not be so forward to ask me in Marriage; and this is what I desire, for I hate Men, and I will not be married. But, Daughter, said the King to her, if a Person, notwithstanding this Edict, should present himself, and answer justly to your Questions? I fear not that, said the Princess, interrupting her Father, I will put such difficult Questions to them, as are capable to puzzle the most Learned; I will run the Risk of that. *Altoun-Can* paus'd a while at what the Princess ask'd of him: I see well, said he to himself, that my Daughter will not marry, and that this Edict will in Effect frighten her Lovers, so that I shall hazard nothing in giving her this Satisfaction, there can be no Misfortune attend it, for what Prince will be so fool-hardy as to venture the Danger?

In short, the King, persuaded that this Edict would be of no ill Consequence, and that the entire Cure of his Daughter depended on it, caus'd it to be published; and swore by the Laws of *Berginghuzin* to have it exactly observ'd. *Tourandoste*, encouraged by that sacred Oath, which she knew the King her Father durst never violate, recover'd her Strength, and was presently in perfect Health. Nevertheless, the Noise of her Beauty drew several young Foreign Princes to *Pequin*. It was to no
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Purpose

Purpose to represent to them the Tenor of the Edict; and as all the World have a good Opinion of their own Wit, and especially young People, there were some who were bold enough to present themselves to answer the Princess's Questions; but not being able to penetrate into the dark Meanings of them, perish'd miserably one after another. The King, to do him Justice, was much concern'd for the Loss of these unhappy Princes; he was sorry he had made such an Oath, by which he was bound; and what Tenderneſs ſoever he had for his Daughter, he wiſh'd he had let her die, rather than preſerv'd her at ſuch a Price. He did all he could to prevent theſe Misfortunes, and when a Lover, whom the Edict could not reſtrain, came to demand the Princess's Hand, he us'd all his Endeavours to alter his Reſolution, and never conſented but with Grief, that any ſhould expoſe themſelves to loſe their Lives; but it ordinarily happen'd, that he could not perſuade theſe raſh Youths; they were too much in Love with *Tourandoſte*, and the Hopes of poſſeſſing her made them deaf to all the Difficulties there were of obtaining her.

But though the King at leaſt appear'd ſenſible of the Loſs of theſe unhappy Princes, it was not ſo with his barbarous Daughter; ſhe hugg'd herſelf at the bloody Tragedies which her Beauty had occaſion'd in *China*. She has ſo much Vanity, that the moſt agreeable Prince appears not only unworthy of her, but even very inſolent, to raiſe his Thoughts to the Poſſeſſion of her, and ſhe regards his Death only as a juſt Chaiſement for his Raſhneſs; and what is ſtill more deplorable, is, that Heaven ſometimes permits Princes to come and ſacrifice themſelves to this inhuman Princeſs. It is not long ſince a Prince who flatter'd himſelf of having Wit enough to answer her Questions, loſt his Life; and this Night another is to periſh, who had the Miſfortune

fortune to come to the Court of *China* with the same Hopes.

Calaf was very attentive to the old Woman's Relation; I cannot comprehend, said he to her, after she had done speaking, how there should be any such Princes found, whose Judgments were so weak, as to go and demand the Princess of *China*? What Man but would be discourag'd by the Conditions, without which he could not obtain her? Besides, whatever the Painters might say, who drew her Picture, though they may boast that their Work is nothing but an imperfect Image of her Beauty, I rather believe they have lent her Charms, and that their Paintings are Pieces of Flattery, since they have produced such powerful Effects. In short, I cannot think *Tourandocite* so beautiful as you say. Sir, reply'd the old Woman, She is still more charming than I have told you; you may believe me, for I have seen her several Times, as I have gone to my Daughter at the Seraglio. Form to yourself, if you please, any Idea, and recollect in your Imagination whatsoever can contribute to make up a perfect Beauty, and be assured you cannot imagine an Object that is equal to the Princess.

The *Nogaian* Prince could not give Credit to his Hostess's Discourse, which appear'd to him hyperbolical; yet, without knowing why, he reflected on it with a secret Pleasure. But, Mother, reply'd he, the Questions which the King's Daughter proposes, are they so difficult that they cannot be answer'd, so as to satisfy the Doctors of the Law who are the Judges? For my Part, I cannot but fancy those Princes who understand not the Meaning of what she proposes, are Men of little Wit, or very ignorant. No, no, replies the old Woman, there is no Riddle so dark as the Princess's Questions, and it is impossible to solve them. While they were thus engag'd about *Tourandocite* and the unfortunate Lovers,
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the little Boy who had been sent to Market, return'd loaded with Provisions. *Calaf* sat at a Table the old Woman had spread for him, and eat like one almost famished. By this Time Night drew on, and they presently heard the Execution-Drum beat: The Prince ask'd, what that Noise meant? That, says the old Woman, is to give the People Notice there is one going to be executed, and the unfortunate Wretch who is the Sacrifice, is that Prince I told you of, who is this Night to lose his Life, for having answer'd wrong to the Princess's Questions. The Custom here is to punish Offenders in the Day-time, but this is a particular Case; the King in his Heart detests the Punishment that he makes his Daughter's Lovers undergo, and would not have the Sun Witness to so cruel an Action. The Son of *Timurtasch* had a Desire to see this Execution, the Cause whereof appear'd to him so singular: He went out of his Landlady's House, and in the Street met a great Mob of *Chinese*, who came upon the same Curiosity; he mix'd among the Crowd, and arriv'd in the Palace-yard, where this tragical Scene was to be acted.

He saw in the Middle of the Court a Shebtcherragh or Tower of Wood, built very high, and which from Top to Bottom was cover'd with Cypress Branches, which were stuck with a prodigious Quantity of Lamps, rang'd in great Order, and which diffus'd a vast Light round the Court. About twelve Foot from the Tower, was rais'd a Scaffold all cover'd with white Sattin, about which were built several Canopies of Taffata of the same Colour: Behind the Tent stood two Thousand of *Altoun-Can's* Guards, with naked Swords and Axes in their Hands, drawn up in a double Line to keep off the People. *Calaf* was observing all these Things attentively, when, on a sudden, the dismal Ceremony, of which he beheld the Preparations, began by

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a confus'd Noise of Kettle-Drums, and Bells, which being hung at the Top of the Tower, were heard at a great Distance. At the same Time twenty Mandarin's, and as many Persons belonging to the Law, all cloath'd in long Robes of white Wool, march'd out of the Palace, and advanced to the Scaffold, and after walking round it three Times, they sat themselves down in the Pavilions prepared for them. Then the Victim appear'd, adorn'd with Flowers interwoven with Leaves of Cypress, with a blue Cap on his Head, and not a red one, as the Criminals have, who are condemned by the Courts of Justice. He was a young Prince, scarce eighteen Years old, attended by a Mandarin, who held him by the Hand, and was followed by the Executioner; they all three mounted the Scaffold, and presently the Bells and Drums ceas'd: The Mandarin then spoke to the Prince so loud, that most of the People might hear. Prince, said he, Is it not true that you were told the Tenor of the King's Edict, when you presented yourself to ask the Princess in Marriage? Is it not true besides, that the King us'd all his Endeavours to persuade you from so rash an Enterprize? The Prince having answer'd, Yes: Acknowledge then, replies the Mandarin, that it is your Fault, if you this Day lose your Life, and that the King and Princess are not guilty of your Death. I pardon them, cries the Prince, I can impute it to none but myself, and I beseech Heaven not to demand at their Hands, the Blood that I am going to lose.

He had no sooner done speaking the Words, but the Executioner struck his Head off at one Blow with his Sabre: The Air was instantly fill'd a-new with the Sound of Bells, and the Noise of Drums, while twelve Mandarin's took up the Body, and put it in a Coffin of Ivory and Ebony, then laid it on a Bier, which Six of them carried on their Shoulders

ders into the Garden of the Seraglio, and placed it under a white Marble Dome, which the King had built on Purpose, as a Burying-place for such unhappy Princes as should undergo the same Fate. He often went thither to weep over their Tombs, and do Honour to their Ashes by his Tears, that he might in some Manner atone for the Barbarity of his Daughter.

As soon as the Mandarins had carried away the Prince that was executed, the People and the Lawyers retired into their Houses, blaming the King for being so imprudent as to oblige himself to such a Cruelty, by an Oath which he could not violate. *Calaf* remain'd in the Palace-yard, possess'd with a Thousand confus'd Thoughts, when there appear'd before him a Man drown'd in Tears; he judg'd right, that it was some Body who was nearly concern'd in the Execution, and being desirous to know more of the Matter, he spoke to him. I am concern'd, said he to him, at the lively Grief which appears in you, and partake in your Sorrows, for I doubt not but you particularly knew the Prince who was just now put to Death.

Ah, Sir! reply'd this afflicted Man to him, redoubling his Tears; I ought to know him well, since I was his Governor. O unhappy King of *Samarcande*! added he, What will thy Affliction be, when thou hearest of the strange Death of thy Son? And what Man will dare to carry thee the News? *Calaf* ask'd how the Prince of *Samarcande* came to be in Love with the Princess of *China*. I will let you know how, said the Governor to him, and you will undoubtedly be surprized at the Relation which I shall give you. The Prince of *Samarcande*, pursued he, lived happily at his Father's Court. The Courtiers, looking upon him as a Prince that would one Day be their Sovereign, studied not less to please him than the King himself. He usually spent the Day in

in Hunting, or in playing at Pell-Mell, and at Night he caused the most exquisite young Beauties of the Court to be brought privately into his Apartment, where he drank with them all Sorts of Liquors? He likewise sometimes took delight to see the beautiful Slaves dance, to hear them sing, or play on Instruments of Musick: In short, a Chain of Pleasures possessed every Moment of his Life.

Amidst all these Delights, there arriv'd at *Samarcande* a famous Painter, with the Pictures of several Princesses he had drawn in the different Courts, through which he had pass'd: He shew'd them to my Prince, who said to him, looking on those he first presented him; These are fine Pictures, I fancy the Persons that sat for them are very much obliged to you. Sir, replied the Painter, I believe some of these may be flatter'd a little, but I can say at the same Time, that I have another much finer, which yet does not come up to the Original. In speaking so, he open'd a little Case, wherein was the Princess of *China's* Picture. My Master had scarce got it into his Hands, but it stagger'd his Imagination, to conceive how Nature was capable of producing so perfect a Beauty; he cried out to himself, that there was no such charming Woman in the World, and that the Princess of *China's* Picture had more Flattery in it than any of the rest. The Painter protested he could not flatter her, and that no Pencil could describe the majestick Grace and agreeable Sweetness that was in the Princess *Touran-docte*. On this Assurance my Master bought the Picture, which had made such a strong Impression on him. One Day he leaves his Father's Court, departs from *Samarcande*, attended only by myself, and, without telling me his Design, takes the Road of *China*, and came into this City. He propos'd to serve *Altoun-Can* some Time against his Enemies, and afterwards to ask his Daughter in Marriage:
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But we were apprized on our Arrival with the Rigour of the Edict; and, what was strange, my Prince, instead of being concern'd, was pleas'd at the News. I will go, said he to me, and present myself to answer the Questions of *Tourandocle*; I want no Wit, I shall obtain this Princess. I need not tell you the rest, Sir, continu'd he, sighing: You may well judge by the dismal Spectacle you have seen, that the deplorable Prince of *Samarcande* could not answer, as he hoped, to the fatal Questions of that barbarous Beauty, who pleases herself in shedding of Blood, and who by this means has already shorten'd the Lives of many Kings Sons. He just now gave me the Picture of that cruel Princess, when he perceived that he must prepare for Death. I trust thee, said he to me, with this rare Picture; take Care to preserve this precious Relick: Do you shew it to my Father, when you relate to him my Destiny; I doubt not, when he sees this charming Image, he cannot but pardon my Rashness. But, added the Governor, let him go that will, to carry this sad News to his Father: For my Part, full of my Affliction, I will go from hence, and from *Samarcande*, to bewail so dear a Loss. Thus I have told you what you desired to know; and behold the dangerous Picture, continued he, taking it from under his Robe, and throwing it on the Ground with Indignation; Behold here the Cause of my Prince's Misfortune. O detestable Picture! My Master, when he first saw thee, why had he not my Eyes? O inhuman Princess! May all the Princes of the Earth have the same Sentiment that I have of thee; for then, instead of being the Object of their Love, thou wouldst become their Horror. At these Words, the Prince of *Samarcande*'s Governor retir'd full of Rage, looking on the Palace with a furious Eye, and without speaking more to the Son of *Timur-tasch*, who readily took up the Picture of *Tourandocle*,

docte, and would have willingly retired to the old Woman's House, but he lost his Way in the Dark, and soon found himself got out of the City. He waited impatiently for the Day, to contemplate the Princess of *China's* Beauty; as soon as he saw it appear, that he could satisfy his Curiosity, he open'd the Box which contain'd the Picture. He hesitated upon it before he would look; What am I a going to do, cried he? Shall I present so dangerous an Object to my Eyes? Beware, *Calaf*, beware, reflect on the sad Effects it has already made; hast thou already forgot what the Prince of *Samarcande's* Governor said to thee? Look not on this Picture, resist this Motion which excites you, while it is but an inquisitive curious Desire; as long as thou enjoy'st thy Reason, thou may'st prevent thy Ruin. But what is that I say, prevent? added he, blaming what he had said: What false Reasoning inspires me with a fearful Precaution? If I am to love the Princess, is not my Love already registred in Heaven, in Characters that cannot be effaced? Besides, I believe I can look on the most beautiful Picture without Danger: A Man must be very weak, who can be concern'd at the Sight of a vain Mixture of Colours. Let us not be afraid, but consider coolly these victorious and murdering Features: I may perhaps find out Faults, and taste a new Pleasure in censuring the Charms of this too haughty Princess; and I wish, that, to mortify her Vanity, she knew that I had look'd on her Image without Emotion.

Thus the Son of *Timurtasch* flatter'd himself that he should look on *Fourandocte's* Picture with an Eye of Indifference. He observ'd it, he examin'd, he admir'd the Turn of her Face; the Regularity of the Lines, the Vivacity or Sprightliness of her Eyes, her Mouth, her Nose, all appear'd to him in Perfection. He was astonish'd at so rare a Composition, and, though he stood upon his Guard, he suffer'd himself

self to be charm'd with the Sight; an inconceivable Disorder seized on him, in Spight of himself: What Fire, said he, comes thus on a sudden to inflame me? What Trouble has this Image brought into my Senses? Just Heaven! Is it the Fate of all those who look upon this Painting, to love the inhuman Princess it represents? Alas! I find too well it hath made the same Impression upon me, as it did upon the unhappy Prince of *Samarcande*. I too am wounded by the same Darts, and, instead of being deterr'd by his lamentable Story, I almost envy his Misfortune. What Change, good God! But now I could not conceive how a Man could be so foolish as to despise the Rigour of the Decree, and now I see nothing dreadful in it: All the Danger is vanished away.

No, incomparable Princess, pursued he, looking on the Picture with an Air of Tendernefs, no Obstacle shall stop me: I love you in Spight of your Barbarity, and since it is permitted me to aspire to the Possession of you, I will this Day attempt to do it: If I perish in so brave a Design, I shall feel no Pangs in Death, but the Grief of not being able to obtain you. *Calaf*, having taken the Resolution to demand the Princess, return'd to the old Woman, having had no little Trouble to find out her House. Ah! My Son, said the Hostess to him, as soon as she saw him, I am overjoy'd to see you! I was in great Concern for you! I was afraid some ill Accident had happen'd to you! How comes it you did not return sooner? My good Mother, answer'd he, I am sorry to have given you any Uneasiness, but I lost my Way in the dark. Then he related to her, how he had met with the Governor of the Prince, who was executed, and fail'd not to repeat all that that Governor had said to him: Then shewing her the Princess *Tourandote's* Picture; see, said he, if this Picture be only an imperfect Resemblance

blance of the Princess of *China*? For my Part, I cannot imagine but that it comes up to the Beauty of the Original. By the great Prophet's Soul, cried the old Woman, after having examined the Lineaments, the Princess is a thousand Times handsomer, and more charming than this Resemblance. I wish you had seen her as I have, you would then be persuaded with me, that all the Painters in the World can never imitate her. You oblige me extremely, replied the Prince of the *Nogaians*, to assure me that *Tourandocte's* Beauty is beyond all the Efforts of the Pencil: This Affirmation pleases me, it strengthens me in my Design, and excites me readily to try so fair an Adventure. Why go I not this Moment to demand the Princess? I burn with Impatience to know whether I can be more happy than the Prince of *Samarcande*.

What say you, my Son, replies the old Woman? What Enterprize is this that you dare form to yourself, and think of being able to perform it? My good Mother, replied *Calaf*, I design this Day to present myself to answer the Princess's Questions. I came hither to *China*, only to offer my Service to the great King *Altoun-Can*, and it is better to be his Son-in-Law than an Officer in his Army. At these Words the old Woman fell a crying. Ah! Sir, said she, in the Name of God, persist not in so mad a Resolution, you will perish undoubtedly, if you are so bold as to go and ask the Princess; instead of being charmed with her Beauty, rather detest it, since that hath been the Cause of so many tragical Events. Consider what Grief it will be to your Parents, when they shall receive the News of your Death; reflect on the dismal Affliction in which you are about to plunge them. I beg of you, Mother, replied the Son of *Timurtaşch*, forbear to represent to me those Images, that are so capable to melt me into Softness. I am not ignorant, that if

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I purchase this Day my Destiny, I shall be the Occasion of an inexhaustible Spring of Tears to the Authors of my Birth; nay, perhaps, they will not hear the News without dying for Grief, for I know their Tenderness for me. But what Acknowledgments foever their Affections to me ought, and do indeed inspire me with, I must yield to the Ardour of my Passion. What is it I say? Is it not to render them more happy that I expose my Life? Yes, without doubt, their Interests agree with the Desire that urges me on, and if my Father was here, he would be so far from opposing my Design, that he would readily prompt me to the Execution of it: It is then a Thing resolved, lose not Time in endeavouring to persuade me, for nothing can alter my Resolution.

When the old Woman saw that her young Guest would not take Advice, her Affliction redoubled: It is then done, Sir, replied she, cannot I hinder you from running to your Ruin? Why did you come to lodge in my House? Why did I speak to you of *Tourandote*? You fell in Love upon the Description I gave you of her. Wretch that I am! 'Tis I am your Ruin; Why must I reproach myself with your Death? No, my good Mother, said the Prince, interrupting her a second Time, 'tis not you that have made me thus unhappy: Do not fancy that you have been the Occasion of my loving the Princess, it was in Fate that I should love her, and I have fulfill'd my Destiny; besides, who told you that I should not answer her Questions right? I am neither without Learning or Wit, and Heaven perhaps hath reserved to me the Honour of delivering the King of *China* from the Melancholy occasion'd by his dreadful Oath; but, added he, taking the Purse which the Can of *Berlas* had given him, in which was a large Quantity of Gold; I own 'tis uncertain what may happen to me, therefore I pre-

sent you with this Purse, to comfort you for my Death : You may sell my Horse likewise, and make Use of the Money, for I shall have no Occasion for it, whether the Daughter of *Altoun-Can* become the Prize of my Daring, or whether my Death be the sad Reward of it.

The old Widow took the Purse from *Calaf*, saying, O my Son ! You are much deceiv'd in me, if you think that these Pieces of Gold can give me any Consolation for your Loss. I will go and employ them in good Works, distributing one Part to poor Hospitals, where they suffer Misery with Patience, and consequently where their Prayers are acceptable to God : I will give the rest to the Ministers of our Religion, to the End, that all together, they may beseech Heaven to inspire you, and not permit you to expose yourself to Destruction. All the Favour I ask of you, is, that you would not go To-day to offer yourself to answer the Questions of *Tourandotte*, wait only till To-morrow, the Time is not long ; allow me those few Hours to make Application to good People, and engage the Prophet in your Interest, after that, do as you please. Grant me, I desire you, this Satisfaction ; you owe this at least to a Person, who has already conceiv'd so much Friendship for you, that nothing could comfort her, if you should die in this Attempt. *Calaf* indeed had such an Air, as at first Sight engaged the Love of all, and prepossess'd them in his Favour ; for, besides his being one of the finest Princes in the World, he had a Manner so easy and agreeable, that none could look upon him without loving ; he was touch'd with the Grief and Affection which the good old Woman shew'd. Well, my good Mother, said he to her, I have that Regard for you, as to grant what you desire of me ; I will not go and demand the Princess To-day ; but, to tell you what I think, I do not believe your Prophet

phet himself can make me change my Resolution. He went not out of the old Woman's House all the Day, but she hasten'd to go to the Hospitals to distribute Alms, and give Gifts to the Priests, or Bonzes, to make Intercession: She also sacrificed Fish and Fowls to their Idols; the Genii were not neglected, they had Sacrifices of Rice and Pulse in the Places consecrated to that Ceremony; but all the Prayers of the Bonzes and Ministers of the Idols, tho' well pay'd, produced not the Effect which the good Hostess of *Calaf* design'd; for the next Day in the Morning, the Prince appear'd more than ever determin'd to demand *Tourandote*. Adieu, my good Mother, said he to the old Woman, I am sorry that Yesterday you took such Pains for me, you might have spared your Labour, for I assured you that I should be of the same Opinion To-day. At these Words, he left the old Woman, who finding herself seiz'd with a piercing Grief, cover'd her Face with her Veil, and remain'd with her Head upon her Knees, in such a Sorrow as cannot be express'd.

The young *Nogaiian* Prince, perfum'd with Essence, and brighter than the Moon, went to the Palace; he saw five Elephants ty'd to the Gate, and on both Sides two thousand Soldiers, armed Cap-a-pee. One of the chief Officers that commanded them, judging by the Air of *Calaf* that he was a Stranger, stop'd him, and ask'd what Business he had at Court? I am a Foreign Prince, answer'd the Son of *Timurtasch*, and come to present myself to the King, to ask his Leave to answer the Princess his Daughter's Questions. The Officer, at these Words, looking on him with Surprise, said to him, Prince, do you know that you come hither then to seek your Death? You had better have staid in your own Country, than have form'd the Design that brings you hither. Return home, and never flatter yourself with false Hopes of ob-

taining the barbarous *Tourandoëte*; were you more learned than any of our Mandarins or Professors of Sciences, you wou'd never be able to penetrate into the Meaning of her ambiguous Questions. I thank you for your Advice, reply'd *Calaf*; but I came not hither to turn back again. Proceed then to Death, said the Officer, with a melancholy Air, since it is not possible to hinder you; at the same Time he permitted him to enter into the Palace: Afterwards, turning himself towards several other Officers who had heard their Conversation, There is a young Prince, said he to them, handsome and delicately form'd, 'tis a Pity he should die so soon.

Mean while *Calaf* cross'd several Rooms, and at last found himself in that, where the King us'd to give Audience to the People: There was in it a Throne of polish'd Steel, made in Form of a Dragon, and three Cubits high; four Columns of the same Metal supported a Canopy of yellow Sattin, adorn'd with precious Stones. *Altoun-Can*, being habited with a Cassetan of Brocade of Gold, the Ground of which was Scarlet, was seated on his Throne with an Air of Gravity; to which a Tuft of long Hair, divided into three Curls that were in the Middle of his Beard, did not a little contribute. That Monarch, after having heard some of his Subjects, cast his Eyes accidentally on the *Nogaian* Prince, who was in the Crowd. Knowing him to be a Stranger, and perceiving by his noble Air and magnificent Apparel that he was not a common Person, he call'd one of his Mandarins, and with his Finger pointing to *Calaf*, whisper'd to him to inform himself of his Quality, and the Business that brought him to that Court. The Mandarin came to the Son of *Timurtafch*, and told him that the King desired to know who he was, and if he had any Thing to ask of him. You may tell the King your Master, reply'd the young Prince, that

I am the only Son of a King, and that I am come prepar'd to merit the Honour of being his Son-in-Law.

Altoun-Can had no sooner heard the Prince's Answer, but he chang'd Colour; his noble Visage was cover'd with a Paleness like that of Death itself: He left off giving Audience, sent away all the People, then descended from his Throne, and approach'd *Calaf*. Rash Youth, said he to him, do you know the Rigour of my Decree, and the unhappy Fate of all those who have obstinately persisted to obtain the Princess my Daughter? Yes, Sir, answer'd the Son of *Timurtaş*, I know all the Danger which I run; my Eyes have been Witnesses of the just and last Execution, which your Majesty caus'd to be inflicted on the Prince of *Samaricande*; but the deplorable End of those bold Youths, who vainly flatter'd themselves with the sweet Hopes of possessing the Princess *Tourandote*, does nothing but whet my Ambition to deserve her. What Madness is this? replied the King; Scarce one Prince has lost his Life, but another offers himself to risk the same Destiny. It looks as if they took Pleasure to sacrifice themselves. What Rashness! Consider well with yourself, Prince, and be not thus prodigal of your Blood. I find a secret Pity growing in my Breast for you, and will use my utmost Endeavours to prevent your Destruction. Return into your Father's Country, and do not give him the Sorrow to understand by Fame that he hath no more a Son.

Sir, said *Calaf*, I am ravish'd with Joy to hear from your Majesty's own Mouth, that I have the Happiness to please you: It is a lucky Omen. Perhaps, being touched with the Misfortunes that the Beauty of the Princess hath occasion'd, Heaven hath reserved me to put a Stop to them, and at the same Time to secure the Repose of your Life, which is disturbed by the Necessity of giving Sanction

to such cruel Actions. Do you know for certain that I shall answer amiss to the Questions that will be propos'd? What Certainty have you that I shall perish? Tho' others have not been able to dive into the Obscurity of *Tourandote's* Questions, is there therefore a Necessity that I shall not be able to answer them? No, Sir, the Examples before me cannot make me renounce the Honour I conceive of being your Son-in-Law. Ah! unfortunate Prince! replied the King, in a languishing Tone, why will you live no longer? All the Lovers, who have hitherto presented themselves, to answer the fatal Questions of my Daughter, have spoke in the same Language: They all hop'd to penetrate the Sense and Meaning, but never reach'd it. Alas! you will likewise be cheated with your own Confidence. Once again, my Son, pursued he, suffer yourself to be persuaded I love you, and would preserve you. Render not my good Intentions useless by your Constancy. What piercing Wit soever you are Master of, have a Diffidence of yourself. You are in the Wrong to imagine you can answer instantly to what the Princess will propose, for you will not have six Minutes to reflect on it; that is the Law. If in that very short Time you do not make such a just Answer, as shall be approved by all the learned Judges, you are immediately declared worthy of Death, and must be led the following Night to Execution. Therefore, Prince, take my Advice, and retire; employ the Remainder of the Day in thinking of this momentous Affair, which you seem resolv'd to undertake; advise with Persons of Wisdom and Sagacity; make your Reflections thereon, and To-morrow let me know what you resolve on.

Having spoke these Words, he left *Calaf*, who went out of the Palace, much mortified that he must wait till the next Day; for he was not shock'd at what the King had represented to him, but return'd
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to his Hostess, without reflecting upon the dreadful Danger to which he was to be exposed. When he came to the old Woman, and told her what had pass'd at Court, she began to argue with him, and to use all her Endeavours again to dissuade him from the Enterprize; but she perceived no other Effects it produced, but to inflame her young Guest, and render him yet more firm in his Resolution. In short, he return'd next Day to the Palace, and caused his Arrival to be told the King, who received him in his Closet, that no Person might be Witness of their Conversation.

Well, Prince, said *Altoun-Can* to him, come you hither to rejoice or afflict me? Have you chang'd your Resolution? Sir, replied *Catalaf*, my Mind is still in the same Disposition. When I had the Honour Yesterday to present myself before your Majesty, I had then made all my Reflections. I am determin'd to suffer the same Fate with my Rivals, if Heaven hath not otherwise ordained for me. At this Discourse, the King beat his Breast, rent his Cloaths, and tore the Hair from his Beard. What an unhappy Wretch am I, cried he, to have entertain'd at first Sight so much Friendship for this Prince! The Death of the others has not given me so much Trouble. Ah! my Son! continued he, embracing the Prince of the *Nogaians* with Tenderness, which rais'd some Emotion in him, be persuaded by my Sorrow, if my Reasons are not able to make your Resolution. Methinks, I find that the Stroke that reaches your Life will sink my Heart with a mortal Blow; renounce, I conjure you, the Possession of my cruel Daughter. You will find in the World other Princesses that you may enjoy; why will you be so obstinate to pursue an inhuman Creature, whom you can never obtain? Stay, if you will, in my Court; thou shalt have the first Rank after me, and possess the fairest Slaves; Pleasures shall

Will attend thee. In a Word, I will look upon thee as my own Son; desist then from the Pursuit of *Tourandocée*. Let me have the Satisfaction of delivering one Victim at least from that bloody Princess.

The Son of *Timurtasch* was very sensible of the Friendship that the King of *China* express'd for him; but he answer'd him, Sir, allow me the Favour to expose myself to the Danger from which you would dissuade me: The greater the Danger, the more lovely it seems to me. I protest to you, the Princess's Cruelty spurs on my Love; and I take a Pleasure to think that I shall perhaps be the happy Mortal who must triumph over this haughty Fair. In the Name of God, pursued he, let your Majesty cease to oppose a Design, which my Glory, my Repose, and Life itself, is bent to execute; for, in short, I cannot live, if I obtain not *Tourandocée*. *Altoun-Can*, seeing *Calaf* unalterable in his Resolution, was sensibly afflicted. Ah! daring Youth, said he, thy Ruin is certain, since thou art so obstinate as to demand my Daughter. Heaven is my Witness, that I have done all I could to inspire thee with more reasonable Thoughts. Thou rejectest my Counsel, and chusest rather to die than follow it. I shall say no more; thou wilt soon receive the Reward of thy Folly. I consent that you undertake to answer to *Tourandocée*'s Questions; but before that, I will do you the Honour which I used to grant to Princes who seek my Alliance. At these Words, he call'd the Captain of the first Corps of his Eunuchs, and order'd him to conduct *Calaf* into the Apartment of the Prince, and to appoint two Hundred Eunuchs to wait on him.

The *Nogai* Prince was no sooner got into the Palace, whither they had conducted him, but the principal Mandarins came to compliment him, that is, they fell upon their Knees, bow'd down their Heads to the Ground, saying one after the other,
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The perpetual Servants of your illustrious Race come in this Manner to pay you their Devoirs. Then they made him Presents, and retir'd. Mean while the King, who continued his Friendship for the Son of *Timurtafch*, and had Compassion for him, sent for the most able Professor, or at least him that was reputed the most learned of his Royal College, and said to him, Doctor, there is in my Palace at this Time a new Prince, that demands my Daughter. I have left nothing undone to dissuade him, but have not gain'd my Ends. I would see if you with all your Eloquence can prevail with him to desist: It is for that Reason I sent for you hither. The learned Man obey'd: He went to see *Calaf*, and had a very long Intercourse with him. He afterwards return'd to *Altoun-Can*, and said to him, Sir, it is impossible to persuade that young Prince: He is absolutely bent to merit the Princess, or die. When I found it was in vain to pretend to overcome his Resolution, I had the Curiosity to see if his Obstinacy had any other Foundation than his Love. I ask'd him about several various Subjects, and found him so well instructed and knowing, that I was surpriz'd at it. He is a Mussulman, and appears to me perfect in every Particular that relates to Religion. In short, to tell your Majesty what I think, I believe that if any Prince is able to answer the Princess's Questions, he can do it. O Sir! cry'd the King, you rejoice me with this Discourse: Heaven grant that this Prince may be my Son-in-Law. As soon as he appear'd before me, I felt a tender Affection for him: May he be more happy than the rest, who have perish'd in this City! The good King *Altoun-Can* was not content to make Vows alone for *Calaf*, he endeavour'd to render propitious to him the Spirits that preside over Heaven, the Sun and the Moon. For this Purpose he appointed publick Prayers and solemn Sacrifices to be made in the

Temples. They offer'd by his Order a Beef to Heaven, a Goat to the Sun, and a Hog to the Moon. Besides, he ordain'd that the several Fraternities of Artizans should make a solemn Feast, and pray to Heaven that the Prince, who had presented himself to demand the Princess, might have the good Fortune to obtain her. After Prayers and Sacrifices, the *Chinese* Monarch sent his Chancellor to the *Nogian* Prince, to inform him, that he was to prepare next Day to answer the Princess's Questions, and to tell him they would not fail to conduct him to the Divan, and that the Persons who were to compose that Assembly, had received Orders to be there.

Though *Calaf* had determined with himself to try the Adventure, he could not spend the Night without Uneasiness; so that sometimes he took Courage from his Wit, and promised himself a happy Success: Sometimes he lost all Hopes, and represented to his Imagination the Disgrace that would attend him, if his Answers did not please the Divan. He likewise thought sometimes of *Elnaxe* and *Timurtasch*. Alas! said he, if I perish, what will become of my Father and Mother? The Day surprized him in this Confusion of Thoughts, and presently he heard several Bells toll, with the Noise of Drums. He judged this was to call the Council together: Then raising his Thoughts to *Mahomet*; O grand Prophet! said he; you who see the Condition in which I am, inspire me. Shall I go to the Divan? or tell the King, that the Danger discourages me? He had no sooner pronounc'd the Words, but he perceiv'd all Fear vanish from him, and his Courage return. He then rose and dress'd himself with a Cassetan, and Robe of red Silk, flower'd with Gold, which *Altun-Can* had sent him, with Shoes, and Stockings of blue Silk. Just when he had done dressing, six Mandarins, booted, and
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cloathed

cloathed in large Robes of a Crimſon Colour, enter'd his Apartment, and after having ſaluted him after the ſame Manner as the Day before, they told him they came from the King, in order to conduct him to the Divan, which he permitted them to do. They croſs'd one Court, marching betwixt a double File of Soldiers; and when they were come into the firſt Council-Chamber, they found themſelves amidſt a thouſand Singers, and Inſtrumental Muſicians, who ſung and play'd all together in Concert, making a moſt aſtoniſhing Noiſe; from whence they advanced into the Chamber where the Council was held, and which had a Communication with the inner Palace.

All the Perſons, who were to aſſiſt at this Aſſembly, were already ſeated under Canopies of various Colours, which were about the Chamber. The moſt conſiderable Mandarins were on one Side; the Chancellor, with the Profeſſors of the Royal College, on the other, and ſeveral learned Doctors had their Places aſſigned them. There were in the Middle two Thrones of Gold, plac'd upon two triangular Seats. As ſoon as the *Nogai* Prince appeared, the noble and learned Judicature ſaluted him with all the Marks of profound Reſpect, but without ſaying a Word, becauſe, being in Expectation of the King's Arrival, they obſerved a deep Silence. The Sun was juſt a riſing: When we could ſee the firſt Rays of that beauteous Light appear, two Eunuchs open'd on each Side the Curtains of the Gate of the inner Palace, and preſently the King came out, attended with the Princeſs *Tourandocſte*, who wore a long Train of golden Tiſſue, and had a Veil of the ſame to cover her Face. They both mounted their Thrones on five Silver Steps; and when they were ſeated, two young Damſels perfectly fair appear'd, one on the King's Side, and the other on the Princeſs's. Theſe were Slaves be-
longing

longing to the Seraglio of *Altoun-Can*. They had their Necks and Faces bare, with large Pearls in their Ears, and they held in their Hands a Roll of Paper, with a Pen, to write whatever the King should ordain. During this Time, all the Persons of the Assembly, who were risen up at the Sight of *Altoun-Can*, remain'd in that Posture with a great deal of Gravity, and their Eyes half shut. *Calaf* look'd around, or rather look'd on none but the Princess, being in Admiration at her majestick Figure. When the puissant Monarch of *China* had order'd the Mandarins and Doctors to be seated, one of the Six who had conducted *Calaf*, and who stood by him within five Foot of the two Thrones, kneel'd down and read the Memoir, which contain'd the Demand of the Prince for the Princess *Tourandöfte*. Then he rose from his Knees, and bid *Calaf* make three Bows to the King. The *Nogai*an Prince acquitted himself with so good a Grace, that *Altoun-Can* could not forbear smiling upon him, in Token that he was glad to see him behave himself so well. Then the Chancellor rose up from his Place, and read aloud the dreadful Edict, which condemn'd to Death all such rash Lovers as answer'd amiss the Questions of *Tourandöfte*. Then addressing himself to *Calaf*; Prince, said he to him, you now understand on what Conditions you must obtain the Princess: If the Idea of Fear for the present Danger make any Impression on your Soul, you have still Leave to retire. No, no, said the Prince of the *Nogai*ans, the Prize I am to obtain is too valuable to suffer me cowardly to renounce it.

The King, seeing *Calaf* dispos'd to answer the Questions of *Tourandöfte*, turn'd himself towards that Princess, and said to her, Daughter, it is your Turn now to speak: Propose the Questions you have ready for the young Prince, and may all the Spirits we sacrificed to Yesterday grant him to penetrate

the Sense of your Questions. *Tourandoſte*, at theſe Words, ſaid, I take the Prophet to Witneſs, that I never look'd but with Regret on the Death of ſo many Princes: But why are they ſo obſtinate as not to permit me to live quietly in my Palace, without coming to attempt my Liberty? Know then, bold Youth, added ſhe, ſpeaking to *Calaf*, that you will have nothing to reproach me with, when, after the Example of your Rivals, you muſt ſuffer a cruel Death; but that you yourſelf are the only Cauſe of your own Deſtruction, ſince I oblige you not to come and aſk me in Marriage.

Fair Princeſs, reply'd the *Nogaian* Prince, I know all that can be ſaid to me on that Subject; if you pleaſe, propoſe your Questions, and I will endeavour to ſolve the Meaning. *Tourandoſte* began, *What Creature is that, which is in every Country, belov'd by all the World, and that cannot ſuffer its Likeneſs?* *Calaf* answer'd, the Sun. He is in the Right, cry'd all the Doctors, it is the Sun. *Who is that Mother,* continued the Princeſs, *that after having brought her Children into the World, devours them all when they are grown up?* The Sea, answer'd the *Nogaian* Prince, becauſe the Rivers which diſcharge themſelves into the Sea, riſe firſt from thence. *Tourandoſte*, ſeeing the young Prince answer'd her Questions right, was ſo exaſperated, that ſhe reſolved to ſpare nothing that would contribute to his Deſtruction. *What Tree,* ſaid ſhe, *is that, whoſe Leaves are all white on one Side, and black on the other?* She was not content only to propoſe this Queſtion, but the ſpightful Princeſs, to amaze and confound *Calaf*, unveil'd, and gave all the Aſſembly Leave to gaze on the Beauty of her Face, to which Deſpight and Shame added new Charms. Her Head was adorn'd with natural Flowers, plac'd with exquisite Art, and her Eyes appear'd brighter than Stars. She was as fair as the Sun when he breaks out ſuddenly from a dark

dark Cloud. The amorous Son of *Timurtasch*, at the Sight of this incomparable Princess, instead of answering to the Question propos'd, remain'd mute and motionless. Presently all the Divan, who interest'd themselves in his Favour, were seiz'd with a mortal Fear; the King himself turn'd pale, and gave the young Prince over for gone.

But *Calaf*, recovering the Surprize which the Beauty of *Tourandote* had brought upon him, satisfi'd the Assembly presently in speaking thus; Charming Princess, I beg your Pardon for having continued some Time speechless. I thought I had seen one of those celestial Objects, who are the fair Ornaments of that Abode which is promised to the Faithful after Death. I could not look upon such an Apparition without being concern'd. Have the Goodness to repeat the Question you ask'd, for I remember it not; you have made me entirely forget it. I ask'd you, said *Tourandote*, *What that Tree is, whose Leaves are all white on one Side, and black on the other?* That Tree, reply'd *Calaf*, represents the Year, which is compos'd of Days and Nights.

This Answer was again applauded in the Divan. The Mandarin and the Doctors said, it was truly answer'd, and gave a thousand Praises to the young Prince. Then *Alim-Can* said to *Tourandote*: Now, my Daughter, confess thyself vanquish'd, and consent to marry thy Conqueror. The others could not answer one of thy Questions; but this Prince, as thou seest, has explain'd them all. He has not yet gain'd the Victory, replied the Princess, covering her Face with her Veil to hide her Confusion, and the Tears which she could not avoid shedding; I have other Questions to ask him. But I will propose them To-morrow. Not so, replied the King, I will not suffer you to ask him Questions to Eternity. All that I can admit is, that you propose to him another Question presently. The Princess excus'd

cus'd herself, by saying she was not prepar'd with any Questions, but those he had already solv'd, and desired the King her Father, that he would permit her to interrogate the Prince the Day following.

That is what I will not grant you, cried the King of *China*, in a Passion; all you desire, is to puzzle the young Prince; and, as for me, I long to be discharg'd from that dreadful Oath, which I imprudently made. Ah Cruel! You breathe nothing but Blood, and the Death of your Lovers is a pleasing Sight to you. The Queen, your Mother, touched with the former Misfortunes which you caused, had died for Grief, because she had brought into the World a Daughter so barbarous: And as for me, you are ignorant that I have been plunged into a great Melancholy, which nothing could dissipate, since I have seen the sad Consequences of the Condescension I have had for you. But, Thanks be to the Spirits which preside over the Heavens, the Sun, and the Moon, and to whom my Sacrifices have not been unacceptable, there shall no longer in my Palace be seen those horrible Executions, which have rendered your Name execrable. And since this Prince hath exactly answer'd what you proposed to him, I demand of all this Assembly, if it is not just he should be your Husband? The Mandarins and the Doctors expressed their Sentiments by their Murmurs, and the *Colao* spoke thus, Sir, says he to the King, your Majesty is absolved from that Oath, which you made to execute that rigorous Edict. The Princess is now oblig'd to perform it on her Part; she promis'd to marry him that should justly answer her Questions: This young Prince came and answer'd them after a Manner, that hath satisfied all the Divan: She must keep her Promise, or it is not to be doubted, but that the Gods, who take Care of the Punishments of the Perjured, will shortly punish her.

Touran-

Tourandoſte all this while was ſilent, leaning her Head upon her Knees, and ſeem'd to be overwhelm'd with Grief. *Calaf*, ſeeing her ſo afflicted, caſt himſelf at the Feet of *Altoun-Can*, and ſaid to him: Great King, whoſe Juſtice and Bounty have rendered the vaſt Empire of *China* flouriſhing, I aſk one Favour of your Majeſty; I ſee that the Princeſs is vexed; that I have had the Happineſs to answer her Queſtions. Without Doubt, ſhe would have been better pleaſed that I had merited Death. Seeing ſhe hath ſuch an Averſion for Men, and notwithſtanding her Word which ſhe gave, ſhe ſtill refuſes me, I am willing to renounce all my Right to her, upon Condition ſhe will, in her Turn, answer exactly to one Queſtion I ſhall propoſe.

All the Aſſembly was very much ſurprized at this Diſcourſe. Is this young Prince mad, ſaid they, whiſpering one to another, to venture to loſe that which he had obtain'd with Hazard of his Life? Does he think he can propoſe a Queſtion which may puzzle *Tourandoſte*? He muſt have loſt his Senſes. *Altoun-Can* was alſo very much aſtoniſhed at that which *Calaf* had demanded of him. Prince, ſays he to him, have you well conſider'd of the Words you have let ſlip? Yes, Sir, replied the Prince of the *Nogaians*, and I conjure you to grant me that Favour. I will, answer'd the King; but, let what will happen, I declare, I am no more bound by the Oath, which I made, and that hereafter, I will never put another Prince to Death. Divine *Tourandoſte*, replied the Son of *Timurtaſch*, addreſſing himſelf to the Princeſs, you heard what I ſaid: And tho', by the Judgment of this ſage Aſſembly, you ought to marry me; tho' you of Right are mine, I quit my Title to you; I lay no Claim to the Enjoyment of your Charms: I deprive myſelf of ſo precious a Jewel, on Condition that you answer precisely to a Queſtion which I ſhall put to you;

you ; but, on your Part, swear, that, if you do not answer right, you will consent with Pleasure to my Happiness, and crown my Love. Yes, Prince, says *Tourandoëte*, I accept the Condition : I swear by all that is most sacred, and I take this Assembly as Witness to my Oath.

All the Divan were greedily expecting to know the Question, which he was going to propose to the Princess, and every one of them blamed that young Prince for running the Hazard of losing the Daughter of *Altoun-Can*, without the least Reason or Necessity. They were all astonish'd at his Rashness. Fair Princess, says *Calaf*, *What is the Name of that Prince, who, after he had endured a thousand Fatigues, and begg'd his Bread, finds himself this Moment crown'd with Glory and Joy ?* The Princess stood musing a while, and then said, It is impossible for me to answer that Question this Moment. But, I promise, that To-morrow I will tell the Name of that Prince. Madam, cry'd *Calaf*, I ask'd no Time to answer your Questions, and it is not reasonable I should give you any to consider of mine ; however, I will consent to it ; but expect, that after this Condescension, you will not make any Difficulty to marry me.

She shall consent to that, says *Altoun-Can* ; if she does not answer the Question you propose, 'tis in vain for her to expect, by falling sick, or at least by feigning to be so, to avoid marrying you : Even tho' I were not bound by Oath to make her your Wife, and that she were not yours by the Tenor of the Edict, I would chuse to see her dead, rather than suffer her to refuse this young Prince : Where can she find a more agreeable Person ? In saying this, he rose from his Throne, and dismiss'd the Assembly. He returned into the inner Palace with the Princess, who from thence retired into her own.

As soon as the King was gone from the Divan, all the

the Doctors and Mandarins made their Compliments to *Calaf* upon his Wit. I admire, says one of them to him, your prompt and ready Conception. Indeed, says another, none of our Bachelors or Licentiates, or even of our Doctors themselves, are more penetrating than you. All the Princes that have offer'd themselves before you, had nothing nigh your Merit, and we are extraordinary glad that you have succeeded in your Enterprize. The Prince of the *Nogadians* had not a little to do to return his Thanks to those, who congratulated him. At length the six Mandarins, who had brought him to the Council; carried him back to the same Palace from whence they had taken him, while the others with the Doctors went away uneasy, to know what Answer the Daughter of *Altoun-Can* would make to the Prince's Question.

The Princess *Tourandossis* return'd to her Palace, accompany'd with two young Slaves that were her Confidants. As soon as she came into her own Apartment, she pulled off her Veil, and, throwing herself upon a Sofa, she indulg'd the Transports which agitated her. One might read Shame and Grief in her Face. Her Eyes, that were before bathed in Tears, began to stream anew: She tore the Flowers from her Head, and disorder'd her beautiful Hair. Her two Slaves began to comfort her; but she said to them, Let me alone. Cease your unavailing Care for me: I will hearken to nothing but my Despair: I will weep and afflict myself. Ah! what a great Confusion shall I be in Tomorrow, when I must, in the Face of all the Divan, before the most learned Doctors of *China*, confess that I cannot answer the Question proposed! Is this, they will say, that witty Princess, that pretends to know every Thing, and who with Ease can solve the most difficult Riddle?

Alas! continu'd she, they all take part with the young

young Prince! I saw them turn pale; they all seem'd in Dismay, when they thought him at a Nonplus; and I saw them overjoy'd when he discover'd the Meaning of my Questions. I shall have the cruel Mortification to see them again rejoice at my Defeat. When I shall own myself vanquished, what a Pleasure will that shameful Confession be to them, and what a Punishment will it be to me, to be reduced to own it!

My Princess, said one of the Slaves to her, had not you better, instead of grieving yourself beforehand, or representing the Disgrace, which you are to receive To-morrow, think to prevent it? Is the Question propos'd to you, so very difficult, that you cannot answer it? With all your great Wit and Penetration, cannot you comprehend the Meaning of it? No, says *Tourandasse*, it is a Thing impossible. He demands of me, *What is the Name of that Prince, who, after he had endured a thousand Fatigues, and begged his Bread, finds himself this Moment crown'd with Joy and Glory?* I know very well, he is himself this Prince; but not knowing who he is, I cannot tell his Name. And yet, Madam, replied the same Slave, you have promised to name that Prince To-morrow in the Divan. When you made that Promise, you hop'd, no doubt, to be able to keep it. I hop'd nothing, replied the Princess, and I ask'd Time only to suffer myself to die for Grief, before I should be oblig'd to confess my own Shame and marry the Prince.

That Resolution is violent, says the other favourite Slave; I know very well, Madam, that no Man is worthy of you; but you must agree that this Prince has a singular Merit; his Beauty, his good Mien, and his Wit, ought to plead with you in his Favour. Do him Justice, says the Princess; if there be any Prince in the World who merits that I should regard him favourably, 'tis he. Just now, before

before I propos'd my Questions to him, I confess, I pitied him : I sigh'd at the first Appearance of him, and, what never happen'd to me before, I was very nigh wishing that he might answer my Questions aright. It is true, that at that very Moment I blush'd at my Weakness; but my Pride surmounted it, and the just Answers he made me, have entirely set me against him. All the Applauses which the Doctors gave him, were such Mortifications to me, that from that Moment I began to hate him, and shall for ever continue to do so. Die then, unhappy *Tourandote* ! die for Grief and Vexation, that you have found a young Man, who has been able to cover you with Shame, and to constrain you to be his Wife.

At these Words, she redoubled her Tears, and, in the Violence of her Transports, she tore off her Hair and rent her Cloaths: She lifted up her Hands once or twice to tear her beauteous Cheeks, and to punish her Charms, for having been the Authors of the Confusion to which she was reduc'd; but her Slaves, that observ'd her Rage, prevented her from committing that Outrage, but all their Assistance was in vain; for tho' they had been very ready to help her, they could not calm the Temper of her Mind. While she was in this terrible Condition, the Prince of the *Nogaians*, charmed with the Resolution of the Divan, revell'd in Joy, and buoy'd himself up with the Hopes of possessing his Mistress the next Day.

The King being return'd from the Council-Chamber into his own Apartment, sent for *Calaf*, to discourse with him in private about what had pass'd in the Divan. The Prince of the *Nogaians* immediately obey'd the King's Orders, who, after he had embrac'd him tenderly, said to him; Ah! my Son, free me from the Trouble I am in; I fear my Daughter will answer the Question you have propos'd

to

to her. Why have you run the Hazard of losing the Object of your Love? Sir, reply'd *Calaf*, your Majesty need not apprehend any Thing: It is impossible that the Princess should tell me, what they call that Prince whose Name I have ask'd her; since I am that Prince, and no Body knows me in your Court.

What you say, encourages me, cry'd the King with Transport; I protest to you, I was apprehensive for you: *Tourandoète* is very penetrating. The Subtilty of her Wit made me tremble for what might be your Fate; but, Thanks to Heaven, you make me easy. Let her have never so much Quickness to penetrate into the Sense of Riddles, indeed she can never guess your Name. I do not accuse you any more of being rash, and, I perceive, that which I deemed to be a Defect of Prudence, is only an ingenious Stratagem which you have made use of, to remove all Pretext from my Daughter of refusing herself to your Desires.

Altoun-Can, after he had laughed with *Calaf* about the Question proposed to the Princess, prepared himself to go a hunting. He cloathed himself in a slight Cassetan, and put his Beard in a black Sattin Bag. He ordered the Mandarins to be ready to accompany him, and gave Orders to give the Prince of the *Nogaians* a hunting Habit. They eat a Mouthful or two in haste, and afterwards went out of the Palace. The Mandarins, in open Sedans of Ivory enrich'd with Gold, led the Way; each of them had six Chairmen to carry him, two went before him with Whips, and two others followed them with Plates of Silver, upon which were writ in great Characters all their Qualities. The King and *Calaf*, in a Litter of red Saunders, that was likewise open, and carry'd by twenty Officers, and upon which the first Letter of the King's Name, and many Figures of Animals were cypher'd in Silver Wire, follow'd the Mandarins. Two Generals of *Altoun-Can's* Army

Army bore on each Side of the Litter, a large Umbrella to keep them from the Heat, and three thousand Eunuchs who marched behind, closed the Train.

When they came to the Place where the Officers of the Game attended the King with their Hawks, they began to fly them at Quails, and continued their Sport till Sun-set. Then the Prince, and the Persons that attended him, return'd to the Palace in the same Order they went abroad. They found in a Court under a great many Tents, an infinite Number of little Tables, finely japan'd, and cover'd with all Sorts of Victuals ready carv'd and cut. *Calaf* and the Mandarins sat themselves down by the King's Example, every one to a separate Table, near which there was another that served as a Buffet. They all began to drink several Bumpers of Rum, before they touch'd the Meat, and then they eat without drinking. The Supper being done, *Altoun-Can* carries the Prince of the *Nogaians* into a spacious Hall lighted with Tapers, and full of Seats ranged in Order, as if they were to see some Shew, and they were follow'd by all the Mandarins. The King put all in their Ranks, and made *Calaf* sit by him upon a great Throne of Ebony, adorn'd with Filigreen Work of Gold.

As soon as all had taken their Places, there entered the Singers and Musicians, who tuning all together, began a very agreeable Concert. *Altoun-Can* was so charmed and conceited of his *Chinese* Musick, that he ask'd Time after Time of the Son of *Timurtasch*, how he lik'd it; and that young Prince, out of Complaisance, praised it before all the Musick in the World. The Concert being ended, the Singers and Musicians retired to make Room for an artificial Elephant, which shooting itself forward by Springs, into the Hall, vomited six Baladins, who danced in an antick Manner. They were

were almost naked : They had nothing on but Shoes, Drawers of Calico, and brocaded Caps. After they had shewn their Activity and Nimbleness in a thousand surprizing Shapes, they re-enter'd into the Elephant, who went out as he came in. After that, there appear'd Comedians, who represented *extempore* a Comedy, of which the King prescrib'd the Subject. When all these Divertisements were ended, and the Night far spent, *Altoun-Can* and *Calaf* went to repose themselves in their own Apartments, and all the Mandarins retired.

The young Prince of the *Nogaians*, conducted by Eunuchs, who carried Wax-Candles in golden Candlesticks, compos'd himself to enjoy the Sweets of Repose, as much as the Impatience of returning to the Divan could permit him ; when entering into his Apartment, he found a young Lady cloathed in a large red Gown, brocaded with silver Flowers, under which was another more strait of white Sattin, all embroider'd with Gold, and deck'd with Rubies and Emeralds. She had a Cap of plain Rose-colour'd Taffeta, trimmed with Pearls, and raised with an Embroidery of Silver, which cover'd nothing but the Top of her Head, and expos'd her handsome Hair to View, which was finely curl'd, and mixed with artificial Flowers ; in regard to her Shape and Face, nothing can be imagin'd more handsome and perfect, except the Princess of *China*.

The Son of *Timurtaşch* was very much surprized to find a Lady alone, and so charming, at Midnight, and in his own Apartment: He could not have beheld her without Concern, had he not before seen *Tourandocle* ; but how could a Lover of that Princess have any Regard for another ? As soon as the Lady perceiv'd *Calaf*, she rose from off the Sofa where she was sitting, and upon which she had laid her Veil ; and after making a very low Courtesey, Prince, says she, I doubt not but that you are very
much

much surpriz'd to find a Woman in your Apartment; for you cannot, I presume, be ignorant that it is forbid, under very rigorous Penalties, for the Men and Women who live in this Seraglio, to have any Communication together. But the Importance of the Affair, which I have to tell you, hath made me despise all Manner of Dangers; I had the Address and good Fortune to remove all those Obstacles which oppos'd my Design; I brib'd the Eunuchs that serve you: In short, I have introduc'd myself into your Apartment; I have nothing more to tell you, but that I am your Friend, as you will understand by the Sequel.

Calaf was concern'd at this Discourse: He could not doubt but the Lady, seeing she had run such a dangerous Risque, had something to tell him that was worthy his Attention. He desired her to sit down again upon the Sofa; they both sat down; at length the Lady spoke after this Manner.

Sir, I think myself oblig'd to begin my Business, by letting you know that I am the Daughter of a Can, who is tributary to *Altoun-Can*: My Father, for some Years, has been so obstinate, as to refuse to pay the usual Tribute; and relying a little too much on his own Experience in the Art of War, and also on the Valour of his Soldiers, he put himself in a Condition of Defence, if any should come to attack him: This happen'd in a short Time; for the King of *China*, incens'd at his Refusal to pay the Tribute, sent his most experienc'd Generals against him with a powerful Army. My Father, tho' weaker than he, march'd with his Forces to meet him. After a bloody Battle that was fought by the Side of a River, the *Chinese* General remain'd victorious. My Father receiv'd many Wounds, and was slain in the Action; but in dying, he order'd that they should throw his Wife and Children into the River, to preserve them from Slavery. Those to whom
he

he gave that generous, but inhuman Command, performed it; they threw me into the Water with my Mother, my Sisters, and two Brothers, who were too young to fight. The *Chinese* General came that very Moment to the Place where we were thrown in, and where we were about to compleat our miserable Destiny. This sad and horrible Sight moved his Pity; he promised a Recompence to any of his Soldiers, who should save any of the Remains of the Family of the vanquish'd Can.

Several brave *Chinese* Troopers, despising the Rapidity of the River, plung'd into the Water, and guided their Horses to our dying Bodies, wherever they saw them floating on the Stream. They caught hold of some of us, but their Assistance prov'd useful to me alone; I was still alive when they brought me ashore, all the rest of us were dead. The General took great Care of me, as if his Glory stood in Need of it, and that my Captivity gave a fresh Lustre to his Victory: He brought me to this City, and presented me to the King, after he had given him an Account of his Conduct. *Altoun-Can* plac'd me with the Princess his Daughter, who is two or three Years younger than me.

Altho' I was not yet come to Years of Maturity, I could not forbear reflecting that I was become a Slave, and that I ought to have Sentiments agreeable to my Misfortune; I therefore studied the Humour of *Tourandoste*, I gave my Mind to please her, and succeeded so well, that, by my Submissiveness and Diligence, I gain'd her Friendship: Since that Time, I have partaken of her Confidence, with another young Person of illustrious Birth, the Misfortune of whose Family has reduced her likewise to Slavery.

Pardon me, Sir, continu'd she, for the Recital of this Circumstance, which is foreign to the Subject that has brought me hither; I thought it my Duty

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to

to acquaint you that I am of noble Blood, that you may have the more Confidence in what I say; for, that which I have to relate to you, is so important, that you would hardly give Credit to it, if told you by a mean Slave: I even doubt, whether, if I were Daughter to the Can, I cou'd persuade you to believe me: For how can a Prince who is in Love with *Tourandoëte*, give Credit to what I am going to tell you of her? *Calume*, that is to say, Princess, says the Son of *Timurtasch*, interrupting her, keep me no longer in Suspence; do me the Favour to tell me what you have to say of the Princess of *China*. Sir, reply'd the Lady, *Tourandoëte*, the barbarous *Tourandoëte*, purposes to assassinate you. At these Words, *Calaf*, throwing himself back on the Sofa, remain'd in the State of a Man seiz'd with Horror and Surprize.

The Princess's Slave, who very well foresaw the Surprize of the young Prince, said to him; I am not at all amazed that you have received this horrible News in this Manner; and, I perceive I had Reason to doubt that you would not believe it. Just Heaven! cry'd *Calaf*, when he came to himself again, do I rightly understand you? Can the Princess of *China* be capable of such a black Attempt? How could it enter into her Thoughts? Prince, says the Lady to him, hear after what Manner she took this terrible Resolution! This Morning, when she came from the Divan, where I was behind her Throne, she was vexed to the Soul for what had happen'd; she return'd into her Apartment, agitated by the most lively Emotions of Hatred and Rage. She thought a long Time upon the Question which you have propos'd to her, and not finding an Answer suitable to her Desire, she abandon'd herself to Despair. I spared nothing, no more than the other favourite Slave, to calm the Violence of her Transports; we both of us did what we could to inspire her

her with favourable Sentiments for you ; we commended your good Mien and your Wit ; and we represented to her, that, instead of afflicting herself without Moderation, she ought rather to determine to marry you : But she bid us be silent, with a Torrent of abusive Words, which she utter'd against Men ; the most Lovely makes no more Impression upon her than the Ugliest and most Deformed ; they are all, said she, despicable Objects, and such as for whom I shall always have an Aversion. And as for him that now lays Claim to me, I hate him more than all the rest of his Sex ; and since his Death alone can deliver me from him, I will have him assassinated.

I opposed this detestable Design, continued the Princess's Slave ; I represented to *Tourandôte* the terrible Consequences that might attend it. I urged the Injury it would be to herself, and the just Horror that Ages to come would have of her Memory. The other favourite Slave was not wanting on her Part to add her Reasons to mine ; but all her Arguments were useless ; we could not dissuade her from her Enterprize. She has given Orders to some of her faithful Eunuchs to murder you to-morrow Morning, as you are going from the Palace to return to the Divan.

O inhuman Princess ! perfidious *Tourandôte* ! cry'd the Prince of the *Nogaians*, Is it thus you prepare to crown the Affection of the unfortunate Son of *Timurtasch* ? *Calaf* must needs have appear'd most horrible to you, since you chuse rather to free yourself from him by a Crime which will dishonour you, than join your Fate to his. Great God ! that my Life should be compos'd of such odd Adventures ! Sometimes I seem to enjoy a Happiness worthy of Envy, and sometimes I am plunged into an Abyss of Misfortunes.

Sir, says the Lady Slave to him, tho' Heaven
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makes you undergo Misfortunes, it will not however suffer you to be overcome by them, seeing it forewarns you of the Dangers that threaten you. Yes, Prince, it is Heaven, without doubt, which inspired me with the Thought of preserving you ; for I come not only to discover to you a Snare laid for your Life, but to assist you with the Means to avoid it. By the Favour of some of the Eunuchs which are devoted to me, I have gain'd the Soldiers of the Guard, who will facilitate your going out of the Seraglio. As soon as you are gone, Inquiry will, no doubt, be made, and I shall be found to have been the Contriver of your Escape ; for which Reason I am resolv'd to go with you, and to leave this fatal Court, where I have more than one Cause of Grief ; my Bondage makes me hate it, and you will make it yet more odious to me.

There are, continu'd she, in a certain Place of this City, Horses that wait for us. Let us fly, if possible, to the Territories of the Tribe of *Berlas*. I am allied in Blood to Prince *Alinguer*, who is their Sovereign. He will be very glad to see his Kinswoman out of the Clutches of the proud *Altoun-Can*, and he will receive you as my Deliverer. We shall live in Tents a more quiet and happy Life than here ; as for me, freed from the Bonds of my Captivity, I shall there enjoy a more happy Destiny. For you, Sir, you may there find some Princess handsome enough to deserve your Love, and who, far from attempting to take away your Life, that she may avoid being your Wife, will make it her sole Delight to please you, if she can have the Happiness to be lov'd by a Prince like you. Let us not lose any Time, but be gone with Speed ; and may the Sun, at his Rising to-morrow, behold us at a great Distance from *Pequin*.

Calaf answer'd, Fair Princess, I return you a thousand Thanks for your Desire to deliver me from the

the Danger I am in. I wish, in Gratitude, that I was able to free you from your Slavery, and to conduct you to the Tents of the Can of *Berlas*, your Relation. How great a Pleasure would it be to me to restore you into his Hands! I should by so doing acquit myself of some of my Obligations to him. But, tell me, Princess, ought I thus abruptly to leave *Altoun-Can*? What would he think of me? He would believe that I came to his Court for nothing else but to run away with you: And tho' I fled from hence only to avoid loading his Daughter with a Crime, he would accuse me of having violated the Rights of Hospitality. Besides, I must confess to you, that, as barbarous as the Princess of *China* is, my Heart can never hate her. On the contrary, I adore her, I am wholly devoted to her Will; and since she will sacrifice me, the Victim is ready.

The Princess's Slave, seeing that the Prince of the *Nogaians* was resolved rather to die than to part with her, burst forth into Tears, saying to him, Is it possible, Sir, that you should prefer Death to the Acknowledgments of a captive Princess, whom you might free from her Chains? If *Tourandotte* is more beautiful than me, in Recompence I have a kinder Heart than hers. Alas! when you were before the Divan this Morning, I trembled for you. I fear'd you would not answer the Questions of the Daughter of *Altoun-Can*; and when you answer'd them, I felt another Trouble arising in my Breast: My Heart misgave me, that the Princess would attempt to take away your Life. My dear Prince, added she, I conjure you to reflect, and not suffer yourself to be led aside by this Rage of Love, which makes you look on Death without being daunted. Let not a blind Passion make you despise a Danger which frightens me. Yield to the Fear which moves me for you, and let us both, without further Delay,

depart from this Seraglio, where I suffer a cruel Torment.

My Princess, replied the Son of *Timurtasch*, at these Words, whatever Misfortune happens to me, I cannot resolve on so sudden a Departure. I own you want not Charms wherewith to reward your Deliverer, and to make his Destiny agreeable; but, for me, I was not born to be happy. My Lot is to love *Tourandoste*, in Spite of the Antipathy she has for me. Remov'd from her Sight, I should only drag a languishing Life. Stay then, ungrateful as thou art, said the Lady, interrupting him, and rising up hastily; leave not this Abode, which alone can please you, but stay and drench it with your own Blood. I will not press you any more to go, It irks you to fly hence with a Slave. If you see to the Bottom of my Heart, I too can read the Thoughts of yours. Whatever Passion the Princess of *China* inspires you with, you have less Love for her, than Hatred for me. In saying these Words, she pulled her Veil over her Face, and went out of *Calaf's* Apartment.

That young Prince, after the Departure of the Lady, stay'd a long Time upon the Sofa in great Perplexity. Ought I to believe, says he, what I have heard? Can Barbarism itself arrive to such a Pitch? But alas! I need not doubt it. This Princess's Slave, even she, abhorred the Design that *Tourandoste* is projecting against me. She came to inform me, and the Sentiments themselves which she discover'd to me, are sure Tokens of her Sincerity. Ah! cruel Daughter of the best of Kings! Is it thus you abuse the Gifts you received from above? O Heavens! how came you to endow this inhuman Princess with so perfect a Beauty? Or why have you given her a Soul so barbarous, and adorn'd it with such Charms?

Instead of endeavouring to procure himself some
Hours

Hours of Sleep, he passed the rest of the Night in giving himself up to the most afflicting Reflexions: At length the Day appear'd: He heard the Sound of the Bells, and the Noise of the Drums, and presently six Mandarins came, as the Day before, to carry him to the Divan. He went through the Court where the Soldiers of the King's Guard were drawn up. He believed he should lose his Life in this Place, and that without Doubt, those that were made Choice of to assassinate him, waited his Coming. Far from standing on his Guard, or having the least Thought of defending himself, he went along like a Man resolv'd on Death, and seem'd even to blame the Delay of his Assassins. Nevertheless he passed through the Court, yet without being attacked, and came into the first Hall of the Divan. Ah! undoubtedly, says he to himself, this is the Place in which the bloody Order of the Princess is to be executed. At the same Time he looked on all Sides of him, and every Person he saw, seemed to him to be his Murderer. However, he went forward, and came into the Chamber where the Council was held, without receiving the mortal Blow he expected.

All the Doctors and Mandarins were already under their Canopies, and *Altoun-Can* was just coming. What is the Design of the Princess, says he again to himself? Will she be Witness of my Death? Or will she have me assassinated before her Father's Eyes? Is the King an Accomplice of this Attempt? What am I to think of it? Has she changed her Sentiment, and revoked the Sentence of my Death? While he was in this Incertitude, the Door from the inner Palace open'd, and the King, accompanied with *Tourandote*, came into the Hall. They placed themselves upon their Thrones, and the Prince of the *Nogaians* stood before them at the same Distance as the Day before.

The *Calao*, after the King was sat down, rose up, and demanded of the young Prince, if he remembered that he had promised to renounce all his Right to the Princess, on Condition she answer'd just to the Question, which he was to propose to her? *Calaf* answer'd, Yes; and protested again, that upon that Condition he would cease to pretend to the Honour of being the King's Son-in-Law. The *Calao* then address'd himself to *Tourandote*: And you, great Princess, said he to her, you know what Oath you have made, and to what you have subjected yourself, if you do not this Day tell the Name of the Prince whose Name was ask'd you.

The King, persuaded that she could not answer to *Calaf's* Question, said to her; Daughter, you have had Time enough to think of what has been propos'd to you; but if you were to have a whole Year to think on it, I believe, for all your Penetration, you would be obliged at last to confess, that it is a Thing you cannot dive into. Since therefore you cannot divine the Meaning of the Question, yield, without grudging, to the Love of this young Prince, and satisfy the Impatience I have to see him your Husband. He is worthy to be so, and to reign with you, after me, over the People of *China*. Sir, says *Tourandote*, why do you imagine I cannot answer the Question of this Prince? It is not so difficult as you think. I had Yesterday the Disgrace to be overcome; I pretend to Day to have the Honour to vanquish. I will confound this rash Youth, who has such an ill Opinion of my Wit. Let him put his Question to me, and I will answer it.

Madam, says then the Prince of the *Nogaians*, I ask of you, *What is the Name of that Prince, who, after having endured a thousand Fatigues, and begged his Bread, finds himself at this Present crown'd with*

Joy

Joy and Glory? That Prince, reply'd Tourandocte, is named Calaf, and he is the Son of Timurtasch. As soon as Calaf heard her pronounce his Name, he changed Colour, his Eyes were cover'd with thick Mists, and he fell down all at once senseless. The King and all the Assembly judging by that, that Tourandocte had told the true Name of the Prince, turn'd pale, and were in a great Consternation.

The Sequel and Conclusion of the History of Prince Calaf.

WHEN Prince *Calaf* was come to himself again, by the Assistance of the Mandarins, and the King himself, who descended from his Throne to help him, he directed his Discourse to *Tourandocte*; Fair Princess, says he to her, you are in the Wrong, if you believe you have answer'd right to my Question; the Son of *Timurtasch* is not crown'd with Joy and Glory; he is rather cover'd with Shame, and overwhelmed with Grief. I agree; says the Princess, that you are not crown'd with Joy and Glory at this Moment, but you were when you propos'd your Question. Therefore, Prince, instead of having Recourse to vain Subtilties, confess ingenuously that you have lost all the Rights and Pretension you had to *Tourandocte*. I may now justly refuse to marry you, and leave you to repent the having lost me. Nevertheless, I confess and declare here in publick, that now, in Regard to you, I am of another Mind; the Friendship which the King my Father has for you, and your own Merit in particular, have inclined me to accept of you for my Husband.

At this Discourse, the Hall of the Divan resounded with Shouts of Joy. The Mandarins and the Doctors applauded the Words of the Princess.

The King went to her, and embracing her, said, Daughter, you could not have taken a Resolution which would have been more agreeable to me. By this Declaration you have removed the ill Opinion which my People had of you, and given your Father the Satisfaction which he has long expected, and which he despair'd ever to have had. The Aversion you have had for Men; this Aversion, so contrary to Nature, deprived me of the sweet Hopes I had conceived of seeing Princes of my Blood born of your Body. This Aversion is now at an End; and that which crowns my Wishes, is, that you stifle this Aversion in Favour of a young Hero, who is dear to me. But tell us, added he, how came you to hit on the Name of a Prince who was unknown to you? By what Charm did you discover it? Sir, reply'd *Tourandoste*, it was not by Incantment that I knew it; it was by a very natural Method: One of my Slaves went last Night to Prince *Calaf*, and by her Address pump'd his Secret out of him. He ought to pardon me for taking Advantage of this Treachery, since I make not an ill Use of it.

Ah! charming *Tourandoste*, cry'd the Prince of the *Negians*, is it possible you should have such favourable Thoughts of me? From what a frightful Abyss have you drawn me, to raise me to the highest Rank in the World! Alas! that I should be so unjust! whilst you were designing to make me the happiest of Men, I believed you guilty of the blackest of all Treacheries. Deceived by a frightful Story, which has disturbed my Reason, I repay'd your Goodness with injurious Suspicions. But oh! how impatient I am to expiate my Crime at your Feet!

The amorous Son of *Timurtasch* was going on to declare his Passion in such tender and moving Expressions, when all of a sudden he was oblig'd to be silent, to hear and observe a Slave, who till then had

had stood behind the Princess of *China*, and who coming forward into the Midst of the Assembly, surprized by so doing all that were present; she lifted up her Veil, and presently *Calaf* knew her to be the same Person that he had seen the Night before in his Apartment. Her Face was as pale as Death, her Eyes stared, and she seem'd resolv'd upon something fatal. All the Spectators looked on her with Astonishment, and *Altoun-Cam*, among the rest, was expecting to hear what she had to say, when, turning herself towards *Tourandossie*, she spoke to her after this Manner; Princess, it is Time to undeceive you: I went not to Prince *Calaf* with Design to engage him to discover his Name to me; your Service was least in my Thoughts: It was for my own Interest that I ventured to expose myself. I would have freed myself from Slavery, and gone away with your Lover: I had all Things in Readiness to be gone with him. He rejected my Proposition, or rather the ungrateful Man despised my Tenderness. However, I spared nothing to wean him from you: I described to him your Pride in the blackest Colours; I told him you intended to have him assassinated this very Day. But I accus'd you in vain of this black Attempt; I could not shake his Constancy. He knows in what Transports of Rage I broke out when I left him, and his Eyes were Witnesses of my Fury and Confusion. Jealous and despairing, I return'd into your Apartment, and by a false Confidence I made a Merit to you of a Proceeding which hath turned only to my Shame. It was not therefore to deliver you from the Perviousity you were in, that I told you the Name you wanted to know. The Prince happen'd to name himself in a Transport, which he could not command; and, I believ'd that you, by Reason of your constant Aversion to Men, would be very glad to get rid of *Calaf*. In short, I hop'd by that Means to prevent the fatal Union that is about

about to join you together: But since my Artifice has proved useless, and that you are resolved to marry your Lover, I have no other Course to take but this. Whilst she finished these Words, she drew from under her Robe a Dagger, and sheathed it in her Breast.

All the Assembly were concerned at this Action. *Altoun-Can* was seized with Horror. *Calaf* perceived his Joy to be diminished; and *Tourandocle*, crying out, descended from her Throne, and ran to succour the Princess's Slave, and save her Life if possible. The other favourite Slave run also upon the same Design, and so did the others who held the Ink and the Paper; but before they could come, the unhappy Lover of the Son of *Timurtasch*, as if the Wound which she had given was not sufficient to take away her Life, drew out her Dagger from her Breast, and stabbed herself a second Time. All they could do was to receive her reeling Body into their Arms. *Adelmule*, says the Princess of *China* to her, all in Tears, my dear *Adelmule*, what have you done? Who could have thought you would have brought yourself to this Extremity? Why did not you last Night declare your Mind to me? Why would not you tell me it would cost you your Life, if I marry'd Prince *Calaf*? What Efforts would I not have made to save such a Rival as you?

At these Words, the Princess's Slave opening her Eyes, which Death had almost closed, turn'd with a languishing Air towards *Tourandocle*, and said to her: All is well, my Princess, my Life and my Sufferings are at an End. Bewail not then my Fate, but rather applaud my generous Resolution. In dying, I free myself from a double Slavery; I release myself out of the Fetters of *Altoun-Can*, and those of Love, which are yet more rigorous. I was educated in the Principles of *Xaca*; [*The Sect of Xaca* neither hop'd for a Reward, nor fear'd a Punishment,
after

after Death] therefore you ought not to be thus surprized that I dar'd to suborn my Death. In saying these Words, she fetched a deep Sigh, and died.

The Mandarins and the Doctors were moved at the miserable End of *Adelmule*. *Tourandotte* shed fresh Tears, and *Calaf* looking upon himself as the Author of this tragical Event, was grieved to the very Soul. The good King of *China* seem'd very much afflicted. Ah! unfortunate Princess, says he, the sole and precious Remains of an illustrious Family! What does it avail you now that you were saved from the Fury of the Waves? Alas! you had been much more happy, if you had lost your Life on the Day that your Father *Keycobad*, the Can of the *Catalans*, and all his Family, perished. May you at last, after you have passed through the nine infernal Regions, be born the Daughter of another Sovereign Prince: May this be your first Transmigration. [*Most of the Chinese imagine, that there are nine infernal Regions, which the Souls of the Dead pass through, and that at length they come to Life again; but that they have not all the same Lot. Those that are the most fortunate are born Men; the others become Animals resembling Men; and the most unfortunate take the Shapes of Birds, without Hopes of ever becoming Men again, at the first Transmigration.*]

Altoun-Can was not contented only to bewail, in this Manner the Misfortune of the Princess *Adelmule*; he order'd a magnificent Funèral. They carried the Corps into a separate Palace, where it was covered with rich white Habits; and before they put her into the Coffin, the King with all the Officers of his Household, went to pay their Respects to her, and to present her with Perfumes. Afterwards they nail'd her up in a Coffin of Wood of Aloes, and placed it upon a Kind of Throne, which was raised for that Purpose, in the Middle of a great Court. It remained there a whole Week, and every Day
the

the Wives of the Mandarins, clad in Mourning from Head to Foot, were oblig'd to visit it, and make each of them four Courtesies, with Demonstrations of Grief. After this Ceremony, the Day on which the great Mathematician had design'd to bury her being come, they put the Coffin upon a triumphal Chariot, cover'd with Plates of Silver, intermixed with Figures of Animals painted on Pastboard: Then a Sacrifice was offer'd to the Guardian Genius of the Chariot, to obtain a happy Issue of the Funeral; and after having sprinkled the Coffin with perfum'd Waters, the Procession began. It lasted three Days, by Reason of the several Ceremonies and Stops which must be made, before they could come to the Mountain where the Tombs of the Kings of *China* were; for *Altoun-Can* would have the Ashes of Princess *Adelmule* be mixed with those of the Princes of his Family. It is true, that *Tourandocte*, for the Friendship she had for her favourite Slave, had desired the King her Father to do her that Honour.

When the Convoy was arrived near the Mountain, they took the Coffin out of the Chariot that had brought it thither, and put it in another that was more rich. Then they sacrificed a Bull, which they sprinkled with aromattick Wine, and presented it, with other Things, to the Earth, intreating her to receive favourably the Corps of the Princess.

When the Obsequies of *Adelmule* were ended, the Court of *China* alter'd its Cheer; they left off their Mourning, and Pleasures succeeded the mournful Occasions, that had employ'd them. *Altoun-Can* ordered the Preparations for the Marriage of *Galaf* with *Tourandocte*; and whilst they were getting ready, he sent Embassadors to the Tribe of *Berlas*, to inform the Can of the *Nogaians* of all that had passed in *China*, and to desire him to come hither with the Princess his Wife.

The

The Preparations being finished, they were married with all the Pomp and Magnificence that was suitable to their Quality. There were no Masters given to *Calaf*, and the King himself declared publickly, that as a Mark of Esteem and Respect which he had for his Son-in-Law, he would exempt him from making the usual Compliments to his Bride. [*They commonly give two old Mandarins to the Sons-in-Law of the Kings of China, to serve them as Masters, and to instruct them in what is fitting for Princes to know. Moreover, it is to be observed, that till the Daughter of the King has Children, the Fumma, that is to say, he that marries her, is obliged every Day to make her four Obeysances on his Knees.*] There was nothing to be seen at Court for a whole Month but Sights and Feasts, and in the City there were great Rejoicings.

The Enjoyment of *Tourandocite* did not abate the Love of *Calaf*, and that Princess, who till now had regarded Men with such Contempt, could not forbear loving so accomplish'd a Prince. Some Time after their Marriage, the Embassadors, which *Altoun-Can* had sent to the Country of *Berlas*, return'd in good Company. They had with them not only the Father and Mother of the Son-in-Law of their King; but Prince *Alinguer* himself, who, to do the greater Honour to *Elmaze* and *Timurtasch*, would accompany them with the greatest Lords of his Court, and conduct them to *Pequin*.

The young Prince of the *Nogaians*, being informed of their Arrival, went immediately to meet them. He met them at the Gate of the Palace. Who can represent the Joy he was in, to see his Father and Mother again, and the Transports that moved them at the Sight of him? It is impossible for Words to express it. They all three kiss'd one another several Times, and the Tears that they shed in embracing each other, excited those of the *Chinese* and *Tartars* that were present.

After these Tokens of Affection, *Calaf* saluted the Can of *Berlas*. He assur'd him how much he was obliged to his Goodness, and above all, that he himself had been pleased to accompany his Parents to the Court of *China*; to which, Prince *Alinguer* answer'd, That not knowing the Quality of *Timurtasch* and *Elmaze*, he had not paid them the Respects that were due to them, and that therefore, to make amends for the ill Treatment he had perhaps given them, he thought himself obliged to take this Journey. Upon this, the Can of the *Nogaians* and the Princess his Wife, returned Thanks to the Sovereign of *Berlas*; and they all went into *Altoun-Can's* Palace. They found that Monarch waiting for them in the first Hall. He embrac'd them one after another, and receiv'd them very kindly. Then he conducted them into his Closet, where, after he had declar'd to *Timurtasch* the Pleasure he took in seeing him, and how much he was concern'd at his Misfortunes, he assured him, that he would employ all his Forces, to revenge him of the Sultan of *Carizme*; and he kept his Promise; for that very Day, he sent Orders to the Governors of the Provinces to draw out with all Speed, the Soldiers that were in the Towns of their Jurisdictions, and march them to the Lake of *Baljouta*, which Place he had chosen for the Rendezvous of the formidable Army which he intended to assemble. The Can of *Berlas*, who had well foreseen this War, and who desir'd to contribute to the Re-establishment of *Timurtasch* in his Dominions, had, when he parted from his Tribe, order'd his chief General of his Troops to be in Readiness to take the Field at first Notice. He therefore sent to him to march with his Forces to the Lake of *Baljouta* with all possible Diligence.

Whilst the Officers and Soldiers, who were to compose *Altoun-Can's* Army, and that were dispersed in the Towns of the Kingdoms, were marching to
their

Their Place of general Rendezvous, that King spar'd for nothing for the good Reception of his new Guests. He order'd for each of them a separate Palace, with a great Number of Eunuchs, and a Guard of two thousand Men. Every Day he regaled them with some new Feast, and made it his Study to please and divert them. *Calaf*, though his Mind was taken up with a thousand Cares, did not forget his old Landlady. He remember'd with Pleasure, how much she was concern'd for him: He made her come to the Palace, and pray'd *Tourandoëte* to receive her among her Retinue.

The Hopes which *Timurtafch* and the Princess *Elmaxe* had conceiv'd of remounting the Throne of the *Negarian Tartars*, by the Assistance of the King of *China*, made them insensibly forget their past Misfortunes; and the fine Prince that *Tourandoëte* had brought into the World at that Time, created in them a great deal of Joy. The Birth of this Child, who was called the Prince of *China*, was celebrated in all the Towns of that vast Empire by publick Rejoicings: Which lasted till Couriers, sent by the Officers, who were ordered to assemble the Army, brought Advice, that all the Troops of the Realm, and those of the Can of *Berlas* were arrived at the Lake *Baljouta*. Forthwith *Timurtafch*, *Calaf*, and *Alinguer* set out for the Camp, where they found in effect every Thing in readiness, and seven hundred thousand Men in a Condition to march. In a little Time they took the Road to *Cotan*, from whence they went to *Cachgar*, and at length enter'd the Sultan of *Carizme's* Dominions.

That Prince being inform'd of their March, and their Number, by the Couriers which the Governors of his Frontier Places had sent to him; instead of being dismay'd at so formidable an Enemy, prepared courageously to receive them. Instead of intrenching himself, he had the Boldness to march to meet

meet them, at the Head of four hundred thousand Men that he had drawn together in great Diligence. The two Armies came in Sight of each other near *Cogende*, where they put themselves in Battalia. On the *Chinese* Side, *Timurtasch* commanded the Right-wing, Prince *Alinguer* the Left, and *Calaf* was in the Centre. On the other Side, the Sultan trusted the Conduct of his Right-wing to the ablest of his Generals, opposed the Prince of *Carizme* to the Prince of the *Nogajans*, and reserved the Left for himself, where the Flower of his Cavalry was posted. The Can of *Berlas* began the Fight with the Soldiers of his Tribe, who fighting like Men that had the Eyes of their Master for a Witness of their Actions, soon made the Right-wing of their Enemies yield. But the Officer that commanded it, rallied again. *Timurtasch* succeeded not so well. The Sultan broke into his Troops the very first Charge, and the *Chinese* being put in Disorder, were ready to fly; nor could the Can of the *Nogajans* have hinder'd them, had not *Calaf*, who was informed of what passed, left the Care of the Centre to an old *Chinese* General, and run to succour his Father with some chosen Troops. Presently Things chang'd their Face. The Left of the *Carizmians* were forced in their Turn. The Ranks open'd, and were afterwards easily broken: All the Wing was defeated. The Sultan, who resolv'd to vanquish or to die, made incredible Efforts to rally his Soldiers; but *Timurtasch* and *Calaf* surrounding him on all Sides, would not give him Time. As for Prince *Alinguer*, he having also routed the Right-wing, Victory declared itself for the *Chinese*.

The Sultan of *Carizme* had now but one Course to take, which was to force himself a Passage through his Enemies, and fly to some foreign Prince. But he, chusing rather not to survive his Defeat, than to expose himself to the Eyes of the

the World, depriv'd of all his Diadems, run headlong where he perceiv'd the Slaughter raging with greatest Fury, and ceased not fighting till being mortally wounded in a thousand Places, he fell dead on the Spot, and lay among the Multitude of the Slain.

The Prince of *Carizme's* Son had the same Fate. Two hundred thousand of their Men were kill'd or made Prisoners. The rest sought their Safety by Flight. The *Chinese* also lost a great many Men: But the Battle, though very bloody, was, in Recompence, decisive. *Timurtasch*, after he had return'd Thanks to Heaven for this good Success, sent an Officer to *Pequin*, to give the King of *China* an Account of it. Afterwards he went to *Zagatay*, and possessed himself of the City of *Carizme*.

He made it be published in that Capital, that he would not meddle with the Estates, nor infringe the Liberty of the *Carizmians*; and seeing God had render'd him Master of the Throne of his Enemy, he resolv'd to keep it; and that for the future, *Zagatay* and the other Countries that were in Subjection to the Sultan, should acknowledge Prince *Calaf*, his Son, for their Sovereign.

The *Carizmians*, weary of the Government of their last Master, and persuaded that that of *Calaf* would be more gentle, submitted willingly, and proclaimed Sultan that young Prince, whose Merit they were well assured of. While the new Sultan of *Carizme* took all necessary Measures to establish his Power, *Timurtasch* departed with a Detachment of *Chinese* Troops, and repaired with all possible Diligence to his own Dominions. The *Nogaiian Tartars* acknowledged him like faithful Subjects, who were ravish'd to see their lawful Sovereign again; but he, not contented barely to remount his Throne, declared War against the *Circassians*, to revenge himself of the Treachery they were guilty of to *Calaf*
at

at *Jund*. Instead of endeavouring to appease him by their Submissions, the People quickly form'd an Army to resist him: He defeated and cut them almost all in Pieces, after which he made himself be declared King of *Circassia*. Then returning to *Zagatay*, he found the Princesses *Elmaze* and *Tourandoëte*, whom *Altoun-Can* had caus'd to be conducted to *Carizme* in great Magnificence. Such was the End of the Misfortunes of Prince *Calaf*, who by his Virtues gain'd the Love and Esteem of the *Carizmians*. He reign'd a long Time, and peaceably over them, and, always charm'd with *Tourandoëte*, he had a second Son by her, who was after him Sultan of *Carizme*; for as for the Prince of *China*, *Altoun-Can* brought him up, and made Choice of him for his Successor. *Timurtasch*, and the Princess his Wife went and pass'd the rest of their Days at *Astracan*; and the Can of *Berlas*, after he had receiv'd, both from them and their Son, all the Marks of Acknowledgment which his Generosity deserved, went Home to his Tribe with the Remainder of his Troops.

The Princess of *Cashmire's* Nurse, having made an End of relating the Story of *Calaf*, demanded of *Farrukhnaz's* Women what they thought of it? They all told her, that it was very moving, and that *Calaf* seem'd to be a virtuous Prince and a perfect Lover. For me, says the Princess, I find him more vain than amorous, and a little hot-headed: In a Word, he is what you may call a giddy young Man. In Regard to the old King of *Moussel*, the good *Fadlallah*, continued she, smiling, I must confess, that he was a tender and faithful Husband; for he, instead of dying with *Zemroude*, chose rather to live fifty Years to mourn the Loss of her.

Well! my Princess, says the Nurse, since neither *Calaf* nor *Fadlallah* satisfy your Nicety; I will, if you will permit me, relate to you the Story of the
King

King of *Damascus* and his Visier. Perhaps you may like that better. With all my Heart, reply'd *Farrukhnaz*; my Women are so much delighted with your Stories, that I cannot refuse them the Pleasure of hearing them. It is true, you know how to make very agreeable Descriptions; but, *Sutlumeme*, added she, my dear *Sutlumeme*, tho' you paint Men in the best Colours, their Defects always pierce thro' your Paintings.

The Story of King Bedreddin Lolo, and of his Visier Atalmulc, surnamed the Melancholy Visier.

BEDREDDIN *Lolo*, King of *Damascus*, continued the Nurse, had for his Grand Visier a very honest Man, according to the History of his Time. That Minister, whose Name was *Atalmulc*, which signifies a Present made to the Kingdom, very well deserv'd the Name he bore. He had an indefatigable Zeal for the King's Service, a Vigilancy that could not be deceived, a very penetrating and extensive Genius, together with an Impartiality and Disinterestedness which all the People admired. But he was surnamed the Melancholy Visier, because he commonly seem'd plunged in a deep Melancholy. He was always serious, whatever ridiculous Action he saw done at Court; and whatever pleasant Thing you could say before him, it never made him laugh.

One Day the King was talking with him in private, and, laughing heartily, told him of an Adventure that he had just heard of. The Visier listen'd so seriously, that *Bedreddin* was angry. *Atalmulc*, says he to him, you are of a strange Temper; you always look thoughtful and sad. For these ten Years that you have been with me, I never perceived the least Impression of Joy in your Countenance. Sir, reply'd the Visier, your Majesty need not be so amazed at it.

it, every one has his Troubles. There is no Man in the World exempt from Sorrow. Your Answer is not sincere, reply'd the King; because you yourself have undoubtedly some secret Chagrin, does it follow, for that Reason, that all Men must have some too? Do you indeed believe what you say? Yes, Sir, reply'd *Atalmulc*, such is the Condition of the Children of *Adam*. Our Hearts can never enjoy an intire Satisfaction. Judge of others, Sir, by yourself; is your Majesty perfectly content? As for me, cry'd *Bedreddin*, I can't be so: I have Enemies on my Hands; I am loaded with the Weight of an Empire; a thousand Cares divide my Spirits, and trouble the Repose of my Life; but I am persuaded, that there are a great many private Persons, whose happy Days flow with Pleasures that are mix'd with no Allay.

The Visier *Atalmulc* maintain'd what he said; in-
somuch that the King, seeing him thus fixed in his Opinion, said to him, if no Body is exempt from Trouble, at least every one is not so over-run with their Affliction as you; I have a great Mind to know what makes you so thoughtful and so sad. Tell me why you are insensible of Laughter, which is one of the sweetest Charms of Society? I will obey you, Sir, reply'd the Visier, and discover to you my secret Disturbances, in telling you the Story of my Life.

The Story of Atalmulc, surnamed the Melancholy Visier, and of the Princess Zelia Beyaume.

I AM the only Son of a rich Jeweller of *Bagdad*: My Father, whose Name was *Coaja Abdallah*, spared nothing for my Education. He gave me, almost in my Infancy, Masters, who taught me several Sciences; as, Philosophy, Law, Divinity;

nity ; and above all, he made me learn all the different Languages that are spoken in *Asia*, that if ever I should go into that Part of the World, they might be useful to me in my Travels.

I naturally loved Pleasure and Expence, which my Father perceived with Grief. He endeavour'd, by his wise Remonstrances, to destroy this Inclination in me ; but what Impression could the good Instruction of a prudent Father have on a Libertine ? I gave no Ear to them ; I rather imputed them to the Frowardness of old Age. One Day, as I was walking with him in our Garden, and as he was blaming me, as he usually did, he said to me, Son, I have observed, that hitherto my Reprimands have had no Effect on you ; but you shall soon be freed from so troublesome a Censor ; Death is not far from me. I shall descend into the Abyss of Eternity, and leave you Master of an immense Treasure : Take Care not to make an ill Use of it ; or at least, if you should be so unhappy as to spend it foolishly, fail not to have Recourse to that Tree which you see in the Middle of the Garden. Tie to one of its Branches a fatal Cord, and by that Means prevent the Evils that will attend your Poverty.

He actually dy'd a little Time after, as he had foretold he should : I buried him magnificently, and afterwards took Possession of all his Riches. I found such a prodigious Quantity, that I fancy'd I might, without Danger of Ruin, freely indulge my natural Inclination to Pleasure. I increas'd the Number of my Domesticks ; I entertain'd at my House all the young Men of the Town ; I kept an open Table, and gave myself over to all Manner of Debaucheries ; insomuch that I insensibly consumed my Patrimony. Then my Friends abandon'd me, and all my Domesticks left me one after another. What a Change was this in my Fortune ! My Heart sunk
within

within me to think of it. I remembered then, but too late, the last Words of my Father. I well deserve the Condition I am in, said I; Why did not I follow the good Advice of *Abdallah*? It was not without Reason that he recommended to me to be a good Husband of my Riches. Is any Condition so curs'd as that of a Man who lives in Want, after having known the Sweets of Plenty! Oh! at least I will not neglect all his Advices! I have not forgot how he directed me to put an End to my own Life, if I should come to Poverty. I am come to it; I will follow that Counsel, which is not less judicious than the other; for, in short, when I have sold my House, the only Thing I have left, and which is not sufficient at the most to maintain me a few Years, what will become of me? I shall be reduced to beg my Bread, or die of Hunger. Wretched Alternative! I had better hang myself this Moment; I cannot free myself too soon from these tormenting Thoughts.

When I had said this to myself, I went and bought a Rope, went into my Garden to the Tree my Father had shewn me, and which indeed seem'd very proper for my Design. I laid at the Foot of that Tree two great Stones, upon which being mounted, I lifted my Arms up to tie one End of the Cord to a great Branch. I made the other into a Noose, which I put about my Neck. Afterwards I leap'd in the Air from off the two Stones. The Slip-knot, which I had made very fast, had almost strangled me, when the Bough, to which the fatal Cord was ty'd, yielding to the Weight which drew it down, broke off from the Trunk, and fell with me to the Ground.

I was at first very much mortified for having made an useless Effort to hang myself; but looking upon the Bough that had balked my Despair, I perceived with Surprize some Diamonds that were fallen out
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of it, and that it was hollow, as well as all the Trunk of the Tree. I ran to look for a Hatchet in the House, and I open'd the Tree, and found it full of Rubies, Emeralds, and other precious Stones. I quickly pulled the Rope from off my Neck, and my Despair was changed into Joy.

Instead of abandoning myself to Pleasure, and living as before, I resolved to take upon me the Profession of my Father. I understood Jewels very well, and I had Reason to hope I should find my Account in it. I enter'd into Partnership with two Merchants, Jewellers of *Bagdad*, who had been *Abdallab's* Friends, and who were going to *Ormus* to traffick. We all three went to *Basra*. We there freighted out a Vessel, and embarked on the Gulph, which bears the Name of that Town.

We lived in a good Understanding one with another, and sailed with a favourable Wind. We passed our Time merrily, and we had just finished our Voyage, according to our Designs, when my two Partners let me understand that I was associated with none of the honestest Men. We were almost arrived at the Point of the Gulph, and ready to go ashore. That made us all merry. In the Mirth, which encourag'd us, we did not spare the most exquisite Wines, which we took Care to be provided with at *Basra*. After I had drank heartily, I fell asleep on a Sofa, in the Middle of the Night, with my Cloaths on. Whilst I was in a deep Sleep, my Partners took me in their Arms, and cast me into the Sea thro' the Window of the Vessel. I thought I could not escape Death in these Deeps, and could never comprehend how I should live after such an Adventure. But the Sea was very rough, and the Waves, as if Heaven had protected me from being drowned, threw me on the Foot of a Mountain, which stood close by one Side of the Gulph. I found myself safe and sound on the Bank, where I

staid the rest of the Night to thank God for my Deliverance, which I could not sufficiently admire.

As soon as the Day appear'd, I clim'd up with great Difficulty to the Top of the Mountain, which was very steep. I found many Peasants thereabouts, who were looking for Crystal, which they intended to sell at *Ormus*. I told them what Danger I had been in ; and my Escape seem'd to them, as well as to me, no less than a Miracle. These good People took Pity on my Condition ; they made me partake of their Provisions, and conducted me, as soon as they had their Loads of Crystal, to the great City of *Ormus*. I went to lodge at an Inn, where the first Man I saw was one of my Partners.

He seem'd very much surprized at the Sight of a Man, who he thought had by that Time serv'd for Food to the Fish. He ran to inform his Comrade of my Arrival, and to concert with him what they should do with me. They soon came to a Resolution ; I saw both of them a Moment after ; they came into the Court where I was, and placed themselves before me, without seeming to know me. O perfidious Wretches ! said I to them, Heaven has disappointed you in your Treachery ; I am still alive in Spight of your Barbarity. Restore me my Jewels this Moment, I will no longer be Partners with such Villains as you are. To this Discourse, which ought to have confounded them, they had the Impudence to make me this Answer : O Villain ! O wicked Wretch ! who are you, and from whence come you ? What Jewels have we of yours ? In saying this, they beat me severely. I threaten'd them to complain to the Cady. They prevented me, and went themselves to that Judge. They behaved themselves very submissively to him, and after they had presented him with some Jewels which they had about them, and which perhaps were mine, they said to him ; O thou, who art the Em-
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blem of Justice, the Light which dispels the Darkness of Perfidiousness, permit us to have Recourse to you. We are helpless Foreigners; we came from afar to traffick here. Is it just that we should be insulted by a Villain, and will you suffer what we got by venturing of our Lives in a thousand Travels, to be taken away from us by an Impostor? Who is the Man you complain of, says the Cady to them? Sir, said they, we don't know him, we never saw his Face before. I came just in that Interim of Time to the Judge. They cry'd out, as soon as they saw me: See there, Sir, there is that miserable Wretch, that noted Villain, who is so audacious as to come within your Palace to expose himself to your Presence, which ought to terrify the Guilty! Great Judge, grant us your Protection.

I went to the Cady to speak in my Turn; but having no Presents to make him, he would not hear me. The Assurance and Tranquillity which he saw in my Countenance, and which the Testimony of a good Conscience produced in me, he took for Impudence: So much had they prepossess'd him against me. He order'd his Officers to carry me immediately to Prison; which they did accordingly, inso-much that while they loaded me with Fetters, my Partners return'd triumphant, and fully persuaded that I would have Occasion for a new Miracle to deliver me out of the Cady's Hands.

I should not perhaps have got so luckily out of Prison as I had out of the Gulph, but for a new Accident that besel me, and was another visible Effect of the Bounty of Heaven. The Peasants, who brought me to *Ormus*, heard by chance that I was in Prison. Moved with Pity, they went to the Cady, told him how they met with me, and related to him all I had told them on the Mountain. The Judge gave ear to them, and open'd his Eyes: He repented he had refus'd to hear me, and resolved to

examine thoroughly into this Affair. He sent to the Inn for the two Merchants; but they were gone. They were already return'd aboard their Vessel, and put to Sea. Notwithstanding they had gain'd the Judge, their Guilt made them very uneasy. Their hasty Flight convinced the Cady that I was wrongfully imprison'd, and he set me at Liberty. Thus ended my Partnership with those two honest Jewellers.

Having escap'd the Perils of the Sea and the Law, I look'd upon myself as a Man that had no small Thanks to return to Heaven; but I was in such a Condition, that I had no great Reason to be thankful for my Preservation. Without Money, without Friends, without Credit, I saw myself reduced either to subsist on Charity, or starve. I went from *Ormuz*, not knowing what would become of me, and travell'd towards the Meadows of *Lar*, which lie between the Mountains and the *Persian* Sea. At my Arrival there, I found a Caravan of Merchants of *Indostan*, who were going to *Chiras*. I put myself in their Company, and by the small Services I did them, found Means to subsist. I went with them to *Chiras*, where I took up my Abode. King *Schah Tahmaspe* kept his Court in that City.

One Day, as I was coming from the great Mosque, to go to the Inn where I lodg'd, I saw one of the King of *Persia's* Officers; he was richly cloath'd, and very handsome; he looked upon me very earnestly, and accosted me thus: Young Man, what Country are you of? I see very well that you are a Stranger, and I guess you are in Want. I answer'd, that I was of *Bagdad*, and that in Regard to his Conjecture of me, it was but too true: Then I told him my Story in a very few Words. He seem'd to harken very attentively to me, and shew'd himself sensible of my Misfortunes. How old are you, said he to me? I am, answer'd I, in the
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nineteenth Year of my Age; he bid me follow him, he walked before me, and went to the King's Palace, where I went in with him; he carried me into a very fine Apartment, where he said to me, What is your Name? I answer'd, *Hasan*: He ask'd me a few more Questions, and was satisfied with my Answers. *Hasan*, replied he, I pity your Misfortune, and will be a Father to you: Take Notice that I am the *Capi-Aga* of the King of *Persia*. [*The Capi-Aga is Captain of the King of Persia's Chamber, whose Business it is to fill up the Number of the Pages, when any Vacancies happen.*] There is a Page's Place, said he to me, of the *Casoda*, or King's Bed-Chamber, vacant: I chuse you to supply it; you are handsome, young, and well-shaped, I cannot make a better Choice; there is none of the *Casodali* that excel you in Presence and Mien. [*The Pages of the King's Bed-Chamber, are called Casodali; those of the other Chambers have other Names.*]

I thank'd the *Capi-Aga* for the Favours he had shewn me; he took me under his Protection, and gave me a Page's Habit: They inform'd me of my Duty, and I acquitted myself of it in such a Manner, and behav'd myself so well, that I soon gain'd the Esteem of the *Zuliffs*, and became a Credit to my Benefactor. [*The Zuliffs are six Officers of the Pages of the King's Bed-Chamber: They are so called, because they wear two Locks of Hair curled, which hang from the Top of their Temples down to their Necks.*]

It was forbid on Pain of Death to all the Pages of the twelve Chambers, and also to all the Officers of the Palace, and the Soldiers of the Guard, to be at Night in the Gardens of the Seraglio after such an Hour, because the Women walk'd there sometimes. I was alone there one Evening, and reflecting on my Misfortunes, which so entirely took up my Thoughts, that without so much as thinking of it, I staid beyond the Time prescribed for the Men

to retire. I ended my melancholy Contemplation, and judging that the Hour to retire was near at hand, I made great Haste to get into the Palace, when a Lady, at the Turning of an Alley, presented herself all of a sudden before me: She had a majestick Presence; and, for all the Darkness of the Night, I observed that she was young and beautiful.

You are in mighty Haste, said she, What makes you run so fast? I have a Reason for it, answer'd I, and if you belong to this Palace, as I doubt not but you do, you cannot be ignorant of it. You know that Men are forbid to be in these Gardens after a certain Hour, and that he forfeits his Life who acts contrary to that Prohibition. You have bethought yourself of being gone a little too late, replied the Lady, the Hour is past; but you may thank your Stars for it; for had you not staid so long, you would not have met with me. That I should be so unhappy! cry'd I, thinking of nothing but the Danger I was in of my Life. Why was I so unfortunate, as not to mind how the Time went away? Afflict not yourself, said the Lady, your Grief offends me: Ought not you already to be reconciled to this Misfortune? Look upon me, I am not deform'd, I am but eighteen, and as for my Face, I flatter myself that it is not very disagreeable. Fair Lady, said I to her, tho' the Night conceals from my Eyes Part of your Beauty, yet I discover more than enough to charm me: But consider my Condition, and agree with me that it is not a little deplorable. It is true, replied she, the Danger you are in cannot be very pleasant to you; your Ruin however may not be so certain as you imagine. The King is a Prince who may pardon you: Who are you? Madam, reply'd I, I am a *Casodali*. Indeed, said she, considering you are a Page, you make very prudent Reflections. The *Atemadolet* himself, [so they

they call the Grand Vifir of *Persia*] could not be more cautious: But take my Advice, and be not uneasy To-day for what may happen To-morrow; you know not what it will produce; Heaven has reserved to itself the Knowledge of it, and may, perhaps, already have prepar'd Means to deliver you from this Danger. Take not Care then for the future, but let the present only employ your Thoughts. If you knew who I am, and all the Honour this Adventure does you, instead of imbittering these so sweet Moments with such tormenting Reflections, you would esteem yourself the happiest of Men.

In short, the Lady gave me such Encouragements, that the Fear I was in vanished away. The Idea of the Punishment that threaten'd me, effac'd itself immediately from my Mind, and giving myself up entirely to the flattering Hopes I was prevail'd upon to conceive, I thought of nothing but how to take Advantage of this Opportunity. I embrac'd the Lady with Transport, but so far was she from giving herself up to my Caresses, that pushing me from her, she cry'd out, and immediately there bolted out upon me ten or twelve Women, who had hid themselves to hear our Conversation.

And now it was not very difficult for me to perceive, that the Person who had been talking to me was but in Jest, and did but laugh at me. I judg'd her to be a Slave that belong'd to the Princess of *Persia*, and who, to divert herself, had turn'd Adventurer. All the other Women ran laughing presently to her Assistance; and perceiving that she trembled with the Fright I put her into: *Cale Cairi*, says one of them to her, have you a Mind to any more of this Pastime? No, indeed, answer'd *Cale Cairi*, I'll never play at this Game again, I am well rewarded for my Curiosity.

And now the Slaves began to flock about me, and to joke upon me: That Page, says one, is very
N 4 . gallant;

gallant; sure he was born for such Adventures. If ever I walk alone in the Night, said another, I wish I may not find one more foolish or less forward. Tho' I was a Page, their Jest and their Laughter put me out of Countenance. If they had rallied me for being too timorous, I should not have been more ashamed.

They made themselves merry likewise upon my having staid in the Garden after the Hour of Retreat: They said, it was Pity so fine a Youth as I should die, and that I deserved my Life should be saved, seeing I was so much devoted to the Ladies Service. Then *Cale Cairi*, whose Name I had heard, addressing herself to another, said to her: 'Tis in your Power, my Princess, to determine of his Fate: Would you have us to abandon him, or lend him our Assistance? We will deliver him from the Danger he is in, reply'd the Princess: Let him live, I consent to it; nay more, to the End he may remember this Adventure the longer, let us make it more agreeable to him. Let us carry him into my Apartment, which no Man hitherto could ever boast of seeing. Immediately two Slaves went for a Woman's Apparel, and brought one. I put it on, and went among the Attendants of the Princess into her Apartment, which was lighted with a great many perfumed Tapers, that breath'd a very agreeable Odour. It seem'd to me as magnificent and rich, as that of the King himself; Gold and Silver shone all around it.

When I came into the Chamber of *Zelica Beyaume*, for that is the Name of the Princess of *Persia*, I observed in the Middle of it, fifteen or twenty great brocaded Cushions, that were laid around the Carpet on the Floor. All the Ladies went and sat themselves on them, and obliged me to sit down also. Then *Zelica* ask'd for some Refreshments. Six old Slaves, not so richly dressed as those that sat down, came

came in the very Moment. They gave us Napkins, and presently served us, in a green China-Bason, with a Sallad of curdled Milk, Juice of Citron, and Slices of Cucumbers. They brought the Princess a Cocnos Spoon. [*The Spoons of the King of Persia are made of the Bills of Birds called Cocnos, and that are in great Esteem among them.*] She first took a Spoonful of the Sallad, eat it, and gave the Spoon to the first Slave that sat next her on her right Hand. That Slave did the like to the next; so that all the Company served themselves with the same Spoon in their Turns, till they had emptied the Bason. Then the six old Slaves, I already spoke of, set before us some fair Water in Cups of Crystal.

After this Repast, we talk'd as merrily as if we had been drinking Wine, or Brandy made of Dates. *Cale Cairi*, who by Chance, or otherwise, was placed over-against me, looked upon me smiling, and seem'd as if she would have me understand, that she forgave me my Rudeness to her in the Garden. For my Part, I cast my Eyes on her from Time to Time; but hung down my Head, when I observed she look'd at me. I appear'd with Confusion in my Aspect, whatever Efforts I made to shew a little Assurance in my Face and Actions. The Princess and her Women who perceiv'd it, endeavour'd to inspire me with Boldness. *Zelica* ask'd me my Name, and how long I had been a Page of the *Casoda*? After I had satisfied her Curiosity, she said to me: Well, *Hasan*, be not so bashful: Forget that you are in an Apartment, where Men are forbid to come; forget that I am *Zelica*: Speak to us, as if you were among the Citizens Wives of *Chiras*. Look in the Faces of all these young Persons, and tell me freely which of us you like best.

The Princess of *Persia*, instead of inspiring me with Assurance by this Discourse, as she imagined.

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she should, rather augmented my Trouble and Confusion. I see very well, *Hasan*, said she to me, that I have ask'd you a Question that puzzles you. You fear, without Doubt, that if you should declare for one, you would disoblige all the rest; but let not that Fear deter you; let nothing constrain you. My Women are so united, that you can never break their Union. View us then, and let us know, which you would chuse for your Mistress, if you were allow'd to make a Choice.

Though the Slaves of *Zelica* were perfectly beautiful, and though that Princess had wherewith to flatter herself of the Preference, my Heart readily yielded to *Cale Cairi's* Charms. But concealing the Sentiments which seem'd to be injurious to *Zelica*, I said to that Princess, that she ought not to put herself in Competition, or dispute the Conquest of a Heart, with her Slaves; seeing she was so beautiful, that where-ever she appear'd, the Eyes of all Beholders would be fix'd on her alone. Whilst I said these Words, I could not forbear looking at *Cale Cairi*, after a Manner that made her judge, that Flattery alone, had dictated this to me. *Zelica* perceiv'd it also: *Hasan*, said she to me, you are a great Flatterer: I would rather you would speak more sincerely. I am persuaded, you say not what you think. Give me the Satisfaction I ask of you: Discover to us the Bottom of your Heart. All my Women desire you. You cannot do us a greater Pleasure. Indeed, all the Slaves were very earnest with me; *Cale Cairi* shew'd herself more eager than the rest, to have me speak my Mind, as if she had divin'd that she was the most concern'd.

I yielded at last to their Importunities. I banish'd my Timoroufness, and addressing myself to *Zelica*: Princess, said I to her, I will satisfy you. It would be very difficult to determine which of you is the most beautiful, since each of you is a perfect Beauty; but

but the lovely *Cale Cairi* is the Lady for whom I have the greatest Inclination.

I had scarce finish'd these Words, when the Slaves began to set up a great Laughter, without shewing in their Looks the least Tokens of Indignation. Are these Women? said I to myself. *Zelica*, far from shewing the least Resentment at the Freedom I had taken, said to me: I am very glad, *Hasan*, that you have given the Preference to *Cale Cairi*. She is my Favourite; and the Declaration you have made, convinces me that you have not an ill Judgment: But you know not all the Merit of the Person you have chosen. Whatever Opinion you may have of me and my Women, we have all of us Sincerity enough to own, that we are not to be compar'd to her.

The Princess and the Slaves rallied *Cale Cairi* upon the Victory her Charms had obtain'd, and she return'd their Raillery with a great Deal of Wit. Then *Zelica* order'd a Lute to be brought, and giving it into *Cale Cairi*'s Hands: Shew your Lover, said she to her, what you can do. The favourite Slave tun'd the Lute, and play'd after a Manner that ravish'd me. She join'd her Voice to the Musick of the Instrument, and sung a Song, the Sense of which was, that when one has fix'd his Choice on an amiable Object, he ought to love it as long as he lives. Whilst she sung, she turned her Eyes from Time to Time, so tenderly towards me, that, forgetting all at once in whose Presence I was, I threw myself at her Feet, transported with Love and Pleasure. This Action of mine gave them fresh Cause for Laughter, which lasted till an old Slave came and informed us, that it was almost Day, and that if they would have me go out of the Womens Apartment, there was no Time to lose.

Then *Zelica*, as well as her Women, intending to go to Bed, bid me follow the old Slave, who carried

ried me through a great many Galleries, and, by a thousand Turnings, brought me to a Door, of which she had the Key. She open'd it. I went out, and perceiv'd when it was Day, that I was out of the Walls of the Palace.

Thus I have told you, in what Manner I got out of the Apartment of the Princess *Zelica Beyaume*, and escaped from the new Dangers, I had run myself into. I return'd to my fellow Pages some Hours after. The *Oda Bachi*, that is, the Master of the Pages, and who had Power to chastise them, when they committed any Fault, asked me, Why I lay all Night out of the Palace? I answer'd him, that one of my Friends, a Merchant of *Ghiras*, who was just gone to *Basra* with all his Family, had kept me with him, and that we had been drinking all Night: He believ'd me, and with some Reprimands, I got rid of this Affair.

I was too much charm'd with my Adventure to forget it. I called to Mind, every Minute, even the least Circumstances of it, and particularly those which flattered most my Vanity; that is to say, that made me believe that I had got the Love of the favourite Slave of the Princess. Eight Days after, an Eunuch came to the King's Bed-Chamber Door, and said he wanted to speak with me. I went to him, and ask'd what he would have with me. Is not your Name *Hasan*, said he to me? I answer'd, Yes. At the same Time he put a Letter into my Hand, and presently went away. The Letter contain'd, That if I was in the Humour to be again that Night in the Garden of the Seraglio, after the Hour of Retreat, in the same Place where I was met before, I should see one that was very sensible of the Preference that I had given her before all the Princess's Women.

Though I believ'd *Cale Cairi* had a Liking for me, I did not expect to receive this Letter. Trans-
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ported with my good Fortune, I ask'd Leave of the *Oda Bachi* to go and see a Dervise of my Country lately come from *Mecha*; which being granted me, I ran, I flew into the Gardens of the Seraglio, as soon as it was Night. Tho' I had before been surprized in Point of Time, yet the Expectation of the Pleasures I promised myself, made it now seem tedious; I thought that the Hour of Retreat would never come. It came however at last; I perceived, a little Time after, a Lady, whom I knew by her Shape and Air to be *Cale Cairi*.

I went to her, all transported with Joy and Pleasure, and prostrating myself at her Feet, I remain'd a good while with my Face to the Ground, without being able to speak one Word; so much was I beside myself. Rise, *Hasan*, said she to me, I want to know whether you love me. To make me believe you do, I must have other Proofs than this tender and passionate Silence. Tell me sincerely, Is it possible you should think me more beautiful than all my Companions, and even than the Princess *Zelica* herself? May I believe your Eyes are indeed more favourable to me than them? Doubt it not, answer'd I, too amiable *Cale Cairi*; when the Princess and her Women forced me to pass my Verdict between you and them, my Heart had long before declared for you. Since that happy Night, I have never been able to forbear thinking of you, and you would have been always present in my Mind, even tho' you had never had the least Kindness for me.

I am glad, replied she, that you have such a Love for me, for on my Part, I protest, I cannot but have an Affection for you. Your Youth, your Mien, your bright and ready Wit; but above all, your having given me the Preference to such beautiful Ladies, hath engag'd me to love you. This Proceeding of mine is a sufficient Testimony of it; but alas! my dear *Hasan*, added she, sighing, I know

know not whether I ought to applaud my Conquest, or whether I ought not rather to look upon it as a Thing that may make my Life unhappy.

Why, Madam, said I to her, why do you in the Midst of the Transports, which your Presence creates in me, listen to any dark Presage? It is not, replied she, a foolish Fear which now disturbs our Pleasures. My Fears are too well grounded, and you know not what vexes me. The Princess *Zelica* loves you, and you will find, that, forgetting her Birth and Quality, she will shortly announce to you your Happiness. When she shall confess that you are pleasing to her, how will you receive so glorious a Confession? Can the Love you have for me, hold good against the Honour of having for your Mistress, the first Princess of the World? Yes, charming *Eale Cairi*, said I, interrupting her, I prize you before *Zelica*. I wish to Heaven that you had a Rival yet more formidable; you then should see that nothing could shake the Constancy of a Heart which is entirely yours. If *Sebah Tabmaspe* had no Son to succeed him; if he would deprive himself of the Kingdom of *Persia* to give it to his Son-in-Law, and if it depended on me to be the Person, I would make a Sacrifice to you of that high Dignity. Ah! unhappy *Hasan*, cried the Lady, whither does your Love transport you? What a fatal Assurance do you give me of your Fidelity? You forget that I am a Slave of the Princess of *Persia*. If you repay her Kindness with Ingratitude, you will draw her Anger upon us, and we shall both perish. It were better to deliver you up to so powerful a Rival; which is the only Way to preserve us.

No, no, replied I; there is another Way that I would rather chuse; which is, for me to leave the Court. My Retreat will shelter you from *Zelica*'s Revenge, will restore your Tranquillity, and in a little Time you will forget the unfortunate *Hasan*;

who

who in the mean While will wander up and down in the Deserts, to seek an End to his Misfortunes. I myself was so touch'd at what I said, that the Lady was moved at my Grief, and said to me: Cease, *Hasan*, to abandon yourself to this unavailing Affliction. You are mistaken, and deserve to be undeceiv'd: I am not the Princess *Zelica's* Slave; I am *Zelica* herself. The Night you were in my Apartment, I pass'd for *Cale Cairi*, and you took *Cale Cairi* for me. At these Words she call'd one of her Women, who coming from behind a Cypress, where she was hid, ran quickly to her Voice, and I indeed knew that Slave to be the Lady, that I thought was the Princess of *Persia*.

This, *Hasan*, said *Zelica* to me, this is the true *Cale Cairi*; I restore to her, her Name, and resume my own; I will disguise myself no longer, nor hide from you the Importance of the Conquest you have made: Acknowledge then the Glory of your Triumph: Though you have more Love than Ambition, I am persuaded that it will be a new Pleasure to you to know, it is a Princess who loves you.

I fail'd not to tell *Zelica*, that I could not conceive the Excess of my Happiness; nor, how I had deserved, that she should vouchsafe to descend to me, from the Height of Grandeur, in which her royal Extraction had placed her, and to raise me from nothing, to a Station worthy the Envy of the greatest Kings in the World. In short, astonish'd and enchanted with the Princess's Kindness, I began to express myself in Words of Acknowledgment; but she interrupted me: *Hasan*, said she, cease to be astonished at what I do for you. Haughtiness and Pride have little Power on Women that are shut up from the World. We follow without Resistance the Dictates of our Hearts: You

are amiable. You have pleased me ; and that alone is sufficient to merit my Favours.

We passed almost all the Night in walking and conversing together ; and the Day without doubt had surprized us in the Gardens, if *Cale Cairi*, who was with us, had not taken Care to let us know that it was Time to retire. We were obliged to part. But before I left *Zelica*, that Princess said, Farewel, *Hasan* ; think always on me : We will meet again, and I promise soon to let you know how dear you are to me. I flung myself at her Feet, to thank her for this engaging Promise ; after which, *Cale Cairi* carried me the same Way which I went the Time before, and put me out of the Seraglio.

Being thus belov'd by the august Princess, whom I idoliz'd, and representing to my charm'd Imagination the Promise she had made me, I abandon'd myself, for some Days, to the most agreeable Ideas that could offer themselves to the Mind of Man : It was then, that one might say, there was a happy Man upon the Earth, if the Impatience of seeing *Zelica* again, had suffered me to be so. In short, I found myself in the Condition that is most pleasing to Lovers ; that is to say, the happy Moment that was to crown my Joys, was at hand : When an unexpected Accident came all of a sudden to crush my aspiring Hopes : I heard say, that the Princess *Zelica* was very sick, and two Days after, it was reported about the Palace, that she was dead : I would not give Credit to this fatal News, till I saw the Preparations getting ready for her Funeral : Of which, alas ! my Eyes were soon the sorrowful Witnesses ; and this was the Order of that Ceremony.

All the Pages of the twelve Chambers went first, naked from the Head to the Waist. Some scarified their Arms in token of their Love and Grief ; others

thers made Characters on theirs; and I, taking this Opportunity to express my real Affliction, or rather the Despair with which I was seiz'd, tore the Flesh from my Body: I ran all over with Blood. Our Officers follow'd us in a grave and solemn Manner. There hung behind them long Rolls of *Chinese* Paper, unroll'd, and tied to their Turbans, and upon which were written several Passages of the Alcoran, together with some Verses in Praise of *Zelica*, which they sung with an Air as sad as respectful. After them appeared the Corps in a Coffin of Saunders Wood, rais'd on a Litter of Ivory, which was carry'd by twelve Persons of Quality; and twenty Princes, Relations to *Schah Tahmaspe*, held every one an End of a Cord of Silk that was fasten'd to the Coffin. All the Women of the Palace came after, making frightful Howlings; and when the Corps was come to the Place of Sepulture, every one cried, *Laylah illallah*. [*A Cry which the Persians make when they bury their Dead, and which signifies, There is no other God than God.*]

I saw not the rest of the Ceremony, because the Excess of my Grief, and the Blood I had lost, threw me into a fainting Fit. One of our Officers made me be carried presently into our Chamber, where they took great Care of me. They rubbed my Body with an excellent Balsam, insomuch that in two Days Time I perceiv'd my Strength restor'd: But it little wanted that the Remembrance of the Princess had not made me mad. Oh! *Zelica*, said I to myself every Moment, is it thus you disengage yourself from the Promise you made me when I left you? Is this that Mark of Tendernefs that you intended to give me? I could not comfort myself; and to live at *Chiras* growing insupportable to me, I left the Court privately three Days after the Obsequies of the Princess *Zelica*.

Overwhelm'd with my Affliction, I marched all
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the Night, not knowing whither I went, nor whether I intended to go. The next Morning, stopping to rest myself, there passed by me a young Man in a Dress very extraordinary. He came to me, saluted me, presented me with a green Bough which he held in his Hand, and after he had oblig'd me by his Civilities to accept of it, he began to recite some *Persian* Verses to excite me to give him some Alms. I had nothing, and consequently could give nothing. He believed that I did not understand the *Persian* Language, and therefore repeated some Verses in *Arabick*; but seeing he succeeded this Way no better than the other, and that I did not do what he desired, he said to me; Brother, I cannot be persuaded that you want Charity; I rather believe you have not wherewithal to exercise it. You are in the right; answer'd I; I am as you see me; I have not a Farthing, and do not know which Way to turn myself. Oh! unhappy Creature, cry'd he, how deplorable is your Condition! I compassionate your Distress, and will relieve you.

I was very much surpriz'd to hear this from a Man who came to ask Charity of me, and I believ'd that the Help that he offer'd me was nothing but Prayers and Wishes; when, continuing his Discourse, I am, added he, one of those whom they call'd *Faquirs*. [*The Faquirs are a People that profess an austere Life; but for the most Part they are Hypocrites. They go from Kingdom to Kingdom to seek Adventures. They are Vagabonds. See here the Description of them. They wear nothing but a Shirt which reaches below their Knees, and whose Bottom is furberlow'd. It is open from the Top to the Navel, and without Sleeves. Two Knots tie it to each Shoulder. This Shirt is called Resen, that is to say, Handkerchief. They have their Arms naked as well as their Legs, and they wear Sandals, called Nalen. They have upon their Heads, which are commonly shaved, a little Cap of Linen,*

*Linen, edged with Yellow, with a little Button at Top. Their Girdle is made of Lions Paws, to which are ty'd three Things, Sikhtehe-kard or a long Knife, a Horn, such as our Cow-keepers have, and at last a Cord, at the End of which hangs a Bell, which they ring, crying, Laylah illallah, Hinda fagir ulla. These Words signify, There's no God but God, the Indians are the Poor of God. They call that Bell Zengs Hayderi. Zengh signifies a little Bell, and Hayder is the Name of their Founder, Schec Hayder. Besides this, they have in their Hands a Pike, deck'd at Top with Ribbons, as those of the Pilgrims of St. Michael.] The Faquir continu'd; Tho' we live, said he, on Charity, we live in Plenty, because we know how to excite Men to Pity by an Air of Mortification and Penance which we give ourselves. Indeed, there are some Faquirs who are so silly, as to be such as they appear, who lead so austere a Life, that they are sometimes ten Days without taking the least Nourishment. We are a little more loose than they: We lay it not to Heart to have the Reality of their Virtues, we only keep the Appearance of them. Will you be one of our Brethren? I am going to two more of us who are at *Bost*: If you have a Fancy to make the fourth, you need do nothing but follow me. Not being accusom'd, said I to him, to your Rules of Devotion, I believe I shall perform them but ill. What do you mean, said he, by your Rules? I tell you again we are not the rigid Faquirs. In a Word, we have nothing of them but the Habit.*

Tho' the Faquir by these Words gave me to understand, that his two Brothers and he, were in Effect, but three Libertines; I did not refuse to associate with them: And, besides that I found myself in a miserable Condition, I had not learn'd among the Pages to be scrupulous of what Company I kept. As soon as I had told the Faquir, that I consented to

to do what he desired, he conducted me to *Boft*, and made me subsist on the Road on Dates, Rice, and other Provisions, which were given him in the Towns and Villages we went through. As soon as ever they heard his Bell and his Cry, the good Mussulmen run and loaded him with Victuals.

We came, after this Manner, to the Town of *Boft*. We went into a little House in the Suburbs, where the two other Faquirs lived. They run to us with open Arms, and seem'd charm'd with the Resolution I had taken to live with them. They soon initiated me in their Mysteries, that is to say, they taught me all their Grimaces. When I was well instructed in the Art of Deceiving the People, they cloath'd me like themselves, and made me go into the Towns to present to the honest People Flowers and Boughs, and to repeat Verses to them. I returned every Day to our Lodging, loaded with some Pieces of Silver, which served to make us merry.

I was yet very young, and naturally too much addicted to Pleasure, to be able to resist the ill Examples the Faquirs gave me. I gave myself over to all manner of Debaucheries, and by that Means I insensibly forgot the Princess of *Persia*. I could not sometimes forbear thinking of her, and sighing. But instead of nourishing those feeble Remains of Grief, I spar'd nothing to destroy them; and, I said oftentimes, Why should I think of *Zelica*, since *Zelica* is no more? If I should bewail her all my Life, what Service would my Tears do her?

I passed almost two Years with those Faquirs, and I had staid longer with them, if he who was the Cause of my associating myself with them, and for whom I had the greatest Kindness, had not proposed to me to travel. *Hasan*, said he to me one Day, I begin to be weary of this Town; I have a great Desire to wander all over the Country.

try. I have heard Wonders of the Town of *Candahar*: If you will go with me thither, we shall see if what they say of it be true. Possessed with the Curiosity of seeing a new Country, I consented, or rather was forced to it by a superior Power, which makes us necessary Agents.

We both of us went from *Bost*, and after having gone through many of the Towns of *Segestan*, without stopping in any of them, we came to the fine Town of *Candahar*, which seemed to us, fenced with very strong Walls. We went and lodged at an Inn, where they received us very charitably for the Sake of the Habit we wore, which truly was the most commendable Thing we had. We found all the Inhabitants of that City in a great Hurry, because the next Day they were to celebrate the Feast of the *Giulous*. [*The Giulous is a Feast observed on the Anniversary of the King's Coronation-Day.*] We understood that the Court was not less busy. Every one was willing to shew their Zeal for their King *Firouzchah*, who made himself loved by the Good, for his Justice, and yet more dreaded by the Wicked, for the Rigour he treated them with.

The Faquirs being permitted to go where they will without any Hindrance, we went to the Court the Day following to see the Feast, which was not so splendid as to charm the Eyes of a Man who had seen the *Giulous* of the King of *Persia*. While we were attentive to see all that passed, I felt Somebody pull me by the Arm. At the same Time I turned my Head, and I perceived the Eunuch, by me who had given me the Letter in the Palace of *Schah Tahmaspe*, on the Part of *Cale Cairi*, or rather *Zelica*. Seigneur *Hasan*, said he to me, I know you, for all the strange Habit you are in. Tho', I think, I am not mistaken, yet I am uncertain whether I may believe my Eyes or not. Is it possible that I
should

should meet you here? And you, answer'd I to him, what do you do at *Candahar*? Why have you left the *Persian* Court? Has the Death of the Princess of *Persia* forced you from thence as well as me? That, reply'd he, is what I cannot tell you now; but I will fully satisfy your Curiosity, if you will meet me here alone To-morrow Morning at this Time of the Day. I shall tell you Things that will amaze you. Know besides, that they nearly concern you.

I promised him to return alone the next Morning to the same Place, and I failed not to keep my Word. The Eunuch came too, and approaching me, said, let us go out of the Palace; let us seek out a Place more convenient to talk in. We went into the Town; we passed thro' a great many Streets, and at last we stopt at the Gate of a great House, of which he had the Key. We went in: I saw the Apartments very well furnish'd, with fine Carpets, and rich Sofas, and I perceived a Garden in extraordinary good Order, in the Middle of which was a Basen full of very fine Water, and edg'd with green Marble.

Seigneur *Hasan*, said the Eunuch to me, do you find this House agreeable? Very agreeable, answer'd I. I am very glad of it, reply'd he, for I hir'd it for you Yesterday. You must have also some Slaves to wait on you. I will go buy some, while you are bathing. In saying this, he conducted me into a Chamber where there was a Bath prepar'd. In the Name of God, said I to him, tell me why you have brought me hither, and what it is you have to say to me? I will tell you every Thing, reply'd he, in due Time and Place: Let it suffice you, that your Condition is much changed since I met you, and that I am order'd to treat you after this Manner. In the mean Time, he help'd to undress me, which was soon done. I went into
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the Bath, where the Eunuch left me, praying me not to be impatient.

His being thus mysterious gave me a large Scene for Thought; but it was to no Purpose that I wearied my Spirits to find it out. I made many vain Attempts. *Chapour* left me in the Water a long Time, and I began to lose Patience; when he return'd, follow'd by four Slaves, two of whom brought Linen and Cloaths, and the other all Sorts of Provisions. I beg your Pardon, Sir, said he to me, and am very sorry I have made you wait so long. Immediately the Slaves set down their Parcels upon the Sofas, and began to attend me. They rubbed me with fine new Linen, and then dressed me in a rich Vest, with a splendid Robe and a Turban. What will be the End of this? said I to myself: By whose Order does this Eunuch treat me thus? I had so great an Impatience to be inform'd of it, that I could not moderate it.

Chapour perceiv'd it very well. I am vex'd, said he to me, that you are in so great an Uneasiness; but I cannot free you from it. Were I not expressly forbid to tell you, and should I, by betraying my Trust, inform you of what I conceal from you, I should not make you any easier. Other Desires yet more violent would succeed those that now disquiet you. You will not be informed till Night of what you desire to know.

Though I could not well preface any Thing ill from the Eunuch's Discourse, yet I did not cease to be all the rest of the Day in a cruel Perplexity. I am of Opinion that the Expectation of Ill, is less tormenting than that of Pleasure. In the mean while the Night arrived. They every where lighted up Wax-Candles, and took particular Care to light the best Apartment in the House very well. I was there with *Chapour*, who, to soothe my Uneasiness, said to me every Moment, They are coming, have

a little more Patience. At last we heard some Body knock at the Gate. The Eunuch went himself to open it, and return'd with a Lady, who had no sooner lifted up her Veil, but I knew her to be *Cale Cairi*. At this Sight I was extremely surprized; for I thought this Lady was at *Chiras*. Seigneur *Hasan*, said she to me, tho' you are very much astonish'd to see me, you'll be much more so when you hear what I have to tell you. At these Words, *Chapour* and the Slaves went out, and left me alone with *Cale Cairi*. We both sat ourselves down on the same Sofa, and she spoke to me after this Manner:

You remember very well, Seigneur *Hasan*, that Night which *Zelica* chose to discover herself to you, and the Promise she made you at Parting, is not yet, I presume, gone out of your Memory. The next Day, I ask'd her what Resolution she had taken, and what Testimony of her Affection she intended to give you. She answer'd me, she would make you happy, and would oftentimes have private Conversations with you, tho' the Danger were never so great. I will not deny but that I did all I could to alter her Resolution. I represented to her, that it was an Extravagancy for a Princess of her Rank to think of you, and to expose her Life for a Page. In a Word, I opposed her Love as much as I could, and you ought to pardon me for it, since all my Arguments serv'd for nothing but to fortify her Passion. When I saw I could not persuade her; Madam, said I to her, I cannot without trembling behold the Dangers into which you are going to throw yourself; and since it is impossible to make you abandon your Lover, it would be prudent to contrive some Way to see him without hazarding your Life or his. I have thought of one, which undoubtedly your Love will consent to;

but

but is of so nice a Nature, that I dare not propose it to you.

Tell it me, *Cale Cairi*, said the Princess: Whatever it is, do not conceal it from me. If you make use of it, replied I, you must resolve to quit the Court, to live as if Heaven had made you be born in the lowest Rank of Mankind. You must renounce all the Honours that belong to your Quality. Do you love *Häsan* well enough to offer him so great a Sacrifice? Do I love him? replied she, fetching a deep Sigh. Alas! the most obscure Condition with him, will please me better than all the pompous Honours that surround me. Tell me what I must do to see him without Constraint, and I will do it without hesitating. I will then, said I to her, yield to your Inclination, seeing it is to no Purpose to oppose it. I know an Herb that has a very singular Virtue: If you will put only a Leaf of it into your Ear, you will fall in a Lethargy an Hour afterwards. You will be taken for dead: They will bury you, and at Night I will let you out of the Tomb.

At these Words, I interrupted *Cale Cairi*: O Heaven! cried I, is it possible, that the Princess *Zelica* is not dead? What is become of her? Sir, said *Cale Cairi*, she is still living; but pray hear me: You shall be inform'd of all you desire to know. My Mistress, continued she, embraced me with Joy, that Project seem'd so ingenious to her! but considering presently with herself how hard it was to perform it, by Reason of the Ceremonies used at Funerals, she told me her Opinion of it. I removed all the Difficulties, and hear now after what Manner we managed this great Enterprize.

Zelica complain'd of a Pain in her Head, and kept her Bed. The next Day I spread a Report that she was dangerously sick. The King's Physician came, was imposed upon, and ordered Remedies which she did not take. The Disease in-

creased daily; and when I thought it proper that the Princess should lie a dying, I put in her Ear a Leaf of the Herb I spoke of. I ran presently to inform *Schah Tahmaspe*, that *Zelica* had but some Moments to live, and desired to speak with him. He came speedily to her, and the Herb beginning to operate, he observed her Countenance change every Moment: He was sorely afflicted, and fell a weeping. Sir, then said his Daughter to him, I conjure you by the Tenderness which you have always had for me, to give Order that my last Will may be exactly performed. I will, that after my Death, no Woman but *Cale Cairi* wash my Body, and rub it with Perfumes. I desire that no other of my Slaves may partake that Honour with her. I desire besides, that she alone may watch me the first Night, and that no Body but her may sprinkle my Tomb with their Tears. I will, that she may be that zealous Slave, who must pray the Prophet to assist me against the Assaults of the wicked Angels.

[The Mussulmen believe, that when a Mahometan is buried, two Devils, call'd Munkir and Nekir, both black and furious, one of them armed with a great Iron Leaver, the other with a long Hook of Copper, present themselves before him with a threatening Air; that they order him to raise up his Head, to fall on his Knees, and ask them Pardon for his Soul; which they believe the Dead have the Complaisance to do. He then is restored to Life, and gives an Account of his Actions. If he has always honoured Mahomet, these two Devils retire full of Shame and Confusion, and give Place to two good Angels, cloathed in Robes of white Silk, who come to comfort him: But, on the contrary, if he has not faithfully follow'd the Maxims of the Alcoran, Munkir and Nekir do not leave him, but take Pleasure to exercise their diabolical Rage upon him. One with the Blow of his Leaver, which he gives him on his Head, drives him twenty Yards deep into the Ground,
and

and the other immediately with his Hook draws him up. They torment him after this Manner, till Mahomet takes a fancy to summon a general Assembly of all those who have professed his Religion, He will send them all to Heaven in that Assembly; for he hath promised them, in a Passage of the Alcoran, so to do.]

Schah Tahmaspe promis'd his Daughter, that I should pay her those last Duties, as she had desired. That is not all, Sir, said she to him, I desire that *Cale Cairi* may be free as soon as I shall be no more, and that you will give her, together with her Liberty, Presents worthy of you, and of the Love which she has always had for me. Daughter, answer'd Schah Tahmaspe, rest yourself satisfied of what you have recommended to me. If I should have the Misfortune of losing you, I swear that your favourite Slave, loaded with Presents, shall go where she pleases.

He had hardly finished these Words, when the Herb produced all its Effects. *Zelica* lost her Senses, and her Father, believing her dead, return'd to his Apartment all in Tears. He order'd, that I only should wash and perfume her Body; which I did. I afterwards wrapped her in a white Sheet, and put her into the Coffin; after that, they carried her to the Burying-place, where, by the King's Order, they left me alone the first Night. I look'd all about, to see if any Body was hid to observe me; and perceiving no Body, I took my Mistress at once out of the Coffin and Lethargy. I made her take a Gown which I had under mine, with a Veil; and we both went to a Place where *Chapour* waited for us. That faithful Eunuch carry'd the Princess into a little House, which he had hir'd; and for me, I return'd to the Grave, where I pass'd the rest of the Night. I made up a Parcel of Stuff in the Shape of a dead Body, I cover'd it with the Sheet that

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had serv'd to wrap *Zelica* in, and I put it into the Coffin.

The next Morning, the other Slaves of the Princess came to take my Place, which I did not quit, without making all the Grimaces before-hand, which commonly accompany dissembled Grief. They gave the King such an Account of all the Marks of Affliction, which they had seen me give, as would have excited him to make me Presents, if he had not before determin'd to do so. He order'd me ten thousand Sequins out of his Treasury, which were given to me, and he granted me the Permission, that I ask'd of him, to retire, and to take the Eunuch *Chapour* with me. After that, I went to find out my Mistress, to congratulate her on the happy Success of our Stratagem. The Day following, we sent the Eunuch to the King's Bed-Chamber, with a Letter, in which I desired you to come and see me; but one of your *Zuliffs* told him, you were indisposed, and could not be spoken with. Three Days after, we sent him again upon the same Errand; but he was inform'd, that you were gone from the Seraglio, and that they did not know what was become of you.

Here I interrupted *Cale Cairi*. Why, said I to her, did you not inform me of your Project? Why did not you let me know of it by *Chapour*? Oh! how many Mischiefs would one Word have prevented! Would to Heaven, replied *Cale Cairi* in her Turn, we had not made a Secret to you of it! *Zelica* would then have been living with you at this Time, in some Part of the World or other; it was not my Fault, that you are not both happy. We had scarce form'd our Design, when I advis'd her to let you know it; but my Mistress would not. No, no, said she to me, he must feel the Loss of me; he will be the more sensible of the Pleasure of seeing me again, and his Surprise will be the more agree-

agreeable, the more the Thoughts of my Death shall have grieved him.

I could not like this Nicety of Tenderneſs, but rather foreſaw its diſmal Conſequences, and indeed ſhe herſelf repented of it. I cannot tell you how afflicted ſhe was at your being gone. O unhappy that I am! cry'd ſhe, without ceaſing, What avails it now that I ſacrificed all Things to Love, if I muſt renounce *Haſan* for ever? We made all the Town be ſearched for you. *Chapour* neglected nothing to find you, and when we had loſt all Hopes of finding you, we went to *Chiras*. We travell'd towards the *Indus*, becauſe we thought you might perhaps have taken your Courſe that Way; and we ſtop'd in all the Towns on the Banks of that River. Our Enquiry after you was as ſtrict as vain. One Day, going from one Town to another, although we were with a Caravan, a great Troop of Robbers beſet us, beat the Merchants, and robb'd them of their Commodities. They made themſelves Maſters of us, took the Gold and Jewels they found about us, afterwards brought us to *Candabar*, and ſold us to a Merchant of Slaves of their Acquaintance.

That Merchant, as ſoon as he had *Zelica* in his Hands, was reſolved to ſhew her to the King of *Candabar*. *Firouzzah* was charm'd with her. He aſk'd her, who ſhe was? She ſaid ſhe was born at *Ormus*, and ſhe answer'd not with more Sincerity to the other Queſtions, which that Prince aſk'd her. He bought us, put us into the Palace of his Wives, and gave us the handſomeſt Apartment there.

Here *Cale Cairi* left off ſpeaking, or rather, I interrupted her. O Heaven! cry'd I, ought I to rejoice to meet with *Zelica* again? But what do I ſay? Is this to find her again, to underſtand that a powerful King keeps her incloſed in his Seraglio? If ſhe oppoſes *Firouzzah's* Love, ſhe muſt do nothing but linger out her Days in Languiſhing: What Grief

will it be to me to see her suffer? And if she is content with her State, can I be so with mine? I am ravish'd, said *Cale Cairi* to me, that you have such nice Sentiments. The Princess is very well deserving of them; tho' she was passionately loved by the King of *Candabar*, she could not forget you, and was never more sensible of Joy, than she was Yesterday, when *Chapour* told her, he had met with you. She was out of herself, all the Remainder of the Day; she charg'd the Eunuch immediately to provide you a House ready furnished, to conduct you there to Day, and to let you want for nothing. I am come on her Part, to declare to you all the Things which I have told you, and to prepare you to see her. To-morrow, during the Night, we will go out of the Palace, and come here by a little Gate in the Garden, of which we have had a Key made to serve our Occasions. In pronouncing these last Words, the favourite Slave of the Princess of *Persia* rose up and went out, attended by *Chapour*, to return to her Mistress.

I did nothing all the rest of the Night but think of *Zelica*, for whom I perceived my Love kindled again. I could not sleep a Moment, and the Day following seem'd an Age to me. At length, after having been a Prey to the most tormenting Impatience, I heard some Body knocking at the Door of my House: My Slaves went and open'd it, and presently I saw my Princess coming into my Apartment. What Trouble, what Transports, what Extasy, did not her Presence cause in me! On her Part, what Joy had she not, to see me again! I cast myself at her Feet, I continued there embracing them a long Time, without being able to speak. She oblig'd me to rise, and after having made me sit by her on a Sofa: *Hafsa*, said she, I return Thanks to Heaven, that hath brought us together again; let us hope that its Goodness will not stop here; and that

that it will remove the new Obstacle, which hinders us from being together. In Expectation of that Happiness, you may live at Quiet and in Plenty; if we cannot have the Pleasure of conversing together without Constraints, we shall have, at least, the Comfort to hear from one another every Day, and to see one another privately sometimes. *Cale Cairi* has told you my Adventures, tell me yours.

I described to her the Grief, which the Belief of her Death had caused in me; and I told her how it threw me into such Despair, that I made myself a Faquir. Oh! my dear *Hafan*, cry'd *Zelica*, were you forc'd for the Love of me to lead a Life of such Austerity? Alas! I am the Cause of your suffering so much.

If she had known the Life that I led under that religious Habit, she would have pitied me less. But I was aware not to inform her of it, and I avoided that Discourse, by declaring to her the Excess of my Love. With what Swiftmess did the Time of our Conversation pass away! Though it had lasted three Hours, we were angry at *Chapour* and *Cale Cairi*, when they informed us we must part. Oh! how troublesome to Lovers, said we to them, are they who know not what it is to love! We have not been a Moment together. Let us alone a little. Nevertheless, had we longer continued together, the Day had surprized us, for it appear'd a little Time after the Princess retired.

Notwithstanding the agreeable Thoughts that employ'd my Mind, I did not forget the Faquir, with whom I came to *Candabar*, and representing to myself the Uneasiness he ought to be in, for not knowing what was become of me, I went to find him out. I met him by Chance in the Street. My Friend, said I to him, I was going to your Inn, to inform you of what has befallen me, and to make you easy. Without doubt, you were in some Con-

cern about me. Yes, reply'd he, I was very much troubled for you. But what Change is this! How came you to be in this Garb? Your Looks confess some good Fortune has befallen you. While I, unknowing of your Destiny, have been afflicting myself, you have pass'd your Time, as far as I can see, very agreeably. I own it, my dear Friend, replied I, and that I am a thousand Times more happy than you can imagine. I will have you be a Witness of all my Happiness, and partake of it. Leave your Inn, and come with me. In saying this, I conducted him to my House. I shew'd him all my Apartments; he perceiv'd them to be handsome and well furnish'd. Every Moment he cried, Oh Heaven! What has *Hafan* done more than others, to deserve that you should shower such Favours upon him? How, Faquir, said I to him, ought you to behold with Repining the Station I am in? It seems as if my Prosperity afflicted you. No, no, replied he, on the contrary, I am very glad of it. Far from being envious at my Friend's Happiness, I am charm'd to see you in a flourishing Condition. In saying these Words, he embrac'd me in his Arms, the better to persuade me that he spoke the Sentiments of his Heart. I believ'd him to be sincere, and, thinking I might put Confidence in him, declar'd my Mind freely, and without Mistrust, to the most base, most envious, and most perfidious of Men. We must, said I to him, make a Debauch to Day together. Then I took him by the Hand, and led him into a Hall, where my Slaves had spread a little Table for two Persons.

We both sat ourselves down. They brought us a great many Plates of Rice of different Colours, with preserved Dates. [*The Persians and neighbouring Nations dress their Rice several Ways, and tinge it with all Sorts of Colours.*] We eat, besides, other Meats; after which I sent one of my Slaves to buy
some

some Wine in the Town, where he knew they sold it privately. They gave him excellent good, and we drank so freely of it, that we durst not appear in publick. We should not have gone unpunish'd. [*The Inhabitants of Candahar are forbid to drink Wine; yet they love it very much, and drink of it in private: But they dare not appear in publick, when they have been drinking. For when any one is seen in Drink, they set him upon an Ass, with his Face to the Tail, and make him ride through all the Streets of the City, to the Sound of a little Drum, and hoated by all the Boys of the Town.*]

In the Height of our Mirth and Drinking, the Faquir said to me, Tell me, *Hasan*, all your Adventure. Discover to me the Mystery of what I see. You'll run no Hazard. I am discreet, and moreover your best Friend. You cannot doubt of my Fidelity, without wronging me. Open to me then the Bottom of your Mind, and let me know all your good Fortune, that we may rejoice together. Besides, I pretend to be a Man who can give good Counsel, and you know, a Confident of that Character is not unuseful.

Hot with the Wine I had drunk, and seduced by the Protestations of Friendship he made me, I yielded to his Importunity. I am persuaded, said I to him, that you are not capable of abusing the Confidence I put in you, therefore I will hide nothing from you. When I chanced first to meet you, you may remember I was very melancholy. I had just before lost at *Chiras* a Lady that I loved, and by whom I was beloved again. I believ'd her dead, and nevertheless she is still alive. I have found her again at *Candabar*, and, to tell you the whole Secret, she is the Favourite of King *Eirouachab*.

The Faquir seem'd to be extreamly amaz'd at this Discourse. *Hasan*, said he, you give me a charm-

ing Idea of this Lady ; she must needs be extremely beautiful, since the King of *Candahar* is in Love with her. She is an incomparable Person, replied I to him : With whatever Advantage a Lover can set her off, he cannot give a flattering Description of her. She will not fail to be here by and by, and you shall see her ; I will have your Eyes judge of her Charms. At these Words, the Faquir embraced me with Transport, saying to me, that I should very much please him, if I performed my Promise : I gave him new Assurances I would. After which, we both rose from the Table, to go to rest. One of my Slaves shew'd my Friend into a Chamber, where they had prepared a Bed for him.

The next Morning *Chapour* brought me a Letter from *Zelica*, in which she said, she would come the next Night, and be merry with me. I shew'd the Letter to the Faquir, who express'd an infinite Joy to see it. He did nothing during all that Day, but talk to me about the Lady, whose Beauty I had boasted of to him, and he waited for Night with a great deal of Impatience, as if he had had the same Reason as I to desire its Coming. In the mean Time, I prepared myself to receive *Zelica*. I sent to buy some of the choicest Fare, and for some of that excellent Wine, we liked so well the Day before.

When the Night was come, I said to the Faquir, you must not be seen in my Apartment when the Lady comes ; perhaps, she may take it ill ; let me ask her Leave to present you to her as my Friend ; I am sure I shall obtain it. We heard presently some Body knock at the Gate, and it was the Princess. The Faquir hid himself in a Closet. I went to meet *Zelica* ; I took her by the Hand, and after having conducted her to my Apartment ; My Princess, said I to her, I desire you to grant me
one.

one Favour. The Faquir, with whom I came to *Candahar*, is here; I have given him an Apartment in my House, he is my Friend: Are you willing he should be merry with us? *Hasan*, answer'd she to me, you have not well thought of what you ask of me: Instead of exposing me to the Eyes of a Man, you ought rather to take Care to conceal me from them. Madam, replied I, he is a wise and discreet Youth, and whose Friendship I am very well assured of. I dare promise, that you will have no Reason to repent of giving me the Satisfaction I ask of you. I can refuse you nothing, replied *Zelica*; but my Heart misgives me, that we shall repent it. Ah! No, my Princess, said I, be easy; depend upon my Word, and let no Fear hinder you from partaking of the Pleasure I have to see you.

In saying these Words, I call'd the Faquir, and presented him to *Zelica*. She receiv'd him, to please me, very graciously; and after a great many Compliments on both Sides, we all three sat down to Table, with *Cale Cairi*. My Comrade was about thirty Years old, and had a great deal of Wit; insomuch that in a little Time, he let the Ladies know, by his pertinent and witty Discourse, he did not hate Pleasure, or rather, that he dishonour'd his Habit. As soon as we had tasted of all the Meats that were set before us, they brought us Wine: The Slaves pour'd it out in Agate Cups. The Faquir did not let his stand long empty; he made it be fill'd every Moment, insomuch that by the Strength of the Drink, he was soon got into a fine Condition. He was not naturally very respectful; and the Wine, having irritated his Boldness, made him lose the little Manners he had preserved till then. He was not contented to attack the Modesty of the Ladies, by his affronting Discourse, but he threw his Arms rudely about the

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Princess of *Persia*'s Neck, and robb'd her insolently of a Kiss.

Zelica was enraged at the Boldness of the Faquir, and her Passion gave her Strength to withdraw herself from his insolent Hands. Hold, miserable Wretch, said she to him, and abuse not the Goodness, which has condescended to let you be here. You deserve to be chastis'd by the Slaves of the Family; but the Respect which I have for your Friend, is your Protection. In speaking after this Manner, she took her Veil, cover'd her Face, and went out of my Apartment. I endeavour'd in vain to appease her; she was too much incensed. You see now, said she to me, you have done wrong to let this Faquir into our Company: It was not without Reason, that I was against it: I will never come nigh you, while he lodges with you. At these Words, she went away; and, whatever I could say to her, I could not prevail with her to stay.

I came back to find my Friend in my Apartment. Oh! what have you done, said I to him? Ought you not to have shewn more Respect to the Favourite of *Firouzchah*? By your indiscreet Transport, you have incurr'd her Hatred, and perhaps she will never forgive me for bringing you into her Company. Never trouble yourself, *Hasan*, said he to me, you understand Women very ill, if you believe her angry indeed: Be rather persuaded that she is pleased at the Bottom. There is no Lady, whom the like Usage displeases; the Anger she express'd is all feign'd. Do you judge rightly why she resisted my Boldness? It was because your Eyes were Witnesses of it. If I had been alone with her, I am sure she would not have been so uncivil.

At this Discourse, which shewed he was in Wine, I ceased to reproach him: I hoped the next Day he would be in another Mind, and acknowledge his Fault. I order'd one of my Slaves to conduct him

him to his Apartment; and as for myself, I staid in my own; where the Reflections I made upon what had pass'd, did not suffer me to sleep quietly. The Faquir, the next Day, spoke in another Tone: He assur'd me, that he was very sorry that he had given me the least Uneasiness, and, that to punish himself for his Indiscretion, he was resolv'd to go from *Candahar*. He spoke to me after a Manner that touch'd me. I writ immediately to the Princess, that our Faquir repented himself of his Audaciousness, and that he most humbly begg'd both her and me to forgive him, and to impute the Crime to the Wine, that had been the Occasion of it.

When I had done writing, *Chapour* came: He inform'd me, that his Mistress continued very much provok'd. I gave him my Letter; he went away, and came again a few Hours afterwards with an Answer. *Zelica* writ me word, she was very willing to excuse the Insolence of the Faquir, since he assur'd her he was sorry for it; but upon Condition he did not stay any longer with me, and that he would go from *Candahar* in four and twenty Hours. I shew'd the Letter of the Favourite of *Firouzshah* to my Friend, who told me, before *Chapour*, that as to that, his Sentiments were conformable to those of the Lady; and that he durst not be seen by her, after the rash Action he had had the Misfortune to commit; and that he design'd instantly to go out of the City of *Candahar*. The Eunuch return'd presently to the Palace, and gave an Account to *Zelica* of the Disposition in which he had left the Faquir.

I was ravish'd to see this Calm succeed the Tempest that had threaten'd me. I protest however, I was sorry to lose my Friend, and I detain'd him yet that Day. Stay, said I to him, you shall go To-morrow; I will To-day be merry with you once more

more before we part, perhaps we shall never see one another again: Since we must part, let us put off, at least a little While, the sad Moment of our Separation. To celebrate our Farewel the better, I order'd a good Supper; when it was ready, we sat ourselves down at Table. We had already tasted of most of the Meats, when we saw *Chapour* come, who brought a Plate of Gold, in which was a Rago. *Seigneur Hagan*, said he to me, I have brought you a Rago, which was served up at the King's Supper. His Majesty found it so delicious, that he made it be carried immediately to his Favourite, who has sent it to you. We eat of that Rago, and thought it, indeed, excellent. The Faquir, during Supper, could not forbear admiring my Happiness, and he said to me twenty Times, O young Man, how happy is your Condition!

We pass'd the Night in drinking, and as soon as it was Day, my Friend said to me, it is now Time to part. Then I went and fetch'd a Purse full of Sequins, which *Chapour* had brought me the Day before from his Mistress, and gave it to the Faquir: Take, said I to him, this Purse, it may serve you upon Occasion. He thank'd me. We embrac'd one another. He went away, and after his Departure I remain'd a long Time in a melancholy Condition. O too imprudent Friend! said I to myself, it was you that were the Cause of our Parting. You ought to have been content to have seen *Zekca*, and to have been pleas'd with so fine a Sight.

Being in need of Rest, I flung myself on a Sofa and fell fast asleep; but in a few Hours, a great Noise, which I heard in my House, awak'd me. I rose up to see what was the Cause of it, and I perceiv'd, with a great Deal of Terror, that it was a Troop of *Proukchan's* Guards. Follow us, said the Officer to me, who was at their Head, we have Orders to carry you to the Palace. What Crime have-

Have I committed? replied I to him: Of what am I accused? We know not that, replied the Officer, we are only order'd to bring you to the King. We are ignorant of the Cause of it; but, to put you in heart, you may be assured, that if you are innocent, you need fear nothing. You have to do with a just Prince, who upon slight Proofs never condemns the Persons accused of having committed Offences. There must be convincing Evidences, to induce him to pronounce Sentence of Death. It is true, he punishes the Guilty severely; if you are such, I pity you.

I could not refuse to follow the Officer. Going to the Seraglio, I said to myself: *Firouzchah*, without Doubt, has discover'd the Familiarity which I have with *Zelica*; but how has he learnt it? When we were come into the Court before the Palace, I observed four Gibbets that were erected there: I apprehended that they were set up upon my Account, and believed that that Kind of Death was the least Chastisement I could expect from *Firouzchah's* Resentment. I lifted up my Eyes unto Heaven, and prayed the Gods at least to preserve the Princess of *Persia*.

We enter'd the Seraglio. The Officer that brought me, carried me to the King's Apartment. That Prince was there, with his Grand Visier and the *Faquir* only, who I thought, by this Time, was far off *Candahar*. When I saw that perfidious Friend, I knew all his Treachery. Art thou the Man, said *Firouzchah* to me, that hast had private Intrigues with my Favourite? Oh wicked Wretch! thou must be impudent indeed, to dare to rival me! Speak, and answer exactly to what I am going to ask thee? When thou camest to *Candahar*, wast thou not told that I severely punish'd Offenders? I answer'd, Yes. Well, repl'd he, since thou wast inform'd of it, why dost thou commit the greatest of

of all Crimes? Sir, said I to him, may your Majesty live for ever; but you know that Love gives Courage to the Dove. A Man, seized with that violent Passion, apprehends nothing: I submit myself as a Victim to your just Anger; and whatever Torments you inflict on me, I will not complain of your Rigour, if you will forgive your Favourite Slave. Alas! she lived happily and at Ease in your Seraglio, before my Arrival; and, content to please a great King, she began to forget an unhappy Lover, whom she believed she should never see more. When she knew that I was in this Town, her former Flames kindled again. It was I that seduc'd her from loving you: 'Tis me only you ought to punish.

While I was speaking thus, *Zelica*, who was sent for by the King's Order, came into the Room, follow'd by *Chapour* and *Cale Cairi*; and after having heard the last Words I had spoken, she ran and flung herself at *Firouzchah's* Feet: My Lord, said she to him, pardon this young Man; 'tis by your guilty Slave you were betray'd, and upon whom your Indignation ought to light. O perfidious Wretches! cry'd the King, expect no Favour either of you, you shall both perish. Ungrateful Woman! she implores my Goodness only for that impudent Fellow who has offended me; and, as for him, he seems insensible to every Thing but the Death of her he loves. They both dare to own their Love to my Face. What Insolence! Visier, added he, turning himself towards that Minister, order them to be carried to Execution; let them be ty'd up to the Gibbets, and, after their Deaths, let them become a Prey to the Dogs and Birds.

Stay, Sir, cry'd I then; forbear to treat the Daughter of a King with so much Ignominy. Let your jealous Rage respect in your Favourite the noble Blood of which she is descended. At these Words,

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Firouzshah seem'd astonish'd. What Prince, said he to *Zelica*, is then the Author of your Birth? Then the Princess looked upon me with an Air of Haughtiness, and said to me: Indiscreet *Hasan*, why have you discover'd what I would have hid even from myself? I should have had the Comfort in dying, that No-body had known the Rank I was born in. In making me known, you cover me with Shame.

Well then, *Firouzshah*, continued she, addressing herself to the King of *Candahar*, know who I am. The Slave, whom you condemn to an infamous Death, is the Daughter of *Schah Tabmasse*. At the same Time she related to him all her Story, without forgetting the least Circumstance of it.

After she had finish'd that Relation, which increased the King's Amazement: See, my Lord, said she to him, a Secret which I did not design to reveal to you, and that only the Indiscretion of my Lover could have drawn from me. After this Confession, which I make not without an extreme Confusion, give Orders instantly for my Death: 'Tis the only Favour I ask of your Majesty.

Madam, said the King to her, I recal the Sentence of your Death; I am too just not to forgive you your Infidelity. What you have told me, makes me regard it quite otherwise than before: I no longer complain of you; nay more, I set you free: Live for *Hasan*, and let the happy *Hasan* live for you. I also give Life and Liberty to *Chapour* and your Confident. Go, perfect Lovers, go spend together the Remainder of your Lives, and may nothing ever put a Stop to the Course of your Pleasures. As for thee, Traitor, continued he, turning himself to the Faquir, thou shalt be punished for thy Treachery. Base and envious Soul! thou could'st not bear the Happiness of thy Friend; thou cam'st thyself to deliver him up to my Vengeance.

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O miserable ! 'tis thou that shalt serve as a Victim to my Jealousy. At these Words, he order'd the Grand Visier to take away the Faquir, and to put him into the Executioner's Hands.

While they were going to put that wicked Man to Death, *Zelica* and I, cast ourselves at the King of *Candahar's* Feet. We wetted them with our Tears in Transports of Acknowledgment and Joy; we assur'd him that we were sensible of his generous Bounty, and that we would never forget it. We went afterwards out of his Apartment, with *Chapour* and *Cale Cairi*, and came to the House where I had been taken into Custody, but found it laid level with the Ground. The King had order'd that it should be demolish'd, and the Soldiers, that were commanded to do it, had executed their Orders with such Dispatch, that all the Materials were already removed and carried elsewhere. They did not leave so much as one Stone. The Mob assisted them also, so that the Goods were pillaged.

Though the Princess and I were charmed to see ourselves together again, and though we entirely loved one another, we could not forbear being a little concerned at this Sight. That House, indeed, was hired ready furnish'd, and the Goods, by Consequence, did not belong to us; but *Zelica* had made *Chapour* carry a great many valuable Things thither, that were not respected in the Plunder. We had but a little Money: We began to consult with the Eunuch and *Cale Cairi* about what we should do; and, after a long Deliberation, we thought it best to go lodge at an Inn.

We were just going to find one out, when an Officer of the King's came to us. I come, says he, from *Firouzchah* my Master, to offer you a Lodging. The Grand Visier will lend you a House of his near the Gates of the City, and which is much finer than this that they have pull'd down; you will

will be lodg'd very conveniently there; I will, if you please, conduct you thither; take the Trouble to follow me. We went with him; and saw a House that made a great Show, and was perfectly well built: The Inside answer'd the Out; it was magnificent and pleasing. We found there above twenty Slaves, who told us their Master had sent them Orders to furnish us plentifully with whatever we should want, and to serve us as himself, as long as we would stay with him.

Two Days afterwards, we received a Visit from the Grand Visier, who brought us from the King a prodigious Quantity of Presents. There were a great many Packets of Silk and Callico, with twenty Purfes, every one with a thousand Sequins of Gold. We found ourselves a little constrained in living in a borrow'd House, and the King's Presents having put us in a Condition to settle ourselves elsewhere, we went in a little Time with a Caravan of Merchants of *Candahar*, who were going to *Bagdad*, where we arrived with them, without having met with any Accident on the Road.

We went to live in my own House, where we pass'd some Days after our Arrival, to rest and recover ourselves from the Fatigues of so long a Journey. After that, I shew'd myself in the Town, and enquir'd after my Friends. They were very much amazed to see me again: Is it possible, said they to me, that you should be yet alive? Your Partners, who are come back, assured us you were dead. As soon as I heard that my Jewellers were at *Bagdad*, I ran to the Grand Visier; I cast myself at his Feet, and related to him their Perfidiousness: He sent immediately to take both of them up; he order'd me to interrogate them in his Presence. Is it not true, said I to them, that I wak'd when you took me in your Arms, that I ask'd you what you were going to do with me; and that,

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without answering me, you flung me into the Sea through a Port-hole of the Vessel? They answer'd, that for certain I must have dreamt so, and that I had thrown myself into the Sea in my Sleep.

But why, said the Visier to them, did you make as if you did not know him at *Ormuz*? They reply'd, that they had never seen me at *Ormuz*. How, Traitors, reply'd he to them, with Threats in his Looks, what will you say for yourselves, when I shew you a Certificate from the Cady of *Ormuz*, which proves the contrary? At these Words, which the Visier said only to try them, my Partners turn'd pale, and knew not what to answer. You change Countenance, said he to them, but you had best confess your Crime yourselves, to avoid the Punishments that are preparing to force the Truth from you.

Then they confess'd the whole Matter; and, upon their Confession, he sent them to Prison, till the Calif, whom he said he would inform of the Matter, should order what Death he would have them die; but they found out Ways, either to elude the Vigilance of their Guards, or to bribe their Fidelity. They escap'd from Prison, and hid themselves so well in *Bagdad*, that they could not be discover'd; notwithstanding the Search the Grand Visier made for them. In the mean while, their Goods were confiscated for the Calif's Use, except a small Part of them, which was given me in Recompence of what they had taken from me.

I thought of nothing after this, but to live at Ease with my Princess. We pass'd our Days in a perfect Union; and I desir'd nothing more of Heaven, than to grant me to live the Remainder of my Life in the happy Station, in which I then found myself. Vain and useles Wishes! Can Men enjoy a Length of Happiness? Do not Troubles and Misfortunes incessantly disturb their Repose? One Evening, I return'd from diverting myself with my Friends, I knock'd at
my

my Door ; in vain I knock'd very loud : No Body came to open it. I was surpriz'd, and conceiv'd, without knowing why, a melancholy Presage. I redoubled my Blows : No Slave came. My Amazement encreased. What am I to think of this ? said I to myself : Is this some new Misfortune that has befallen me ? With the Noise which I made, a great many Neighbours came out of their Houses ; and being also astonish'd, as well as myself, that my Domesticks did not answer, they helped me to break open the Door. We found in the Court and first Hall, my Slaves murder'd. We went into *Zelica's* Apartment, O dismal Spectacle ! I saw *Chapour* and *Cale Cairi* both dead, and drown'd in their own Blood. I call'd my Princess ; she answer'd not to my Voice : I run all the House over, and did not meet with what I looked for ; I perceived my Body reel ; I fell senseless in the Arms of my Neighbours. Happy had I been, if the Angel of Death had taken me away that Moment ; but Heaven would have me live to fulfil the Horror of my Fate.

When my Neighbours had brought me to Life again by their cruel Assistance, I ask'd them, how it was possible so great a Slaughter should be made in my House, without their hearing the least Noise. They told me they had heard nothing, and that they were as much surprized as myself. I ran presently to the Cady, who sent his Lieutenant to search with all his Officers ; but their Enquiries were in vain, and every one thought what they pleas'd of this tragical Accident.

For me, I judg'd as a great many others did, that my Partners might well be the Authors of it ; it threw me into so great an Affliction, that I fell sick : I drag'd at *Bagdad* some languishing Days. I afterwards sold my House, and went to live at *Mousel* with all I had. The Reason of chusing that Place for my Abode was, because I had a Relation there,
whom

whom I loved very much, and who was very great with the Prime Visier of the King of *Mouzel*. That Kinsman of mine received me very well, and in a little Time I became known to the Visier, who perceiving, as he believed, in me a Genius fit for Business, soon employed me. I endeavour'd to discharge myself well in the Affairs he put me upon, and I had the good Fortune to please him. He liked me better every Day than other; he put, by little and little, his whole Trust in me, and I was insensibly admitted into the most secret Affairs of State. I eas'd him, in a short Time, of the burthensome Part of his Office. In a few Years after, that Minister died, and the King, perhaps too much prepossess'd in my Behalf, gave me his Place. I executed it two Years to the King's Satisfaction, and the Contentment of the People; and that Monarch himself, to shew how well he was satisfy'd with my Administration, named me *Atalmul*. I soon perceived Envy rise up against me; some great Lords became my secret Enemies, and were resolved to ruin me. The better to bring it about, they render'd me suspected by the Prince of *Mouzel*; who, suffering himself to be seduced by their false Insinuations, desired the King his Father to displace me. The King, at first, was not willing to consent to it; but he could not withstand the pressing Instances of his Son. I went from *Mouzel*, and came to *Damascus*, where I had the Honour to be presented to your Majesty.

Thus, Sir, I have told you the History of my Life, and the Reason of that profound Melancholy, in which I seem to be buried. The Loss of *Zeliza* is always present in my Thoughts, and makes me insensible of Joy. If I knew that that Princess was dead, I might perhaps lose, as formerly, the Remembrance of her; but the Uncertainty of her
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Condition brings her continually into my Memory,
and feeds my Grief.

*The Continuation of the Story of King Bedreddin
Lolo.*

WHEN the Visier *Atalmulc* had finish'd the Relation of his Adventures, the King said to him ; I am not much surprized that you are so sorrowful, you have Reason enough ; but every Body has not lost a Princess as you have. And you are in the Wrong, to think, that, among all Men, there cannot one be found, who is perfectly content. You are in a great Mistake ; and, without speaking of a thousand others, I am persuaded, that the Prince *Seyf el Mulouk*, my Favourite, enjoys a perfect Happiness. I know nothing of that, Sir, reply'd *Atalmulc* ; though he seems very happy, I dare not assure you, he is so indeed. I will know whether he be or not immediately, cry'd the King. Having said these Words, he called the Captain of his Guards, and order'd him to go for the Prince *Seyf el Mulouk*.

The Captain of the Guards soon acquitted himself of his Commission. The Favourite came into the Apartment of the King his Master, who said ; Prince, I would know if you are satisfied with your Condition ? Oh ! my Lord, answer'd the Favourite, how can your Majesty ask me such a Question ? I, though a Stranger, am respected in the City of *Damascus* ; the great Lords seek to please me, others court me ; I am the Channel thro' which all your Favours pass. In a Word, you love me : What then can be wanting to my Happiness ? It is of Moment to me, said the King, that you tell me the Truth : *Atalmulc* maintains, that there is no Man happy : I think the contrary ; I believe you are happy.

happy. Tell me, if I am deceived, and if some Trouble, which you hide from me, does not corrupt, by its Bitterness, the Sweetness of the Fortune which I give you. Speak sincerely, and let your Words discover your secret Sentiments. Sir, said *Seyf el Mulouk*, since your Majesty has order'd me to open my Mind to you, I tell you, that in Spite of all the Kindness which you have for me, in Spite of all the Pleasures which attend my Steps, and that seem to have chosen your Court for a Sanctuary, I feel an Uneasiness which troubles the Repose of my Life; I have a Worm in my Heart, which gnaws it without Intermiſſion; and, to heighten my Misfortune, my Disease is not to be cur'd.

The King of *Damascus* was very much surpriz'd to hear his Favourite speak after this Manner, and he judg'd that some Princess had likewise been taken from him too. Tell me, said he to him, your Story; some Lady undoubtedly has a Share in it, and I am very much deceived if your Troubles are not of the same Nature with those of *Atalmulc*. The Favourite of *Bedreddin* re-assumed the Discourse, and began the Relation of his Adventures, after this Manner.

The Story of Prince Seyf el Mulouk.

I HAVE already had the Honour to tell your Majesty, that I am Son of the late Sultan of *Egypt*, *Asem Ben Sefouan*, and Brother to the Prince that succeeded him. Being in the sixteenth Year of my Age, I found one Day, by Chance, the Door of my Father's Treasury open. I went in, and began to look, with a great deal of Attention, upon the Things that seem'd the most excellent. I stopt particularly to regard a little Trunk of red Saunders-Wood,

Wood, set with Pearls, Diamonds, Emeralds and Topazes. It open'd with a little Key of Gold, which was in the Lock. I open'd it, and saw within, a Ring of wonderful Beauty, with a Case of Gold, in which there was inclosed a Lady's Picture.

The Features were so regular, the Eyes so fine, the Air so charming, that I judg'd it at first a Picture made at Pleasure. The Works of Nature are not so perfect, said I to myself: How much this Piece honours the Pencil that drew it! I admir'd the Imagination of the Painter, who was capable of forming to himself so beautiful an Idea.

I could not take my Eyes off that Picture, and, what is yet more surprizing, it made me in Love with it: I thought that it might perhaps be the Picture of some living Princess, and the more I grew in Love with it, the more I was strengthen'd in that Belief. I shut the Case, and put it in my Pocket, with the Ring, which I took a Fancy to steal. At length I went out of the Treasury.

I had a Confident, who was called *Saed*; he was the Son of a great Lord of *Cairo*: I loved him, and he was some Years older than me. I told him what I had done. He ask'd me to see the Picture; I gave it him; he took it out of the Case, to see if there was not some Writing on the Back of it, which might instruct us in what I passionately desir'd to know; that is to say, the Name of the Person that was painted. We perceiv'd about the Case, in the Inside, these Words, in *Arabian Characters*: *Bedi al Femal*, Daughter of King *Chabbal*.

I was over-joy'd at this Discovery, and ravish'd to know it was not an imaginary Object that I lov'd. I charg'd my Confident to enquire where King *Chabbal* reigned. *Saed* asked the most intelligent Men of *Cairo* concerning him, but no Body could tell him; insomuch, that I resolv'd to travel, to go all the World over, if necessary, and not return to

Egypt, till I had seen *Bedi al Femal*. I desired the Sultan my Father, to let me go to *Bagdad*, to see the Calif's Court, and the Wonders of that famous City, of which I had heard so many fine Things. He gave me Leave. Being desirous to travel *incognito*, I went not out of *Grand Cairo* with a splendid Equipage. My Attendants were only *Saed* and some Slaves, whose Zeal I was well assured of.

I put on my Finger the fine Ring, I had taken out of my Father's Treasury; and on the Road, I did nothing but talk with my Confident, of the Princess *Bedi al Femal*, whose Picture I never had out of my Hands. When I came to *Bagdad*, and had seen all that was curious there, I ask'd the learned Men, if they could tell me, in what Part of the World the Dominions of King *Chabbal* lay? They answer'd me, No; but, that if it was of great Concern to me to know, I need but take the Pains to go to *Basra*, to find an old Man of an hundred and seventy Years, called *Padmanaba*: That that Person knew every Thing, and that without Doubt he wou'd satisfy my Curiosity.

I went presently from *Bagdad*. I flew to *Basra*. I enquir'd for the old Man. They shew'd me where he lived. I went to him. I saw a venerable Man, who seem'd to be still vigorous, though almost two Ages had wrinkled his Fore-head. Son, said he to me, with a smiling Air, in what can I serve you? Father, said I, I would know where King *Chabbal* reigns. It is of the greatest Consequence to me to know it. Some wise Men of *Bagdad* that I have consulted, and who cannot give me any Light into this Matter, assur'd me, that you would tell me the Name of, and direct me in the Way to, the Kingdom of *Chabbal*. Son, replied the old Man, the wise Men that have directed you to me, believe me less ignorant than I am. I know not exactly where lie the Dominions of *Chabbal*. I only

only remember I have heard him spoken of by some Travellers. That King reigns, if I am not mistaken, in an Island near that of *Ceylan*. But this is a Conjecture, and I may be perhaps in the Wrong.

I thank'd *Padmanaba* for having at least fix'd upon a Place, where I hop'd I might be inform'd in what I desired to know. I resolv'd to go to the Isle of *Ceylan*. I embark'd with *Saed*, and my Slaves, on the Gulf of *Basra*, in a Merchant-Vessel, that was going to *Surat*. From *Surat* we went to *Goa*, where we were inform'd, on our Arrival, that a Vessel in a few Days would set Sail for the Isle of *Ceylan*. We made use of this Opportunity. We went from *Goa* with so favourable a Wind, that we got a good Way forward the first Day; but on the second, the Wind chang'd, and so violent a Storm arose, that the Seamen, thinking our Destruction inevitable, abandon'd the Vessel to the Mercy of the Wind and Sea. Sometimes the Waves, opening, as if they would swallow us up, presented horrible Abysses to our frighted Eyes, and sometimes raising themselves up, they carried us with them to the Clouds. We were a long Time the Sport of the Waves, but, that which amazed us all, and seem'd to us a Miracle, was, that we were not shipwreck'd. We put in at an Island near to that of the *Maldives*.

That Island was but of small Extent, and seem'd to us uninhabited. We were making ourselves ready to get ashore, intending to go to a very thick Wood, which we saw in the Middle of the Island; when an old Seaman, us'd to travel on the *Indian* Coast, told us, that that Island was inhabited by idolatrous Negroes, who worship'd a Serpent, to which they gave all the Strangers that had the Misfortune to fall into their Hands; that, instead of landing there, we had better put out to Sea, and, if possible, gain the *Maldives*. The Captain, who knew the Sea-

man for a very experienced Sailor, and a Man incapable of telling a Thing without being well assured of it, believed him; and resolved, the next Morning at Day-break, to weigh Anchor, and be gone from so dangerous a Place.

This Resolution was very judicious; but it had been better to have set Sail immediately, and to have abandon'd ourselves to the Sea; for in the Middle of the Night, we were attack'd on all Sides by a great Number of Negroes, who boarded our Vessel, loaded us with Chains, and carried us to their Habitations.

The Day began to appear, when after we had gone through the Wood, which we had observ'd at a Distance the Evening before, we came to the Camp of the Negroes. There were a great many little Cottages made of Wood and Earth; in the Midst of which there was rais'd a great Tent of the same Materials, which they call'd their King's Palace.

They led us into a Tent, where the King was sitting upon a Throne of Shell-work; he was a Negro of a gigantick Size, but so ugly and so frightful, that he had more the Air of a Devil than of a Man. The Princess his Daughter was seated by him. She could not be less than thirty. She resembled her Father in Size, and favoured him a little besides.

One of the principal Negroes that had taken us, oblig'd us to make low Bows to the black Monarch and his Daughter. Afterwards he gave him an Account of his happy Expedition. The King, after he had hearkned to him with Pleasure, expressed his Satisfaction at what he and the Companions of his Enterprize had done. Then showing us with his Finger to his Prime Visier: Go, said he to him, let those Prisoners be conducted all to one separate Tent, and every Day let one of them be given to the God we adore. The Visier obey'd. He carried us himself to a Tent, where they brought us, by his Order,
Victuals

Victuals to nourish us, and to make the Victims the fatter. The very next Day, two Negroes came and took one of our Companions to give him to the Serpent. They came the Day following to fetch another; every Morning one of our Comrades was devoured by that Monster. Thus my Slaves, the Captain, the Pilot, and all the Seamen perished.

There remain'd only *Saed* and me. It was our Turn next to undergo the same Fate. We expected that the Negroes would come and part us for ever. Oh! my dear Prince, said my Confident to me, since we are both to be sacrificed, I ask of Heaven that I may die before you. May I never see you conducted to Death. That would be too great an Affliction to me. O *Saed*, answer'd I, why would you be a Partaker of my Misfortunes? Why, when, possessed with a foolish Passion, I would leave my Abode at *Cairo*, to search all the World over for an Object, which perhaps can never be mine, why would you not let me go by my self? You opposed my Design, I rejected your wise Counsels. Is it just, that you should perish with a Man who dies for not believing you?

Whilst we thus employed ourselves in vain Complaints, the Negroes came, and addressing themselves to me: Follow us, said they. I shudder'd at these Words, and turned my self towards *Saed* to bid him an eternal Farewel. We could not speak one to another; we were all on a sudden seized with Fear and Grief. We contented ourselves to express by our Looks the Emotions which tormented us.

The Negroes led me into a great Tent, where I believed they were going to sacrifice me; but a black Woman that I saw coming in, undeceived me. Take Courage, young Man, said she to me; you shall not have the Fate of your Companions. The Princess *Hushara*, my Mistress, has reserved a milder Lot for you. I will tell you no more, for

she herself will announce to you your Happiness. I am her Favourite Slave, and I am order'd to introduce you into the most secret Place of this Tent, where she expects you with Impatience. At these Words, the two Negroes, who had accompanied me to this Place, retir'd, and the Favourite Slave of *Husnara*, taking me by the Hand, led me into a little By-place, where her Mistress was alone, and sitting on a Sort of a Sofa, cover'd with the Skins of wild Beasts.

That Princess had a Complexion of an Olive Colour, lively Eyes but very little, a Nose turn'd up, a wide Mouth, great Lips, and Teeth of the Colour of Amber. Her Hair was short, very much curled, and blacker than Ebony. She had, for Head-dress, a single Cap of yellow Linen edged with red Thread, raised with a Plume of Feathers of several Colours. She had a Necklace made of great blue and yellow Beads; and a long Gown of Tyger's Skin, which cover'd her from the Shoulders to the Feet. This Object was not very likely to make me forget *Bedi al Femal*.

Draw near, young Man, said she to me, as soon as she saw me, come and sit down by me. I have some Things to tell you that will comfort you, for having fallen into the King my Father's Power. At this Discourse, continued she, after I was sat down, you ought to be impatient to know what I have to say to you; and I pardon your Uneasiness, since the most important Thing in the World, and the most agreeable for you, is at Stake. I lik'd you when first I saw you, and will not only save your Life, but I intend to chuse you for my Lover: I prefer you before all the great Lords of the Court, who are all inflamed with my Charms.

Though this Confession ought not to have surprized me, since the Favourite Slave had prepared me enough to receive it, yet it caused in me an uncon-

unconceivable Trouble. On the one Hand, I could not resolve to answer after the Manner that the Princess desired of me, and on the other, the Fear I was in of exciting her Anger, hinder'd me from speaking my Mind freely. She, seeing that I did not answer, and that I seem'd puzzled, said to me; Young Man, I am not amaz'd that you are silent, and that you seem troubled. You could not expect to see a young and handsome Princess debase herself so far as to make the first Advances to you; and the Surprize, in which that unexpected Happiness has cast you, keeps your Tongue lock'd up: But, instead of being offended at your Confusion, I protest it charms me. I conceive from your Perplexity a favourable Presage for my Love; and that Silence which shews, without doubt, the Excess of your Joy, pleases me more than all the Acknowledgments your Tongue can make me. In saying these Words, she gave me her Hand to kiss, as a Taste, before-hand, of the Pleasures she reserved for me.

She was so persuaded that one could not look on her without loving her, that she took, for Marks of Love, all the Tokens of Disgust which appear'd in my Face and Actions. During this Time, two black Women-Slaves came and spread some Skins upon the Ground, and put on them, in a Moment afterwards, several Plates of Wheat and Rice, with some others of Meats preserv'd in Honey. The Princess bid me lie down, as she did, on the Skins, and eat.

I shew'd but little Regard to these Delicacies, though the Princess did not cease to excite me to eat. What is the Reason, young Man, said she, that you have no Stomach? How your Want of Appetite sooths my Passion! In the charming Expectation you are in, of the Happiness I consent you should hope for, every Moment that retards your

Bliss, irritates your Impatience, and takes from you the Desire of eating. However, continued she, how violent soever are the Desires with which I inspire you, I cannot before it be Night crown your Felicity. I will go to the King my Father, and desire him to let you live, and also the Comrade that is left you, because *Myhrasfa*, my Favourite Slave, has taken a Liking for him.

In speaking thus, she rose up, ask'd for a Veil, and while she was getting herself ready to appear before her Father, she said to me, Young Man, return to your Tent. Go back to your Companion. Tell him, that he will have the Happiness to possess my Favourite Slave. Carry him this agreeable News. Rejoice both together, and return Thanks to Fortune, who, having preserved you both from the sad Fate, which all your Comrades have undergone, has provided for you a Life of Pleasure in the same Place where they suffer'd Death. As soon as it is dark, I will send for you to sup with me, and we will be merry together.

I thank'd the Princess *Husnara* for all her Kindnesses, though I was fully resolv'd, rather to die than to answer her Expectations. A Negro, whom they call'd to conduct me, led me into my Tent. One cannot express the Joy of *Saed*, when he saw me again. He would not have been more transported, if, deliver'd by Miracle from the Hands of the cruel Negroes, we had seen ourselves on a sudden transported, into *Egypt*. Oh! is it you, my dear Prince? cried he: Alas! I despair'd of ever having the Pleasure of seeing my Master again! I believed that the Barbarians had already sacrificed you, and that the fatal Serpent, to whom erroneous Belief has caus'd Altars to be rais'd, had devour'd you. Is it possible, that you are restored to me, and are come to dry up the Tears I am shedding for you!

Yes,

Yes, *Saed*, said I, and I tell you, that my Safety depends on myself; I can, if I will, escape the Fate that our Companions have had. Oh! Sir, said *Saed*, interrupting me, may I credit what you say? May I believe indeed that you can shun Death? What happy News do you tell me! I tell you nothing, answer'd I, that is not true. But you know not at what Price I can save my Life. When you are inform'd of it, you will not shew such lively Transports of Joy, and you will believe me perhaps more worthy of Pity, than if I had already lost my Life. Then I related to him my Conversation with the King of the Negroes Daughter.

I agree, said my Confident, after having hearken'd to me, it is disagreeable enough, to see one's self in the Arms of such a Lover. 'Tis not without Reason, that you have conceiv'd an Aversion for her. I am of your Opinion; but Life is a fine Thing. Think how deplorable it is to die at your Age. Struggle with yourself, my Prince. Yield to Necessity. O *Saed*, cried I, at those Words, What Counsel is this you dare give me? Do you think that I can follow it? We shall see whether you yourself can do what you advise to others; for I give you Notice, that you are in the same Case. The Favourite Slave of the Princess has the same Design on you, and pretends she loves you. She is not more amiable than her Mistress. Do you find yourself dispos'd to answer the Kindness she will have for you this Night?

Saed grew pale at this Discourse. Just Heaven! said he, what do I hear? Would the Favourite Slave of *Husnara* have me live for her! Oh! May the Negroes rather carry me to their Pagod! May the Serpent devour me a thousand Times, rather than I should be oblig'd to answer her Caresses! Indeed, *Saed*, replied I, you discover a too much Aversion for a Lady who has a great Kindness for you. You forget that Life is a fine Thing. When you are

Compell'd to love a frightful Object, Death has nothing to terrify you, and yet you would have me dread it: Confess then, that it is not easy to overcome the Inclinations of the Heart, and to show a Love for a Person that inspires us with Disgust. This Effort is above the Power of the most impetuous Heat of Youth. It were better that we both should die, than debase ourselves so much, as to feign a Tenderness for two Objects that we cannot love.

My Confident approved of this Resolution, which my Despair suggested to me, so that we thought now of nothing but Death. We expected the Night with Impatience; not to taste of the Pleasures they promised us, but to load our Mistresses with Injuries, and to let them see how much we abhorr'd them. This was almost without Example in Lovers. We flatter'd ourselves by these Means to enrage them against us, and to oblige them to put us to Death. We imagin'd, that if a handsome Woman, when despised and scorn'd, be capable of running into the most violent Extreame, we should not without Punishment offend two ugly and cruel Persons.

The Night being come, a Negro Officer of the Princess *Husnara* came for us, and said, Happy Captives, prepare yourselves to taste of the sweetest of all Pleasures: Two tender Lovers are preparing themselves to make you happy. Bless the Day on which the Rage of the Sea and Winds cast you on this Coast.

We follow'd the Negro without answering; but he might judge by our Silence, that the two Ladies, who waited for us, would not receive from us the Satisfaction they expected: Grief, or rather Despair, was painted in our Eyes. He led us into the Pavilion of the Daughter of the King of the Negroes, where that Princess was at Supper with her Favourite Slave. They were both laid on Skins spread on the Ground.

Ground. Come and sit by me, said *Hufnara* to me, and let your Companion place himself by *Myhrasfa*. They had a great many different Ragoos, of which they oblig'd us to eat, and the black Slave presented us now and then with Drink made of *Turkish* Wheat, in painted Earthen Mugs.

The Princess, to please me, put herself into a merry Humour during Supper, and *Myhrasfa*, on her Part, did not fail to provoke *Saed*. They both insensibly became so forward, that we were oblig'd to let them understand that they lost their Time. I said a Thousand sharp and hard Things to *Hufnara*, and my Confident was not more complaisant than me.

Our Discourse had presently its Effect; we saw our Ladies change their Countenance in a Moment. They look'd upon us no longer but with Eyes full of Fury. Oh! miserable Wretches, cried the Daughter of the King of the Negroes, is it thus you answer my Kindness? Do you forget how dangerous it is to excite my Wrath? Ungrateful Wretch! continued she, addressing herself to me, can you receive with Indifference all these Marks of Friendship that I give you? But what do I say with Indifference? You seem to have an Aversion for *Hufnara*. What do you find in my Person that inspires you with Horror? Have I any Fault?

In pronouncing these last Words, she turn'd herself towards her Favourite; Speak, *Myhrasfa*, said she to her, do not flatter me. Am I ugly or deform'd? Have I a despicable Shape, or irregular Features? In a Word, am I worthy of the Disdain that this young Stranger has for me? Oh! my Princess, replied the Favourite Slave, there is no Lady in the World who deserves to be put in Comparison with you. Nothing is so perfect as your Beauty; nothing is more free or more regular than your Shape. This young Man must have lost his Judgment, since he
does

does no Justice to your Charms. If you have found an ungrateful Man, I ought not to be amaz'd that that other Stranger should have no Liking for me. I cannot comprehend how a Man can look upon you without adoring you. Can that young Man behold you with Indifference? He ought to die for Love at the Sight of you, or become mad.

That is true, replied the Princess; you are also very amiable, and your Kindnesses are not to be disdain'd. Let us avenge ourselves on these two miserable Creatures. I obtained for them a Favour of the King my Father; but they are unworthy of the Life I would give them: They shall die. Call some of my Officers to carry these Strangers to the Pagod, and deliver them to the Divinity we adore. *Mybrasya* herself took upon her that Office, and went to fetch the Officers. She returned a little while after, accompanied with two Negroes. Come forward, said the Princess to them, take these young Prisoners, and conduct them to the Pagod. The Negroes came to us; but in the Instant that they carried us out of the Tent, she said to them, Stay, I know not what Emotion kindles in my Heart, and opposes the Death of those two Criminals. 'Tis my Hatred, without Doubt, that is not satisfied with so slight a Punishment. A speedy Death is too good for such Wretches. Let them both live to suffer long Torments. I will have them be put to grind Corn, and let them be kept at work Night and Day; so toilsome a Life will revenge me better than their Death.

At these Words, she charged the Negroes to conduct us to a Place in the Island, where the Hand-Mills were, and not to give us a Moment of Rest. This was done immediately. They compelled us to grind the Corn, and, as if that Occupation did not make us miserable enough, they made us carry great Loads of Wood. Not being used to so severe a
La-

Labour, it was impossible but that we must sink under it. The Negroes, that kept us at Work, sometimes perceiving that we were ready to drop down, ask'd us insultingly, if we had not yet a Desire of becoming amorous? That Question, recalling to our Memories the Idea of our Ladies, inspired us with new Vigour. We lik'd rather to work at the Mill, than to see them again.

One Day those Negroes left us a great Quantity of Corn to grind. We are going to the Horde, said they to us; let all this Corn be ground against we come back. My Confident and myself being thus left alone together; *Saed*, said I to him, our Enemies have left us for a While, let us make Use of this Opportunity: Let us go to the Sea-side. Perhaps we may find there some Vessel, in which we may make our Escape. Who knows but we may be so happy as to see some Ship under Sail? and if we should, we will make Signs to them to come and take us aboard. I consent, my Prince, cry'd *Saed*, to your Proposal: Let not the Blame be ours, if we get not away: Let us try all Ways we can, to be gone from this fatal Isle. If Heaven will not favour us with Means of delivering ourselves from the Misery we are in, we will throw ourselves into the Sea. We had better perish in the Waves, than continue here grinding of Corn.

I was of my Confident's Opinion. We got to the Sea-shore, that was not far off. We saw a Boat ty'd to a Stake. It serv'd a Negro, that liv'd hard by, to fish in. We made haste to untie it, and get aboard: Then, standing out to Sea, we abandon'd ourselves to the Mercy of the Waves and Winds.

We had scarcely begun to row, and to put off from the Shore, when we saw the Negro coming, to whom the Bark belong'd. He set up a hideous Howling, when he saw his Boat afloat and loosen'd from the Stake. He threaten'd what he would do
to

to us; but we valu'd neither his Cries nor his Threats. We were already in open Sea, and we had lost Sight of the Isle before the Night came on. We return'd Thanks to Heaven for our Deliverance. We felt as great Joy as if we had been in a safe Harbour. Tho' we were at Sea without Provisions, and that the leaky Vessel which carried us, was every Moment in Danger of sinking, we could think of nothing but our good Fortune, in having escap'd out of the Negroes Hands. It seem'd less horrible to us to perish by the Waves, than to be devour'd by a Serpent.

After having sail'd all the Night at Random, at Day-break we perceived a little Island. We went ashore. The first Thing we saw was a great many Trees, loaded with very fine Fruit, that hung down to the Ground. This rejoiced us the more, because we began to perceive we had good Stomachs. We gather'd some, eat, and found it excellent. A perfect Joy soon succeeded the Fright that the Negroes had put us in, and, laughing at the very Things that had frightened us most, we began to rally each other on the good Fortune we had despised. When we had taken a little Refreshment, we ty'd our Boat to a Stake, and advanced farther into the Island. I never saw a more agreeable Abode. It abounded with Saunders and Wood of Aloes, with Springs of fresh Water, and all Sorts of Fruit, as well as the most beautiful of Flowers.

What amaz'd us more, was, that this Isle, tho' it was so pleasant and fertile, seem'd to us to be uninhabited. How comes it about, said I to *Saied*, that No-body lives in this Isle? We sure are not the first that ever came hither. Others before us, without Doubt, have discover'd it. Why then did they quit it? My Prince, answer'd my Confident, since No-body lives here, 'tis a certain Sign that No-body can live here. It has some Fault, that makes it uninhabited. Alas! when

when the unfortunate *Saed* said this, he little thought he had spoke so true.

We passed the Day in diverting ourselves, and with walking up and down; and when the Night was come, we laid ourselves down upon the Grass, which was enamell'd with a thousand Flowers, that breath'd an agreeable Odour. We slept deliciously; but, when I waked, I was very much amazed to see myself alone. I call'd *Saed* several Times; but he not answering me, I rose to seek him; and after having run over a Part of the Island, I came back to the same Place where I had passed the Night, imagining that, perhaps, he might be there. I waited for him in vain all that Day, and the Night following. Then, despairing of ever seeing him again, I made the Air resound with my Complaints and Groans. Oh! my dear *Saed*, cry'd I every Moment, what is become of thee? While I enjoy'd your Company, you assisted me to bear the Burden of my ill Fortune: You alleviated my Troubles in partaking of them. By what Misfortune, or by what Incantment, are you taken away from me? What Power, more barbarous than the Negroes, has separated us? To die with you, would be less insupportable than to live here alone.

I could not comfort myself for the Loss of my Confident; and that which troubled me most was, that I could not comprehend what had happen'd to him. I fell into deep Despair, and resolved to perish also in this Island. I will, said I to myself, search it over and over, and either find *Saed* or Death. I went towards a Wood which I saw; and when I came to it, I discover'd in the Middle a Castle very well built, and surrounded with large and very deep Ditches full of Water, and over which there was a Draw-Bridge that was down. I went over it, and came into a great Court that was paved with white Marble. I went towards a Door that seem'd to lead
into

into the chief Apartment. It was made of the Wood of Aloes. A great many Figures of Birds were emboss'd upon it, and a great Padlock of Steel, made in the Shape of a Lion, kept it shut. The Key was in the Padlock. I took hold of it to turn it, and the Padlock broke to Shivers like Glass. The Door open'd rather of itself, than by the Attempt I made to open it. This extreamly surprized me. I found a Stair-Case of black Marble. I went up it, and came at first into a great Hall, adorn'd with Tapestry of Silk and Gold, together with Sofas of Brocade. From thence I went into a Chamber that was richly furnish'd; but it was not the Furniture that drew my greatest Attention.- A young Lady, perfectly handsome, who offer'd herself to my Eyes, attracted all my Regards. She was lying on a great Sofa, with her Head rested on a Cushion. She was cloath'd in rich Habits, and there stood beside her a little Table of green Marble. Her Eyes being clos'd, and I suspecting her to be a living Person, went to her softly, and perceiv'd that she breath'd.

I staid some Moments to look on her. She seem'd charming, and I had fallen in Love with her, had not my Affections been already plac'd on *Bedi al Femal*. I was amaz'd to find in a desert Island, a young Lady alone in a Castle, where I could see no Body else. I long'd to have her awake; but she was in so sound a Sleep, that I durst not disturb her. I went out of the Castle, with a Resolution to return some Hours afterwards.

I walk'd up and down the Island, and perceiv'd with Fear a great Number of Animals, as big as Tygers, and made something like Ants. I should have taken them for wild Beasts of Prey, but that they fled at the Sight of me. I saw, besides, other wild Creatures, who seem'd to respect me, tho' they had an Air of Fierceness that frighted me. After having eat of some Fruits, whose Beauty charm'd me, and walk'd for some Time, I return'd to the Castle,
where

where the Lady was yet asleep. I could resist no longer the Desire I had to speak to her; I made a Noise in the Chamber, and fell a coughing, on purpose to wake her. She not waking at it, I went nigh her, and touch'd her Arm in such a Manner, as ought to have produc'd the Effect I desir'd. I touch'd her several Times in vain. This did not seem natural to me. There is some Inchantment in it, said I, then, to myself: Some Talisman keeps this Lady asleep; and, if so, it is impossible to get her out of this Lethargy. I despair'd to bring it about, when I perceiv'd upon the Marble Table, of which I spoke, some Characters engrav'd. I judg'd some Constellation might be wrought there. I went to remove the Table; but I had scarcely touch'd it, when the Lady gave a great Sigh, and wak'd.

As I was surprized to find in this Castle so beautiful a Person, so she was not less astonish'd to see me. Oh! young Man, said she, how have you been able to introduce yourself here? What have you done to surmount all the Obstacles that ought to have hinder'd you from entering this Castle, and which exceed all human Power. I cannot believe you are a Man. You are, without Doubt, the Prophet *Haly*. No, Madam, said I, I am but a mere Man, and I can assure you, that I got in without any Trouble. I found no Difficulty to overcome: The Gate of the Castle open'd itself, when I but touch'd the Key. I came up into this Apartment without any Opposition. I could not indeed easily wake you, and that was the greatest Difficulty I met with.

I cannot believe what you say, reply'd the Lady: I am so fully persuaded, that it is impossible for Men to do what you have done, that I cannot believe, say what you will, that you are merely a Man. Madam, said I, I am something more than an ordinary Man. My Father is a King, but for all that, I am but a Man. I have much more Reason to think,
that

that you are of a Species superior to mine. No, reply'd she, I am, as well as you, of the Race of *Adam*. But tell me, continued she, why you left your Father's Court, and how you came into this Island.

Then I satisfy'd her Curiosity. I confess'd to her ingenuously, that I fell in Love with *Bedi al Femal*, Daughter of King *Chabbal*, by looking on her Picture, which at the same Time I shew'd her; for I had hid that and my Ring so well, that the Negroes never perceiv'd them. The Lady took the Picture, look'd on it very earnestly, and said to me; I have heard speak of King *Chabbal*; he reigns in an Island near that of *Ceylan*: If his Daughter is as handsome as her Picture, she very well deserves that you should love her with so much Ardour. But we ought to mistrust the Pictures of Princesses; they are commonly painted handsomer than they are. Make an end, added she, of your Story; after that I will tell mine. I gave her a long Account of my Adventures, and afterwards I pray'd her to tell me hers. She began the Relation of them in these Terms.

I am the only Daughter of the King of *Serendib*, or the Island of *Ceylan*. One Day, as I was with my Women in a Castle, that my Father had near *Serendib*, I took a Fancy to bathe myself in a white Marble Bason that was in the Garden. When I was undress'd, I went into the Bason with my Favourite Slave; we were scarcely got into the Water; but there arose a great Wind. A Whirl of Dust appear'd in the Air above us, and from the Midst of that Whirl, there came out on a sudden a huge Bird, that sous'd down upon me, seiz'd me with his Talons, took me up, and brought me to this Castle, where, presently changing his Shape, he shew'd himself in the Form of a young Genius. Princess, said he to me, I am one of the most considerable Genii in the World. As I was going
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To-day through the Isle of *Ceylan*, I saw you in the Bath, and was charm'd at the Sight. There is a handsome Princess, said I; 'tis Pity she should make a Son of *Adam* happy. She very well deserves the Love of a Genius. I must take her away, and carry her into some desert Island. Therefore, Princess, forget the King your Father, and think of nothing but to answer my Love. You shall want for nothing in this Castle; I'll take Care to furnish you with every Thing you have Need of.

While the Genius was talking thus to me, I did nothing but cry and bemoan myself. Unfortunate *Malika!* said I to myself, is this the Fate that was reserved for thee? Has the King my Father educated me with so much Care, only to have the Grief of losing me in so strange a Manner? Alas! he knows not what is become of me, and I am afraid that the Loss of me may be fatal to him. No, no, said the Genius, your Father will not sink under his Affliction. And as for you, my Princess, I hope you will yield yourself to the Marks of Tendernefs I presume to give you. Flatter not yourself, said I to him, with that vain Hope; I shall have all my Life a mortal Aversion for my Ravisher. You'll change your Opinion, reply'd he: You'll be accustomed to the Sight of me, and to my Conversation. Time will produce that Effect. Time shall never work that Miracle, said I, interrupting him with Anger and Disdain. It will rather increase the Hatred I have for you.

The Genius, instead of being offended at these Words, smil'd at what I said; and, being persuaded that in a little Time I would really hearken to him, he spar'd for nothing to please me. He went, I know not where, to fetch me magnificent Cloaths, which he brought me. He endeavour'd all he could to inspire me with a Liking for him; but perceiving, that, far from making any Progress in my Heart,

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he became every Day more odious to me, he grew impatient, and was resolv'd to revenge himself of my Disdain. He cast me into a magical Sleep. He laid me at my Length on this Sofa, in the Posture you found me in, and set this Marble Table nigh me, on which are *Talismanick* Characters, that he had drawn to keep me in a deep Sleep for ever. He made, besides, two other *Talismans*; the one to render this Castle invisible, and the other, to hinder any one from opening the Door. At length he left me in this Apartment, and went away from the Castle. He returns now and then. He wakes me, and asks me if I will at last become sensible of his Passion; and, because I still persist to use him ill, he plunges me again in the Lethargy that he has invented to punish me.

Nevertheless, Sir, continued the Daughter of the King of *Ceylan*, you have waked me, you have open'd the Gate of this Castle, which was not invisible to you. Have not I Reason to think that you are not a Man? I tell you moreover, that it is surprizing that you are yet alive; for I have heard the Genii say, that the wild Beasts eat all that stay in this Isle, and that therefore it is desert.

While the Princess *Malika* spoke after this Manner, we heard a great Noise in the Castle. She was silent, that she might listen the better, and presently, most horrible Cries assaulted our Ears. Just Heaven! said the Princess, we are undone; 'tis the Genius: I know him by his Voice. Your End is at Hand; nothing can save you from his Fury. O unhappy Prince! what cruel Fate has conducted you to this Castle? Tho' you have shunn'd the Cruelty of the Negroes, alas! you can never escape the Barbarity of my Ravisher.

It was then I believed my Death certain, and I could not, indeed, promise myself a kinder Usage. The Genius came in with a furious Air. He had
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in his Hand a Club, and his Body was of an enormous Size. He shudder'd at Sight of me; but instead of giving me a Blow on the Head with his Club, or taking a threatening Tone, he approached me trembling, cast himself at my Feet, and spoke to me after this Manner: O Prince, Son of a King, you may command me what you please; I am ready to obey you. This Discourse surprized me. I could not comprehend, why the Genius cringed thus to me, and spoke in the Language of a Slave. But I ceas'd to be astonish'd, when, continuing to speak, he said to me; The Ring that you have on your Finger, is the Signet of *Solomon*. Whoever has that, cannot perish by Accident: He may traverse the most tempestuous Seas in a slender Skiff, without Fear of being swallow'd up by the Waves. The fiercest Beasts cannot hurt him, and he has a sovereign Power over the Genii. All *Talismans* and Charms yield to that wonderful Signet.

'Twas then, said I to the Genius, by the Virtue of this Ring, that I was not shipwreck'd. Yes, Sir, 'twas that, that preserv'd you from the wild Beasts that are in this Island. Tell me, said I to him, if you know what is become of the Companion I had, when I came hither. I know the present, and the past, replied the Genius, and I tell you, your Comrade was killed by Ants, who devoured him in the Night, as he was lying by your Side. There is a great Number of this Sort of Ants, and they make this Island uninhabitable. However, they prevent not the neighbouring People, and especially all the Inhabitants of the *Maldives*, from coming every Year, to cut the Saunders-Wood: But, it is with a great deal of Trouble that they carry it away. They do it in this Manner: They come here, in the Summer-time. They have in their Vessels very swift Horses, which they disembark, and mount upon them. They run full Speed to the Places where
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they perceive any Saunders, and as soon as they see the Ants coming to them, they throw them a great Piece of Flesh, which they are provided with for that Purpose. While the Ants are busy in eating the Flesh, the Men mark the Trees they design to cut down; after which they return. In Winter they come again, and cut down the Trees, without fearing the Ants; who, during that Season, never show themselves.

I could not hear of *Saed's* deplorable Fate, without feeling a new Access of Grief. At length, I ask'd the Genius, where the Kingdom of King *Chabbal* was, and if the Princess *Bedi al Femal*, his Daughter, was yet alive. Sir, reply'd he, there is in those Seas an Island, where a King named *Chabbal*, reigns; but he has no Daughter. The Princess *Bedi al Femal*, of whom you speak, was indeed the Daughter of a King named *Chabbal*, who lived in *Solomon's* Time. What, replied I, is there no such Person as *Bedi al Femal* in the World? No, without Doubt, replied he, she was the Mistress of that great Prophet.

I was very much mortified, to hear that I loved an Object, whose Destiny was finished a long While ago. O senseless Creature, that I am! cry'd I, why did not I ask the Sultan my Father, whose Picture it was, that I found in his Treasury? He would have inform'd me of what I now have learnt. How many Troubles and mortal Fears it would have exempted me from! I should have conquer'd my Love, in its Birth; and it would not, perhaps, have gain'd so absolute a Power over me. I should not have gone from *Cairo*. *Saed* had been yet alive. Must his Death be the Fruit of my chimerical Sentiments? All that comforts me, charming Princess, continued I, turning myself towards *Malika*, is, that I am able to be of Service to you. Thanks be to my Ring, I am in a Condition of restoring you to the King your Father.

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I then directed my Discourse to the Genius: Since I am so happy, said I to him, as to be Possessor of *Solomon's* Seal; since I have Right to command the Genii, Obey me. I order you to transport me presently, with the Princess *Malika*, into the Kingdom of *Ceylan*, to the Gates of the Capital City. I will obey you, Sir, reply'd the Genius, though it is a great Trouble to me to lose the Princess. You are very happy, reply'd I, that I am satisfied only to demand of you to carry us both to the Isle of *Ceylan*. You deserve, for taking away the Princess *Malika*, that I should imploy, to punish you, all the Power that the Prophet's Signet gives me over the rebellious Genii.

The Genius made no Reply to these Words: He prepar'd himself to do immediately what I order'd him: He took the Princess and me in his Arms, and carried us in a Moment to the Gates of the City of *Serendib*. Is this all, said the Genius then to me, that you desire I should do for you? Have you nothing more to order me? I answer'd, No; and presently he disappear'd.

We went to the first Inn coming into the City, and there we deliberated whether we should write to Court, or whether I should go myself to the King to inform him of the Princess's Arrival. This last Opinion prevail'd. I went to the Palace, which seem'd to me to be a very extraordinary Structure. It was built on sixteen hundred Pillars of Marble; and the Stair-case that went up to it, consisted of three hundred Stairs of very fine Stone. I went through a Guard that was in the first Hall. There came to me an Officer, who, judging that I was a Stranger, ask'd me if I had any Business at Court, or if I came there only for Curiosity? I answer'd, that I desir'd to speak with the King about an important Affair. The Officer carried me to the
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Grand Visier, who presented me to the King his Master.

Young Man, said that Monarch to me, what Country are you of, and what Business has brought you to *Serendib*? Sir, answer'd I, I was born in *Egypt*. I have been three Years absent from my Father's, and during that Time I have gone through all Sorts of Misfortunes. Scarce had I said these Words, but the King, who was a good old Prince, fell a crying. Alas! said he to me, I am as unhappy as you. It is almost so long ago that I lost my only Daughter, in a Manner that yet augments the Grief I have never to see her again. Sir, reply'd I, I am come hither on no other Business, but to tell you News of that Princess. What News can you tell me of her? cry'd he; are you come to inform me of her Death? You have, without Doubt, been a Witness of her deplorable End. No, no, reply'd I to him, she is yet alive, and you shall see her this very Day. Where did you find her? reply'd the King; in what Place has she been hid?

Then I told him all my Adventures: I enlarged particularly on that of the Castle and of the Genius, which he listen'd to with the greater Attention, because he was most concerned in it. Having finished the Relation, he embraced me: Prince, said he to me, for I discovered my Birth to him in telling my Story, what ought I not to do for you? I love my Daughter tenderly; I despair'd of seeing her any more; you are the Occasion of my finding her again. How can I requite you? Let us go together, continued he, to the Inn where you have left her: I burn with Impatience to see my dear *Malika*. In saying these Words, he bid his Visier give Orders to get ready a Litter. This was soon done. The King made me go into the Litter with him, and both of us, attended by some Officers on Horseback, came to the Inn, where *Malika* waited impatiently

for me. One cannot express by Words the mutual Joy that the King of *Serendib* and the Princess his Daughter felt, to see one another again. After their first Transports, that Monarch would have her give an Account of herself, of her being taken away, and of her Deliverance; which she did in such a Manner, that he was satisfied of the Truth of what she told him. He had Reason to think, that she had by good Fortune saved her Virtue from the Influence of the Ravisher, and had not gone beyond the Bounds of Gratitude to her Deliverer; for which Reason he was charmed with my Discretion and Generosity.

We all return'd to the Palace, where the King gave me a magnificent Apartment. He order'd publick Prayers, to give Thanks to Heaven for the Return of the Princess; after which, the Citizens celebrated it by publick Rejoicings. There was a splendid Feast at the Court: All the Nobility of the Island were invited. There was excellent good Cheer, and they were profuse of their *Areka*. [*The Areka is a Tree that grows in the Island of Ceylan, and some other Places: Its Fruit has an agreeable Tartness. The Inhabitants, who are generally long-liv'd, impute it to the eating of this Fruit.*]

The King of *Serendib* caress'd me a thousand Times; he made me go a hunting with him, I was with him in all his Diversions. He took by Degrees such a Friendship for me, that he said to me one Day: My Son, it is Time to reveal myself to you. You have restored me my Daughter, you have comforted an afflicted Father, I will acquit myself of my Obligations to you. Be my Son-in-Law, and inherit my Kingdom.

I thank'd the King for his Kindness, and pray'd him not to take it ill, if I refused the Honour he offer'd me. I told him the Reasons, that had oblig'd me to go from *Cairo*; I confess'd to him that I could

not wean myself of the Image of *Bedi al Femal*, nor cease to nourish a vain and fruitless Passion. Would you, added I, give your Daughter to a Man whose Heart she cannot possess? Oh! Sir, the Princess *Malika* deserves a happier State. But how, said the King, can I otherwise return the Service you have done me? Sir, reply'd I, I am fully rewarded for it already. The Reception your Majesty has given me, the Pleasure alone of having delivered the Princess of *Serendib* from the Hands of the Genius who had taken her away, is a Recompence great enough for me: All I expect more from your Gratitude, is to furnish me with a Vessel to carry me to *Basra*.

The King granted this Request, and gave Orders to store the Ship with Provisions, and to be ready to go when I should think fit. Nevertheless, I staid yet some Time at his Court, and he told me every Day, that he was sorry that I would not continue at *Serendib*. At length, the Day I had fixed for my Departure arriv'd. I took my Leave of the King and Princess, who gave me a thousand Assurances of Friendship, and then I embark'd. We escap'd, in our Course, many Tempests, in which we were in Danger of being lost, but the Virtue of my Ring preserv'd us from being drowned. Thus, after a long Voyage, I arriv'd at *Basra*, from whence I went to *Grand Cairo*, with a Caravan of Merchants of *Egypt*.

I found a great Change at Court; my Father was dead, and my Brother on the Throne. The new Sultan, at first, received me as a Man that was sensible of the Alliance between us: He assured me that he was very glad to see me again. He told me, that, a few Days after my Departure, my Father, being in his Treasury, open'd by Chance the little Trunk, where the Signet of *Salomon*, and the Picture of *Bedi al Femal* were kept, and not seeing

them, he suspected that I had taken them. I confessed all to my Brother, and deliver'd the Ring into his Hands.

He seem'd concern'd at my Misfortunes, and admir'd my various Destiny ; he pitied me, and I perceived his Compassion alleviated my Troubles. All the Pity he express'd was, nevertheless, but Perfidy. On the very Day I arriv'd, he caus'd me to be imprison'd in a Tower, and sent next Night an Officer, with Orders to take away my Life ; but that Officer had Compassion on me, and told me : Prince, the Sultan, your Brother, has given me Orders to murder you ; he fears you will have a Mind to govern, and that you will excite Troubles in his Kingdom ; his cruel Prudence makes him think he ought to sacrifice you to Safety ; it is happy for you that I am the Person to whom he applied himself : He imagines that I will execute his barbarous Orders, and expects to see me return bathed in your Blood. O may I rather spill all my own ! Save yourself, Prince. The Gate of your Prison is open, make use of the Darkness of the Night. Go from *Cairo* ; fly, and never stop till you are in Safety.

After having return'd Thanks to that generous Officer, I began my Flight, and abandon'd myself to Providence. I made haste to get out of my Brother's Dominions. I had the Happiness to come to yours, Sir, and to find a safe Refuge in your Court.

The Continuation of the Story of Bedreddin Lolo, and his Visier.

THE Prince *Seyf el Mulouk* having finish'd the Relation of his Adventures, said to the King of *Damascus* : This, Sir, is what you desired to know. Now judge if I enjoy a perfect Happiness ; I am more than ever tormented with the Thoughts

of *Bedi al Femal*. It is in vain that I represent to myself every Moment, how great an Extravagance it is in me, to be as passionately in Love with her, as I could be with a Lady that is alive ; it is impossible for me to triumph over her Image, she reigns continually in my Heart.

Bedreddin could not comprehend so extraordinary an Amour. He asked his Favourite, if he had still kept the Picture of *Bedi al Femal*? Yes, Sir, answer'd *Seyf el Mulouk*, and I always carry it about me. Saying this, he pulled it out of his Pocket, and shew'd it to the King. That Monarch admired the Features. The Daughter of King *Chah-bal* was, said he, a charming Princess. I very much approve of the Love *Solomon* had for her, but your Passion seems to me very extravagant. Sir, said the melancholy Visier, your Majesty may judge by Prince *Seyf el Mulouk*'s Story, that all Men have their Troubles, and that none are born to be perfectly happy on Earth. I cannot believe what you say, replied the King ; I have a better Opinion of human Nature, and I am persuaded that there are Persons that have nothing to vex them.

The King of *Damascus* being desirous to let his Visier see, that there are Men very well contented with their Destiny, said to his Favourite : Go, walk up and down the Town, pass by the Tradesmens Shops, and bring immediately to me, him that seems the most gay and chearful. *Seyf el Mulouk* obey'd, and came back some Hours after to find out *Bedreddin*. Well, said the Monarch to him, have you done what I order'd you ? Yes, Sir, replied the Favourite ; I went by a great many Shops, I saw all Sorts of Tradesmen, who were singing at their Work, and who seem'd very well satisfied with their Condition. I observed, among others, a young Weaver, named *Malek*, who was laughing with his Neighbours till he was ready to split himself.

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I stop'd to speak to him. Friend, said I, you seem to be very merry. 'Tis my Humour, answer'd he, I am never sad. I ask'd the Neighbours, if it were true that he was always in such a merry Humour? They all assured me, that he did nothing but laugh from Morning till Night. Then I bid him follow me, and I have brought him to the Palace; he is in your Apartment: Shall I bring him into your Closet? Make him come in, said the King, I must speak with him here.

Seyf el Mulouk went immediately out of *Bedreddin's* Closet, and return'd instantly; follow'd by a young Man of a very good Mien, whom he presented to the King. The Weaver threw himself at the King's Feet, who said to him, Rise up, *Malek*, and confess freely that you are as happy as you seem to be. They say that you laugh and sing continually at your Loom; you pass for the happiest of my Subjects, and they have Reason to think that you are so indeed. Tell me if they judge amiss of you, and whether or no you are content with your Condition; it is a Thing that very much concerns me; and above all, I command you to tell the Truth.

Great King, answer'd the Weaver, after he had got up, May your Majesty live for ever in all Manner of Pleasures, unmix'd and unallay'd with Misfortunes; excuse your Slave from satisfying your Curiosity. As it is forbid to lye in the Presence of Kings, so it must be confess'd that there are Truths that we should not dare to reveal to them: I can only tell your Majesty, that the World has a wrong Opinion of me; in spite of my Laughing and Singing, I am the most unfortunate of Men. Be contented, Sir, with this Confession, and oblige me not to give you an Account of my Misfortunes. But why, reply'd *Bedreddin*, are you afraid to tell me your Adventures? Are they such that they dishonour you?

you? They would be an Honour to the greatest Prince, reply'd the Weaver; but I am resolv'd to keep them secret. *Malek*, said the King, you provoke my Curiosity, and I command you to satisfy me. The Weaver, not daring to make a Reply to these Words, began the History of his Life after this Manner.

The Story of Malek and the Princess Schirine.

I AM the only Son of a rich Merchant of *Surat*. A little while after his Death, I spent the best Part of the Wealth he left me. I was making an End of the Remainder with my Friends, when a Stranger that pass'd by *Surat*, to go, as he said, to the Isle of *Ceylan*, by chance din'd at my Table. They happen'd to talk about Travelling. Some commended the Usefulness and Pleasure of it, others represented the Dangers. Some Persons of the Company, who had travell'd, gave us an Account of their Travels. The curious Things they said they had seen, excited me to travel; and the Dangers they said they had run through, hinder'd me from resolving on it.

After I had heard them all, I said; One cannot hear you speak of the Pleasures you have in going over the World, without feeling an extreme Desire of Travelling. But the Dangers that Travellers are expos'd to, take from me the Inclination of seeing other Countries. If one could, added I, smiling, go from one End of the World to the other, without meeting with unlucky Accidents on the Way, I should go To-morrow from *Surat*. At these Words, which made all the Company laugh, the Stranger said to me; Seigneur *Malek*, if you have a Desire to travel, and if the Danger alone of meeting with Robbers, hinders you from resolving to do so, I will teach

teach you, when you will, a Way to go from Kingdom to Kingdom, without any Danger. I believed he was in Jest; but after Dinner he took me aside, and told me that the next Morning he would come to me, and shew me something very extraordinary.

He did not fail: He came again to me, and said, I will keep my Word with you, but you will not see the Effect of my Promise these two or three Days, for it is a Work that cannot be done To-day. Send one of your Slaves for a Joiner, and let them both bring Boards with them; which was done immediately.

When the Joiner and the Slave were come, the Stranger bid the Joiner make a Chest six Foot long, and four broad. The Workman went presently to work; the Stranger, on his Part, was not idle; he made a great many Pieces of the Machine, as the Vises and the Springs. They work'd all Day long, and then the Joiner was dismiss'd: The Stranger spent the Day following to place the Springs, and to perfect the Work.

At three Days End the Chest was finish'd; it was cover'd with a *Persian* Carpet, and carried into the Country, whither I went with the Stranger, who said to me; Send away your Slaves, and let us stay here alone, I will have none by but yourself to be Witness of what I do. I order'd my Slaves to go Home, and I staid alone with the Stranger. I long'd to know what he would do with this Machine; he at length got in it, and at the same Time the Chest rais'd it self up from the Ground, and cut the Air with incredible Swiftnes; in one Moment it was a great Way from me, and the next it was again at my Feet.

I cannot tell you how much I was surprized at this Prodigy. You see, said the Stranger to me, getting out of the Machine, a very easy Carriage, and you ought to be perswaded, that travelling after this manner, one need not fear being robbed on the

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Road.

Road. This is the Method I would have you take to travel in Safety. I will make you a Present of this Trunk; you may make use of it when you have a mind to travel into foreign Countries. Think not, continued he, that there is any Inchantment in what you have seen. 'Tis not by Cabalistical Words, nor by Virtue of a Talisman, that this Chest raises itself in the Air. Its Motion is made by an ingenious Artifice, that shews the Power of Movement. I am a perfect Master in Mechanicks, and I know how to make other Machines no less surprizing than this.

I thank'd the Stranger for so rare a Present, and I gave him, as an Acknowledgment, a Purse full of Sequins. Inform me, said I to him afterwards, how I must do to set this Chest in Motion: I will teach you that presently, answer'd he. At these Words he made me go into the Machine with him; then he touch'd a Spring, and presently we were lifted up in the Air. Then shewing me what Method one must take to guide it right; In turning this Vise, said he to me, you go to the Right, and in turning that, you go to the Left; by touching this Spring you ascend, and by touching that you descend. I would make Trial of it myself; I turned the Vises, and touched the Springs; the Chest, effectually obedient to my Hand, went which Way I pleas'd, and hasten'd or slacken'd the Motion as I list. After having made a great many Wheelings about in the Air, we took our Flight towards my House, and descended into my Garden; which we easily did, because we had taken off the Carpet that cover'd the Machine, and that had a great many Holes through it, as well to receive Air in, as to look through.

We were at Home before my Slaves, who could not be enough surprized to see us return. I lock'd the Chest up in my Apartment, where I kept it with as much Care as if it had been a Treasure; and the

the Stranger went away as content with me, as I was with him. I continued to divert myself with my Friends, till I had spent all my Patrimony. I began also to borrow, insomuch that I insensibly found myself loaded with Debts. As soon as it was known in *Surat* that I was ruined, I lost Credit: Nobody would lend me any thing; and my Creditors, impatient to see their Money again, gave me Notice to pay it. Not knowing any longer which Way to turn myself, and by Consequence being liable to Troubles and Affronts, I had Recourse to my Chest: I drew it one Night out of my Apartment into my Yard, I got into it, with some Provisions, and the little Money I had left. I touch'd the Spring that made the Machine mount; then turning one of the Vises, I went far enough from *Surat*, and from my Creditors, without Fear of their sending any Officers after me.

I made the Chest go all that Night as fast as was possible, and I believ'd I surpass'd the Wind in Swiftnefs. At Day-break, I look'd through a Hole to see where I was; I perceived nothing but Mountains and Precipices, a dry Country, and a frightful Desert; wherever I look'd, I could discover no Appearance of any Habitation. I continued to travel through the Air all that Day and Night following. The next Day I found myself over a very thick Wood, nigh which there was a very fine Town, situated in a Plain of great Extent.

I stopt to look at the Town, as well as at a magnificent Palace, that offer'd itself to my Eyes at the End of the Plain. I desir'd passionately to know where I was, and I had already thought on a Way how I might satisfy my Curiosity, when I saw in the Fields a Peasant that was tilling the Ground. I descended in the Wood, where I left my Chest, and went towards the Husbandman, of whom I ask'd what they call'd that Town? Young Man, answer'd he, one

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may see you are a Stranger, since you know not that that Town is called *Gazna*; the equitable and valiant King *Babaman* makes it the Place of his Residence. And who lives, said I to him, in that Palace that we see at the End of the Plain? The King of *Gazna*, reply'd he, has built it, to keep his Daughter the Princess *Schirine* in, who is threaten'd by her Horoscope to be deceived by a Man. *Babaman*, to elude this Prediction, built this Palace, which is of Marble, and surrounded with deep Ditches of Water. The Gate is of Steel of *China*; and besides that, the King keeps the Key of it; there is a numerous Guard that watches Night and Day, to hinder any Man from going in. The King goes once a Week to see the Princess his Daughter, and then returns to *Gazna*. *Schirine* has no Company in this Palace, but a Governess and some Maiden-Slaves.

I thank'd the Peasant for his Information, and I went towards the Town. When I was almost arrived there, I heard a great Noise, and presently saw many Horsemen, magnificently cloathed, and all mounted on very fine Horses that were richly accoutred. I perceived, in the Middle of that stately Cavalcade, a lusty Man, who had on his Head a Crown of Gold, and whose Cloaths were set with Diamonds. I judged that that was the King of *Gazna*, who was going to see the Princess his Daughter, and I understood in the Town that I was not deceived in my Conjecture.

After I had taken a Turn or two about the Town, and satisfied my Curiosity a little, I remember'd my Chest; and tho' I had left it in a Place where I had Reason to think it safe, yet I was uneasy. I went from *Gazna*, and I could not be satisfied, till I came where it was. Then I was at Ease. I eat with a good Appetite what I had left of my Provisions, and the Night coming on, I resolv'd to spend it in the Wood. I doubted not but I should sleep well; for
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neither my Debts, nor the ill Condition I found myself in, gave me much Uneasiness : Nevertheless I could not sleep ; what the Peasant had told me of the Princess *Schirine* was always in my Thoughts. Is it possible, said I, that *Babaman* should be afraid of a frivolous Prediction ? Was it necessary to build a Palace to shut up his Daughter in ? Was she not safe enough in his ? Besides, if the Astrologers indeed dive into the Obscurity of what is to come, if they read in the Stars the future Events, it is in vain to endeavour to elude their Predictions, they must of Necessity be accomplish'd. All the Precautions that human Prudence can take, cannot avert from us a Misfortune that is written in the Stars. If the Princess of *Gazna* be predestin'd to be deceived by a Man, it is in vain for any one to pretend to prevent it.

I was so taken up with thinking on *Schirine*, who, I fancied to myself, was handsomer than all the Ladies I had seen, tho' I had seen at *Surat* and *Goa*, a great many that might pass for very beautiful Women, and who had contributed not a little to ruin me, that I had a great Desire to try my Fortune. I will, said I, transport myself to the Top of the Princess's Palace, and endeavour to get into her Apartment. Perhaps, I am the Mortal, whose fortunate Attempt the Astrologers have seen writ in the Stars.

I was young, and by Consequence, heedless ; I wanted not Courage : I form'd this rash Design, and executed it immediately. I rais'd myself in the Air, and guided my Chest towards the Palace. The Darkness of the Night was such as I could desire. I pass'd, without being perceived, over the Soldiers Heads, who being posted about the Ditches, kept a strict Guard. I descended upon the Roof of the Palace, nigh a Place where I saw a Light. I got out of my Chest, and slipt in at a Window, that was open to receive the Freshness of the Air, into an
Apartment

Apartment richly furnish'd, where the Princess *Schirine* was lying on a brocaded Sofa. She seem'd to me of a dazzling Beauty; I found her far excelling the Idea I had formed of her. I went nigh her to behold her, but I could not look on so many Charms without Transport; I fell on my Knees before her, and kissed one of her delicate Hands. She wak'd that Instant, and perceiving a Man in such a Posture, was frighten'd. She gave a Shriek, and presently her Governess, who lay in the next Chamber, came running to her. *Mahpeiker*, said the Princess, come and help me. There is a Man! How got he into my Apartment? Or rather, are not you an Accomplice of his Crime? Who, I? reply'd the Governess, Oh! that Suspicion wrongs me! I am not less astonish'd than you, to see this audacious Youth here: Besides, if I would have favour'd his Boldness, how could I have deceiv'd the Vigilance of the Guards that are about this Castle? You know there are twenty Steel Doors to open, before you can get into this Apartment; that the Royal Signet is upon every Lock; and that the King your Father has the Keys: I cannot comprehend, how this young Man has surmounted all these Difficulties.

While the Governess was thus speaking, I thought on what I should say to them; and it came in my Head to persuade them, that I was the Prophet *Mahomet*. Charming Princess, said I to *Schirine*, let not yourself, or *Mahpeiker*, be surpriz'd to see me here: I am not one of those Lovers who make Use of Gold, and employ all Sorts of Artifices to accomplish their Wishes. I have no Desire that your Virtue need to be frighten'd at; far be all guilty Thoughts from me; I am the Prophet *Mahomet*. I could not, without Pity, see you condemn'd to pass your youthful Days in a Prison, and I come to give you my Promise, that I will secure you from the Prediction, which *Bahaman* your Father is afraid of.

of: Let him and yourself be both easy henceforth, as to your future Destiny, which cannot but be full of Glory and Happiness, since you shall be *Mahomet's* Wife. As soon as the News of your Marriage shall be spread abroad in the World, all the Kings of the Earth will fear the Father-in-law of the great Prophet, and all the Princesses will envy your Condition.

Schirine and her Governess look'd upon one another at this Discourse, as if to consult what they ought to think of it. I had Reason to fear, I confess; that they would not believe me; but Women are apt to give into Wonders. *Mahpeiker* and her Mistress gave Credit to my Story; they believed me to be *Mahomet*, and I took Advantage of their Credulity. After having pass'd the best Part of the Night with the Princess of *Gazna*, I went out of her Apartment before it was Day-light, not without promising her that I would come the next Day. I made haste to my Machine, I put myself in it, and raised myself very high, that I might not be seen by the Soldiers. I descended in the Wood; I left my Chest, and went to the Town, where I bought Provisions for eight Days, with magnificent Apparel, a fine Turban of *Indian* Linen, with Stripes of Gold, and a rich Girdle. I did not forget Essences and the best Perfumes. I laid out all my Money in these Purchases, without perplexing myself to know where I should get more: I thought I could want for nothing, after so extraordinary an Adventure.

I staid all that Day in the Wood, where I employed myself in perfuming and setting myself out. When the Night was come, I got into my Chest, and return'd to the Top of the Princess *Schirine's* Palace. I introduc'd myself into her Apartment as the Night before. That Princess declared she waited for me, with a great deal of Impatience. O great Prophet! said she, I began already to be un-
easy,

easy, and I fear'd you had forgot your Spouse. My dear Princess, answer'd I, could you give Way to such a Fear? Since I have plighted you my Troth, ought not you to be persuaded that I would love you always? But tell me, reply'd she, why have you so young a Look? I thought that the Prophet *Mahomet* was a venerable old Man. You were not deceived, answer'd I, 'tis the Idea you ought to have of me; and if I should appear to you such as I sometimes shew myself to the Faithful, to whom I deign that Honour, you would see me with a long white Beard and a bald Head; but I thought you would better like a Form less superannuated: And, for this Reason, I have borrowed the Shape of a young Man. The Governess mixing then in our Discourse, told me, that I had done very well; and that whoever would personate a Husband, cannot appear too agreeable.

I went again from the Castle towards the End of the Night, for fear it should be discover'd, that I was a false Prophet. I return'd the next Day, and behaved myself always so cunningly, that *Schirine* and *Mahpeiker* could not suspect there was any Deceit in me. It is true, the Princess took insensibly such a Liking to me, that it contributed very much to make her believe all that I said to her; for, when we are prepossess'd in Favour of any one, we mistrust not his Sincerity.

In a few Days, the King of *Gazna*, attended by his Officers, went to the Palace of the Princess his Daughter, and finding his Doors all shut, and his Seal on the Locks, he said to his Vissiers that were with him; All is safe, while the Doors of the Palace are in this Condition, I shall not fear the Misfortune my Daughter is threaten'd with. He went alone into the Apartment of *Schirine*, who could not hinder herself from being abash'd at the Sight of him. He perceiv'd it, and was willing to know the Cause
of

of it. His Curiosity augmented the Princess's Confusion, who seeing herself at last oblig'd to satisfy him, told him all that had pass.

Your Majesty, Sir, may imagine how much King *Bahaman* was surprized, when he understood he was *Mahomet's* Father-in-law. Oh Absurdity! cried he! Oh! my Daughter, that you should be so credulous! O Heaven! I now see very plain, that it is in vain to endeavour to shun the Misfortunes you have reserved for us. The Horoscope of *Schirine* is fulfilled. A Traitor has deceived her. In saying this, he went out of the Princess's Apartment in great Trouble, and searched the Palace from the Top to the Bottom. But his Search was to no Purpose, for he found no Marks of Discovery. At this, his Surprise increas'd: Which Way, said he, did this audacious Fellow get into the Castle? 'Tis what I cannot conceive.

Then he call'd his Visiers and his Confidents. They run at his calling them, and seeing him in a great Passion, they were afraid. What is the Matter, Sir? said his first Minister to him; you seem troubled. What Misfortune does the Concern that appears in your Looks, declare to us? The King told them all he had been inform'd of, and ask'd them what they thought of that Adventure? The Grand Visier spoke first. He said, That that pretended Marriage might be true, tho' it had the Appearance of a Fable: That there were some noble Families in the World, who made no Difficulty to ascribe their Origin to such like Events, and that for him, he look'd on the Communication that the Princess had with *Mahomet*, as a Thing very likely.

The other Visiers, in Complaisance perhaps to him that spoke last, were of his Opinion: But one of the Courtiers declar'd himself against it, in these Terms; I am surpriz'd to see sensible Men give Credit to a Story, so little worthy of Belief. How

can

can it enter into the Heads of Men of Sense, that our great Prophet should be capable of coming to seek Women in this World, who in his heavenly Abode, is encompassed by the most beautiful *Houris*? *The Houris, as is said already, are the Daughters of Mahomet's Paradise. 'Tis said in the Alcoran, that they are never more than fifteen Years old, always in the Vigour of Youth, and that they are the chief Bliss of the happy Mussulmen.*] It is contrary to common Sense; and if the King will take my Advice, instead of giving Ear to so ridiculous a Story, he should examine thoroughly into this Affair. I am persuaded, that he would presently discover the Deceiver, who, under that sacred Name, has the Audaciousness to seduce the Princess.

Tho' *Bahaman* was naturally credulous, tho' he took his first Minister for a Man of great Judgment, and tho' he saw all his Visiers believ'd *Schirine* actually married to *Mahomet*; he declared himself, nevertheless, for the Negative. He resolved to be informed of the Truth of it; but being willing to act with Prudence in this Affair, and to endeavour to speak with the pretended Prophet, in private, he sent his Visiers and his Courtiers back to *Gazna*. Go back, said he to them, I will stay alone To-night in this Castle with my Daughter. Go, and come hither to me again To-morrow. They all obey'd the King's Orders. They went back to the Town, and *Bahaman* waiting for the Night, began to ask the Princess fresh Questions. He ask'd her if I had eaten with her. No, Sir, said his Daughter, I offer'd him, in vain, Meat and Drink; he would not touch them, and I never saw him take the least Nourishment since he has us'd to come hither. Relate to me again this Adventure, reply'd he, and hide not from me, the least Particular. *Schirine* gave him a new Account of it, and the King, atten-

attentive to her Relation, weigh'd all the Circumstances of it.

In the mean while, the Night came on. *Bahaman* sat himself on a Sofa, and made Wax Candles be lighted, which were placed before him on a Marble Table. He drew his Scymitar to make use of it, if there should be Occasion, and to wash away, in my Blood, the Affront done to his Honour. He expected me every Moment, and in the Expectation he was in, of seeing me appear all on a sudden, I cannot believe he was without Trouble.

It happen'd that Night to lighten very much. A great Flash chanced to dart full in the King's Eyes and made him startle. He went to the Window, which *Schirine* told him I came in at, and perceiving the Air all on Fire, he was much perplex'd in his Thoughts. Tho' he saw nothing that was unnatural, he did not look on those Meteors, as the Effects of some Exhalations that were kindled in the Air; he rather believ'd, that those Flames announced to the Earth, the Descent of *Mahomet*, and that the Gates of Heaven unfolding to let out the Prophet, was the Reason that the Air was so luminous.

In the Disposition the King's Mind was in, I might present myself without Danger before that Prince. He was far from shewing himself furious, when I appear'd at the Window. He was seiz'd with Respect and Fear. He let fall his Scymitar, and cast himself at my Feet, and kissing them, said to me: O great Prophet, who am I, and what have I done, to deserve the Honour to be your Father-in-Law? I judg'd by these Words, what had passed between the King and the Princess, and I found that the good *Bahaman* was not more difficult to be deceiv'd, than his Daughter. I was ravished, to perceive that I had not to do with one of those penetrating Heads, who would have made the

the Prophet have undergone an Examination, that would have puzzled him. And, taking Advantage of his Weakness, O King, said I to him, raising him up, you are of all the *Mahometan* Princes, the most firm to my Sect, and by Consequence, he that ought to be the most acceptable to me. It was recorded in the Book of Fate, that your Daughter should be deceived by a Man. This your Astrologers very truly discover'd by the Science of Astrology, but I have pray'd the most High, to exempt you from that mortal Affliction, and to blot out this Misfortune from the Predestination of Mankind. This he was pleas'd to do for my Sake, upon Condition that *Schirine* should become one of my Wives. To which I consented, to recompence you for the good Deeds you do every Day.

King *Bahaman* was not in a Condition of undeceiving himself. That weak Prince believed all I had told him; and over-joy'd at this Alliance with the great Prophet, he cast himself at my Feet a second Time, to shew me the Sense he had of my Kindness. I raised him up again, imbraced him, and assured him of my Protection. He could not find Words to express the Gratitude of his Mind. After this, believing he ought in good Manners to leave me alone with his Daughter, he went into another Chamber.

I staid some Hours with *Schirine*, but whatever Pleasure I took to be in her Company, I was mindful of the Time that slip'd away. I fear'd, lest the Day should surprize me, and that they should perceive my Chest on the Roof of the Castle. Therefore, I went away towards the End of the Night, and regain'd the Wood.

The next Morning the Visiers and the Courtiers return'd to the Princess's Palace. They ask'd the King if he was inform'd of the Truth of what he desir'd to know? Yes, said he, I know now, what I am to
trust

trust to. I have seen the great Prophet himself, and I have spoken to him. He is my Daughter's Husband. Nothing is more true. Upon this the Vifiers and the Courtiers, turning towards him that had oppos'd the Possibility of this Marriage, reproach'd him with his Incredulity. But they found him resolute in his Opinion. He maintain'd it with Obstinacy, whatever the King could say to persuade him that *Mahomet* was married to *Schirine*. *Bahaman* was almost angry with this incredulous Courtier, who became the Jest of the Council.

A new Accident that fell out the same Day, confirm'd the Vifiers in their Opinion. As they were returning to the Town with their Master, a Storm surpriz'd them in the Plain. The Lightning flash'd in their Faces, and the Thunder roar'd in so terrible a Manner, that they thought it was the last Day. It happen'd, that the incredulous Courtier's Horse took a Fright: He prauuced, and flung his Master on the Ground, who broke his Leg with the Fall. This Accident was looked upon, as an Effect of the Wrath of Heaven. O miserable Wretch! cry'd the King, seeing the Courtier fall, this is the Fruit of your Obstinacy. You would not believe me, and the Prophet has punished you.

They carried the lame Courtier home, and *Bahaman* was no sooner return'd to his Palace, but he made it be published at *Gazna*, that all the Inhabitants should celebrate with Feasting, the Marriage of *Schirine* with *Mahomet*. I went that Day to walk in the Town: I was inform'd of this News, as well as of the Accident of the Courtier's falling from his Horse. It is not to be conceived how credulous and superstitious the People were: They made publick Rejoicings, and ran crying up and down, Long live *Bahaman*, the Father-in-Law of the great Prophet.

As soon as it was Night, I got to the Wood again,
and

and was presently with the Princess. Charming *Schirine*, said I, going into her Apartment, you know not what has happen'd To-day on the Plain. A Courtier, who doubted that you were *Mahomet's* Wife, has aton'd for this Doubt. I rais'd a Tempest that frighten'd his Horse; the Courtier fell, and has broke his Leg. I did not think fit to carry my Revenge any farther; but I swear by my Tomb that is at *Mecha*, that if any one hereafter dares to doubt of your Happiness, it shall cost him his Life. After having staid some Hours with *Schirine*, I retir'd.

The Day following, the King assembled his Vissiers and his Courtiers: Let us go all together, said he to them, to ask *Mahomet's* Pardon for the unhappy Man who refus'd to believe me, and who has receiv'd the Chastisement of his Unbelief. At the same Time they mounted their Horses, and went to the Princess's Palace. The King himself open'd the Doors, which he had lock'd and seal'd with his Signet the Day before. He went up, follow'd by his Vissiers, into his Daughter's Apartment. *Schirine*, said he, we are come to desire you to intercede with the Prophet, for a Man who has incurr'd his Wrath. I know very well what you mean, Sir, answer'd the Princess: *Mahomet* has spoken to me of it. Then she repeated to them, what I had told her at Night, and inform'd them, that I had sworn I would destroy all those that doubted of her Marriage with the Prophet.

When the good King *Bahaman* heard this Discourse, he turn'd himself towards his Vissiers and Courtiers, and said to them: If we had not hitherto given Credit to what we have seen, could we after this believe but that *Mahomet* is my Son-in-Law? You see that he himself told my Daughter, that he rais'd that Storm to revenge himself of that faithless

less Creature. All the Ministers and others were convinced, that she was the Prophet's Wife. They cast themselves before her, and humbly besought her to intercede with me in Behalf of the wounded Courtier ; which she promis'd them to do.

During all this Time, I had consum'd all my Provisions, and having no Money left, the poor Prophet *Mahomet* began not to know what to do. I bethought myself of an Expedient. My Princess, said I one Night to *Schirine*, we have forgot to observe one Formality in our Wedding. You have brought me no Portion, and that Omission troubles me. Well, my dear Spouse, answer'd she, I will speak of it To-morrow to my Father, who, without Doubt, will send us hither, all his Treasures. No, no, reply'd I, there is no need of speaking to him of it ; I value not all his Riches : They are of no Use to me. It will be sufficient to give me some of your Jewels ; that is all the Portion I ask of you. *Schirine* would have loaded me with all her Jewels, to make the Portion the handsomer ; but I was contented with two great Diamonds, that I sold the next Day to a Jeweller of *Gazna*. I put myself, by this Means, in a Condition to continue to personate *Mahomet*.

It was already near a Month, that, passing for the Prophet, I led a very agreeable Life, when an Embassador arriv'd at *Gazna*, on the Behalf of a neighbouring King, to demand *Schirine* in Marriage. He had presently Audience, and when he had declared the Subject of his Embassy, *Bahaman* said to him, I am sorry I cannot give my Daughter to the King your Master ; I have married her to the Prophet *Mahomet*. The Embassador judg'd by this Answer, that the King of *Gazna* was mad. He took Leave of that Prince, and return'd to his Master, who believ'd at first, as well as he, that *Bahaman* had lost his Senses. At length, imputing this Refusal
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to Contempt and Slight, he grew angry at it. He levied Troops, formed a great Army, and invaded the Kingdom of *Gazna*:

That King, who was named *Cacem*, was much superior in Strength to *Bahaman*, who moreover prepar'd so slowly to receive his Enemy, that he could not hinder him from making a great Progress. *Cacem* beat some Troops that would have oppos'd his Passage: He came forward with all Speed towards the Town of *Gazna*, and found *Bahaman's* Army intrenched in the Plain before the Castle of the Princess *Schirine*. The Design of this provok'd Lover was to attack him in his Intrenchments; but his Troops having need of Rest, and he arriving not in the Plain till towards Night, he put off the Attack till the next Morning.

In the mean While, the King of *Gazna*, being inform'd of the Number and Valour of *Cacem's* Troops, began to be afraid. He assembled his Council, where the Courtier, who was hurt in falling from his Horse, spoke in these Words: I am amaz'd that the King should be in the least Uneasiness on this Occasion. What Cause of Dismay can the Father-in-Law of *Mahomet* have, not only of *Cacem*, but of all the Princes in the World put together? Your Majesty, Sir, has nothing to do but to apply yourself to your Son-in-Law. Implore the Assistance of the great Prophet: He will presently confound your Enemies. He can do no less, since he is the Cause of *Cacem's* Coming to trouble the Repose of your Subjects.

Tho' this was spoken in Derision, it inspired *Bahaman* with Confidence. You are in the Right, said he to the Courtier, 'tis the Prophet I ought to address myself to; I will pray him to drive away my haughty Enemy, and I dare promise myself he will not reject my Prayer. At these Words, he went to *Schirine*: Daughter, said he, To-morrow
Morn-

Morning, as soon as Day appears, *Cacem* designs to attack us. I fear he will force our Intrenchments. I am come hither to implore the Assistance of *Mahomet*. Make use of all the Interest you have with him, to ingage him to defend us. Let us join in our Intercessions to render him propitious to us. Sir, reply'd the Princess, it will not be very difficult to ingage the Prophet on our Side. He will shortly disperse the Enemy's Troops, and all the Kings of the Earth will learn, at *Cacem's* Cost, to respect you. However, reply'd the King, the Night is come, and the Prophet does not appear. He has forsaken us. No, no, Father, replied *Schirina*, think not he will abandon us in Necessity. He sees from Heaven the Army that besieges us, and perhaps he is this Moment going to strike them with Terror and Dismay.

This was indeed what *Mahomet* had a great Desire to do. I had all that Day observed the Troops of *Cacem* afar off. I had regarded their Disposition, and above all had taken great Notice of the King's Quarters. I pick'd up great and little Stones; I fill'd my Trunk with them, and in the Middle of the Night I rais'd myself up in the Air. I went towards *Cacem's* Tents. I discover'd without Trouble that where the King lay. It was a very high Pavilion, all over gilt, made in the Form of a Cupolo, and supported by twelve Pillars of painted Wood, that were driven into the Ground. The Intervals of the Pillars were filled up with Boughs of several Sorts of Trees twisted together. Towards the Top there were two Windows, one to the East, the other to the South.

All the Soldiers that were about the Tent were asleep, which gave me an Opportunity to descend to one of the Windows without being perceived. I saw the King lying on a Sofa, with his Head on a Satin Cushion. I got a little out of my Trunk, and throw-

throwing a great Stone at *Cacem*, I struck him full in the Forehead, and wounded him dangerously. He gave a great Cry, which presently wak'd his Guards and his Officers. They run to that Prince: They found him all over Blood, and almost senseless. They cried out: The Quarters take the Alarm. Every one asked what was the Matter? The Report went that the King was wounded; but they could not tell by whom. While they were inquiring out the Author, I raised myself up almost to the Clouds, and let fall a Hail of Stones upon and about the Tent Royal. Some Soldiers were wounded, and cried out, that it rained Stones. This News spread itself Abroad, and to confirm it, I flung Stones all about. Then a panick Fear seized the whole Army. The Officers, as well as the Soldiers, believ'd that the Prophet was angry with *Cacem*, and that he declared his Wrath by this Prodigy. At last the Enemies of *Bahaman* were struck with Dismay, and fled with such Precipitation, that they left their Equipage and Tents behind them, crying, We are undone, *Mahomet* will destroy us.

The King of *Gazna* was very much surprized at Day-break, when, instead of seeing himself attack'd, he perceiv'd that the Enemy was making off. He presently pursued them with his best Soldiers. He made a great Slaughter of the Fugitives, and overtook *Cacem*, whose Wound hinder'd him from making haste. Why, said he to him, did you come into my Dominions against all Right and Reason? What Cause had I given you to make War against me? *Bahaman*, answer'd the vanquish'd King, I thought you had refus'd me your Daughter in Contempt and Disdain, and I was resolv'd to revenge myself of you. I could not believe that the Prophet *Mahomet* was your Son-in-law; but I doubt it not now, since 'tis he that has wounded me, and dispersed my Army.

Bahaman ceas'd to pursue his Enemies, and returned

ed to *Gazna* with *Cacem*, who died that Day of his Wound. They divided a Booty that was so considerable, that the Soldiers returned home loaded with Riches. Prayers were made in all the Mosques to return Thanks to Heaven for having confounded the Enemies of the Kingdom; and when it was Night, the King went without any Attendants to the Princess's Palace: Daughter, said he to her, I come to return Thanks to the Prophet. You have been inform'd by the Courier I sent you, of what *Mahomet* has done for us. I am so sensible of his Goodness to us, that I die with Impatience to embrace his Knees.

He soon had the Satisfaction he desir'd. I enter'd by the usual Window into *Schirine's* Apartment, where I expected to find him. He flung himself at my Feet, and kiss'd the Ground, saying, O great Prophet, no Words can express the Gratitude I resent. Read in my Heart my Acknowledgments. I raised *Bahaman* up, and kissed his Forehead. Prince, said I, could you think I would refuse you my Assistance in the ill Circumstances you were reduced to for my sake? I have punish'd the proud *Cacem*, who design'd to have made himself Master of your Dominions, and to have taken away *Schirine* to place her among the Slaves in his Seraglio. Fear not from henceforth that any Potentate in the World will dare to make War against you. If any one should have the Boldness to come and attack you, I will pour on his Troops a Rain of Fire, that shall reduce them all to Ashes.

After having assured the King of *Gazna* afresh that I would take his Kingdom under my Protection, I told him how the Enemy's Army was frighten'd when they saw it rain'd Stones on their Camp. *Bahaman* on his Part repeated to me what *Cacem* had told him, and afterwards he retired to leave *Schirine* and me at Liberty. That Princess, who was not less sensible than the King her Father of the important

tant Service I had done the State, declared to me her Acknowledgments, and carels'd me a thousand Times. I had like, that once, to have forgot myself; the Day appear'd, when I got to my Trunk. But I pass'd so well then for *Mahomet* in every Body's Opinion, that if the Soldiers had seen me in the Air, they would not have been undeceived. I could hardly forbear thinking myself to be the Prophet, after having routed an Army.

Two Days after, when they had interred *Cacem*, to whom, tho' an Enemy, they gave a magnificent Burial, the King order'd publick Rejoicings to be made in the City, as well for the Defeat of the Enemy's Troops, as to celebrate solemnly the Marriage of the Princess *Schirine* with *Mahomet*. I thought I could do no less than signalize, by some Prodigy, a Festival that was observed in Honour of me. To this End I bought in *Gazna* some white Pitch, and Cotton-Seed, together with a little Steel to strike Fire with. I spent the Day in the Wood to prepare my Fire-works. I steeped the Cotton-Seed in the Pitch, and at Night, when the People were rejoicing in the Streets, I transported myself above the Town: I rais'd myself as high as was possible, for fear they should discern my Machine by the Brightness of my artificial Fire. Then I struck Fire, and lighted the Pitch, that, with the Cotton-Seed, produced a wonderful Effect. This done, I retired into my Wood. The Day appearing a little afterwards, I went into the Town, to have the Pleasure to hear what they said of me. I was not deceived in my Expectation: The People talked extravagantly of the Trick I had play'd them: Some said it was *Mahomet*, who, to shew that their Festival was agreeable to him, had made celestial Fires appear; and others affirmed that they saw the Prophet in the Middle of those new Meteors, with a long white Beard, and a venerable Air, as they fancied.

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All this Discourse was exceeding diverting to me: But, alas! while I was taking this Pleasure, my Trunk, my dear Trunk, the Instrument of my Wonders, was burnt in the Wood. In all Appearance, some Spark, that I did not perceive, took hold of my Machine in my Absence, and consumed it. When I return'd, I found it reduced to Ashes. A Father, who, returning home, should see his only Son pierced in a thousand Places, and weltering in his Blood, could not be more grieved than I was. The Wood echo'd again with my Cries and Groans. I tore my Hair, and rent my Cloaths. I know not how I spar'd my own Life in the Rage of my Despair.

Nevertheless the Disease was without Remedy. I was forced to come to a Resolution, and I had but one to take; which was to go to seek my Fortune somewhere else. Thus the Prophet *Mahomet*, leaving *Babaman*, and *Schirine* very much concern'd for him, departed from the City of *Gazna*. I met three Days afterwards a great Caravan of Merchants of *Cairo*, who were returning to their own Country. I joined Company with them, and went to *Grand Cairo*, where I turn'd Weaver to subsist. I lived there some Years. At length I came to *Damascus*, where I work at the same Trade. I seem very content with my Condition; but they are false Appearances. I cannot forget the Happiness I formerly enjoy'd. *Schirine* comes incessantly into my Mind. I would banish her from my Memory for the Sake of my own Repose. I endeavour all I can to do so, and all the Efforts I make, being no less in vain than painful and uneasy, make me very unhappy.

This, Sir, added *Malek*, is what your Majesty order'd me to tell you. I know very well that you will not approve of the Trick I put upon the King of *Gazna* and the Princess *Schirine*. I have likewise perceiv'd more than once that my Relation startled you, and that your Virtue was moved at my au-

dacious Sacrilege. But be pleas'd to remember that you enjoin'd me to be sincere; vouchsafe to forgive the Confession of my Adventures, and to ascribe it to the Necessity I was under, of obeying your Commands.

The Sequel of the Story of King Bedreddin Lolo, and his Visier.

THE King of *Damascus* sent away the Weaver after he had heard his Story. Then he said to his Favourite Visier: The Adventure this Man has told us, is not less amazing than yours. But, tho' neither you, nor he, think yourselves happy, do not conclude from thence, that I give up the Cause, and will own, that no Body in the World enjoys a perfect Happiness. I will interrogate my Generals, and all the Officers of my Household. Go, Visier, added he, make them come to me one after another.

Atalmulc obey'd: He brought first the Generals. The King commanded them to speak boldly, if they had any secret Trouble that poison'd the Sweetness of their Lives, assuring them, that their Confessions should be of no ill Consequence to them. They presently all said, that they had all of them some Uneasiness or other: That they did not enjoy Tranquillity of Mind. One confess'd, that he had too much Ambition; another, too much Avarice; a third protested, that he was jealous of the Glory that his Equals had acquir'd; and that complain'd, that the People did not do him Justice, in Regard to his Ability in the Art of War. At length, the Generals having discover'd the Bottom of their Minds, and *Bedreddin*, seeing that not one of them was happy, told his Visier, that the next Day he would hear all his Courtiers. Accordingly, they were interrogated

terrogated in their Turns. There was not one of them that was content. I see, said this, that my Credit diminishes every Day. They thwart my Designs, says that, and I can't bring about what I desire. I must, said another, take special Care of my Enemies, and study to please them. Another said, he had spent all he was worth, and weary'd all his Friends.

The King of *Damascus* not finding, neither among his Courtiers, nor Generals, the Man he sought for, believ'd that such a one might be among the Officers of his Household. He had the Patience to hear them all speak separately, and they gave him the same Answer, that the Courtiers and the Generals had done; that is to say, they were not exempt from Trouble. One complained of his Wife, another of his Children; those that were not rich, said that their Poverty made them unfortunate; and those that were rich, wanted Health, or had some other Cause of Affliction. *Bedreddin*, nevertheless, would not despair of finding some Man that was content. Provided I find but one, said he to his Visier, I ask no more, for you maintain that there is none. Yes, Sir, answer'd *Atalmulc* again, I maintain it, and your Majesty searches to no Purpose. I am not yet convinc'd of it, said the King; and a Method just now comes into my Head, to know very soon what I ought to think of it. At the same Time, he order'd it to be published in the City, that all those that were satisfied with their Destiny, and whose Ease and Quiet were not disturb'd by any Vexation, should appear in three Days before his Throne. That Time expir'd, and no Body appear'd at Court; it seem'd as if all the Citizens were confederated, and acted in Concert with the Visier.

Atalmulc.

When the King of *Damascus* saw that no one Man offer'd himself, he was very much amaz'd at it:

I cannot believe it, cried he; is it possible, that in *Damascus*, that in so great and populous a City, there is not one happy Man? Sir, said *Atalmulc*, if you were to ask all the Men upon Earth, they would tell you they are unhappy. That is, replied the King, what I cannot imagine: What Surprise soever the Experiment I have made hitherto, causes in me, I wish that my Kingdom were in Peace, I would very willingly travel all the World over, to see which of us is in the Wrong.

It happen'd at that Time, that *Bedreddin's* Enemies sent Embassadors to make Proposals of Peace to him on very advantageous Terms. The King assembled his Council upon it, and they thought it better to accept the Proposals than reject them. Thus the Peace was concluded between the King of *Damascus* and his Enemies, and it was shortly after proclaimed. Soon after this, that Monarch said to his Visier; Being now no longer at War, I am resolved to travel; nor will I return to *Damascus*, till I have found a Man that is content. Sir, answer'd *Atalmulc*, why will your Majesty expose yourself to the Dangers and Hardships of Travelling? You ought already to be convinced that you cannot find what you seek after: Judge of every Mind by your own; you have no Enemies to fear; your faithful Subjects love you; your Courtiers incessantly employ all their Cares to please you. If you are not happy, what Man in the World can be so? 'Tis true, reply'd *Bedreddin*, in Spight of the Peace I have made with my Enemies, I perceive that I do not enjoy a perfect Happiness. I confess also, that the Desire of knowing if there are indeed any fortunate Men in the World, causes in me an Uneasiness, which alone is able to disturb the Repose of my Life. Oh! Sir, said the Visier, why will you satisfy that Desire which haunts you?

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Be assured that you will never meet with any Person that is sincerely content with his Lot.

The Visier *Atalmulc* would have been very glad that his Master would have laid aside that Resolution; but the King was inflexible, and after having left the Government of the State to his other Visiers, he went away with *Atalmulc*, *Seyf el Mulouk*, and some Slaves. They set out for *Bagdad*, and, being safely arrived there, went to lodge at an Inn, where they pretended to be three Jewellers of *Grand Cairo*, who travelled from one Court to another. They had taken with them all Sorts of Jewels, the better to pass for what they would be thought to be. *Bedreddin* had the Pleasure, without being known, to see the Commander of the Faithful, and all that was most worthy of his Curiosity at *Bagdad*. One Day he saw in the Street a Calender, who spoke very loud to a Crowd of People that were about him. He went nigh him, and heard him say to them; O! my dear Brethren, that you should be so senseless, to trouble yourselves as you do, to heap up Riches. When the Angel of Death comes to take you away, offer him what you will to permit you to live, he will be pitiless and deaf to your Offers. Moreover, confess that the Possession of your Riches is an Uneasiness to you. You are continually afraid they will become a Prey to Thieves. The Care that you take to preserve them, hinders you from living happily. Look on me with Envy: Stript of all Riches, and depriv'd of all your Conveniences, I enjoy in the Midst of my Miseries a perfect Happiness.

At this Discourse, the King of *Damascus* took the Visier aside, and said; You have heard as well as me, what this Calender says; this exempts me from travelling any farther; I have found what I sought; this Man is happy. Sir, answer'd *Atalmulc* to him, we must endeavour to talk with this Ca-

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lender

lender in private, and engage him, if we can, to discover his Mind to us; perhaps he does not think as he says. I am very willing, reply'd *Bedreddin*; but at least will you believe him, if, in the private Discourse we shall have with him, he assures us that he is content? Yes, Sir, reply'd *Atalmulc*, I will believe him, and confess then that I have been in the Wrong.

They resolv'd not to lose Sight of the Calender, who left off speaking, when he had received some Pieces of Silver from his Auditors, and went into the Suburbs, where he liv'd. They follow'd him, and after they had overtaken him, they ask'd him if he would make merry with them? The Calender judging by their Mien, that they were rich Strangers, told them, that they could not have propos'd any thing that would oblige him more. He carried them into a little House where he lodged, with two other Calenders that were then there. They were no sooner informed of the Design of the Strangers, but they shew'd a great deal of Joy. *Atalmulc* drew out of his Purse some Sequins of Gold, and put them into one of the Calender's Hands: Go, said he to him, buy all that will be necessary for us to spend this Day pleasantly.

The Calender that receiv'd the Sequins, went into the Town, and returned two Hours after, loaded with Victuals, Fruit, and a great Goat-skin full of excellent Wine. They all presently sat round the Table, and began to eat; then they drank, and the more the Wine began to warm them, the Conversation grew more jovial. The Calenders, above all, put themselves in so good a Humour, that *Bedreddin*, not doubting but that these were very happy Fellows, turn'd towards his Visier, and said to him; We may, I believe, be determin'd by what we see; acknowledge your Error. No, no, reply'd the Visier,

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'tis not Time yet, Appearances are often very deceitful.

Gentlemen, then, said one of the Calenders to the King of *Damascus* and his Visier, what do you mean by these Words? O Calender! reply'd *Bedreddin*, pulling out a Purse, and presenting it to him that he had heard speaking in the Street, receive these Sequins of Gold; I make you a Present of them, upon Condition that you discover to me the Bottom of your Minds. You see three Jewellers that are Partners. One of my Brothers maintains that there is no Man in the World entirely content; I believe the contrary; and I have heard say but now, that you enjoy a perfect Felicity. Pray be so kind as to tell us what we ought to think of you. It very much concerns me to know the Truth of it, and you will do me a singular Pleasure, to declare yourself upon this Matter sincerely from the Bottom of your Heart.

The Calender took the Purse, thank'd *Bedreddin*, and said; Sir, since you desire it, I will discover to you indeed my Thoughts. I am not happy, nor are my Companions. Though you heard me boast so much of my Happiness just now to the People, do not therefore imagine that I am satisfied with my Condition. When I spoke against Riches, I assure you I had no other Design, than to excite all those that heard me to Charity. The Calenders lead too miserable a Life, to be able to find in their State, that Felicity which all Men aspire to in vain. I am of Opinion with your Partner, that No-body is content; nothing can satisfy the Heart of Man; scarce has he obtain'd the Accomplishment of one Desire that he had form'd; but he feels another arise that disturbs his Quiet.

The King of *Damascus's* Visier was very glad to hear the Calender speak thus, and he hoped that *Bedreddin* would be of his Opinion, and shortly return to his Dominions. That Prince effectually be-

gan to be persuaded that he might be in the Wrong; when, after having taken Leave of the Calenders, he said to *Seyf el Muluk* and the Visier; Let us go spend the Remainder of the Day at some House where they sell *Fyquaa*.

They went to one accordingly, and found there a great Number of Persons who used to meet there every Day. They all three sat down at a Table, where two Men, who seemed to be Persons of Note, were talking by chance of the Troubles that are the inseparable Companions of human Life. No, said one of them, we ought not to hope, while we are in this World, that God will suffer us to live happy. If he permitted our Days to be undisturbed, and full of Charms, we should not be so sensible of the Pleasures he promises to the Faithful after Death. I am not altogether of your Opinion, said the other; I know very well that most Men are unhappy, but doubt whether all are so. I know one, among others, who lives very deliciously, and whose every Moment slides away in Joy. And who is that happy Mortal? cry'd the Visier *Atalmuk*, intruding himself into their Discourse; in what Part of the World may he be found? In the City of *Astracan*, reply'd he that spoke last; 'tis the King of *Astracan* himself. If any thing is wanting to compleat that Prince's Happiness, I agree that nothing can enjoy a perfect Felicity; but I am assured that no Melancholy taints the Sweetness of his fortunate Life. In a Word, he is a Man that is contented, therefore he is surnamed, by Way of Excellence, *The King without Melancholy*.

This Discourse had its Effects on *Bedreddin*. We must, said he to his Visier, when they were gone from the Merchant of *Fyquaa*, set out To-morrow for *Astracan*; I will see *The King without Melancholy*. I have had no less Desire to see him than your Majesty, said *Atalmuk*, and I am ready to go.

Thus

Thus they resolved to set forward on the Road the next Day; but being inform'd at their Inn, that a Caravan of *Circassian* Merchants, who were at *Bagdad*, were in a few Days to return into their own Country, they defer'd their Departure, to go in Company with them, that they might travel the more safely. In short, they left *Bagdad* with those Merchants, and arrived safely in *Circassia*. They went to *Astracan*, where King *Hormoz* then reigned, surnamed, *The King without Melancholy*. They alighted at the first Inn, and passed still for Jewellers. They perceived that the People were all in Joy, and that they were making great Rejoicings in this City. They ask'd the Landlord what News there was at *Astracan*, and why Every-body was in Joy? Certainly, answer'd the Host, you have never been in this City since King *Hormoz* has reign'd here, seeing you ask me this Question. 'Tis not for a Victory gain'd over our Enemies that these Rejoicings are made, nor to celebrate any other happy Event. Every Day the People make some new Feast, and that only to conform themselves to the King's Humour, who is the Prince of the World that has the best Character; who laughs, who diverts himself continually, and to whom for that Reason has been given the extraordinary Surname of *The King without Melancholy*.

When the King of *Damascus* had heard the Discourse of the Inn-keeper, he said to his Vifier; in spite of the excellent Description that our Host gives us of the Kings of *Astracan*, I am sure you are not perswaded that that Prince is surnamed right. No, without doubt, replied *Atulmulc*, I will not be cheated by Appearances, after the Adventure of the Calender of *Bagdad*. You are not in the Wrong, replied *Bedreddin*, to distrust the Reputation that King *Hormoz* has acquir'd. I suspect as well as you, that a Man loaded with the Burden of a State, is not without Trouble. We shall know in a little Time, continued he,

he, what to think of him, for I am resolved to introduce my self into his Court, to gain, if I can, his Friendship, and to engage him to discover to me the Bottom of his Mind.

I approve of your Design, Sir, said the Visier, but on Condition your Majesty will promise me, that if the King of *Astracan* trusts you with his Secrets, and you are convinced that he has his Troubles, you will then cease to search for happy Men. Yes, said *Bedreddin*, and I promise you besides, that I will then return to *Damascus*. If it be so, replied the Visier, let us make haste to get Access to King *Hormaz*; let us consider that Prince near at Hand, and examine with Care all his Actions, that nothing may escape us.

They had no sooner formed the Design of going to the Court of *Astracan*, but they put it in Execution. They went to the King's Palace, where they passed through a great Court that was full of Singers and Musicians. From thence they went into another Hall, where there were a great many Slaves of both Sexes, who were finely cloth'd, and who danced all Sorts of Dances, which were well contrived, invented with a great deal of Judgment, and perform'd to Admiration.

After *Bedreddin*, his Visier, and his Favourite, had admired some Time the Address and Agility of the Dancers, they had a Desire to see what passed in the third Hall, the Door of which seem'd throng'd with a Crowd of People, that attentively regarded some Sight. They went forwards, mixed themselves among the others, and cleaving the Throng by little and little, as if they had been push'd forward in spite of themselves, they got within the Chamber-door. They saw twenty or thirty Persons all sitting about a long Table, cover'd with all Sorts of Meats. It was a Feast that the King made for all the greatest Lords of his Court; and they easily distinguish'd that Monarch

Monarch from all the rest. He sat uppermost, and had on his Head a Crown of Silver, enriched with Topazes and Rubies. He seem'd to be about the thirtieth Year of his Age, he was handsome and well-shaped, and had always a smiling Air: He excited them by his Words, and by his Example, to drink, and he told them pleasant Stories, he laugh'd with them; and, in short, he was the Life of the Feast.

When Dinner was over, that Prince rose from Table, went into the Chamber where they were dancing, followed by all his Courtiers, and spent the rest of the Day in taking all the Pleasure that Dancing and Musick could afford him. The Night being come, he dismiss'd his Courtiers, and lock'd himself up in the Apartment of his Women. All the Dancers and Musicians disappear'd; and the King of *Damascus*, his Visier, and *Seyf el Mulouk* went out of the Palace with the People of the Town, whose Curiosity had brought them thither.

I must confess, said *Bedreddin*, when he was return'd to the Inn, that the King of *Astracan* seems happy; I observed nothing in him that could make me suspect, that the Joy that enliven'd him was dissembled. We have at last met with a Man that is content; and what is yet more extraordinary, he is a Sovereign. For me, said *Seyf el Mulouk*, I am of your Majesty's Opinion; I cannot think that King *Hormoz* has any Vexations that secretly trouble the Repose of his Life; if I judge amiss, he must be a Master in the Art of dissembling. You are not ignorant, said *Atalmulc*, that that is an Art they are very well versed in, in Courts, and the King my Master will give me Leave to suspend my Opinion. Who can assure us, but that Prince is at this Moment a-Prey to some mortal Melancholy that devours him? Perhaps he pays dear for the Pleasure we have seen him take.

The Day following, the King of *Damascus*, *Atalmulc*,

maulc, and *Jay el Malouk* return'd to the Palace, every one with a Casket of precious Stones. They asked to speak with the King, and bid them tell him they were three Jewellers that were Partners, and who made it their Business to go from Court to Court to sell their Jewels. *Hormoz* order'd that they should bring them all three to him. They open'd their Caskets, and shew'd him the most beautiful Diamonds they had, which he very much admir'd; but what pleased him most, was a Stone as big as a Pigeon's Egg. O beautiful Stone! said he, I never saw one like it; Nature seems to have taken Pleasure to collect in this Stone all the most lively Colours. What happy Climate could have produced so fine a Thing? *Atalmak*, who had been bred a Jeweller, began to speak. Sir, said he, They find this sort of Stone in the Isle of *Serendib*; 'twas there that we bought it; and indeed, of all the Jewels that are found in that Country, this is the most valuable. [*The Sort of Stone here spoken of, is that which the Inhabitants of Ceylan call Cat's Eyes. Some Travellers say, that there are some as big as a Pigeon's Egg. It is a round Stone, and glitters with all Sorts of Colours, according as we change its Position, or regard it with different Aspects: And from hence it had its Name, Cat's Eyes.*]

The King of *Afracan* seeming never to be weary with looking on this Stone, *Bedreddin* said to him; Sir, we are over-joy'd that we have something that pleases your Majesty. We most humbly desire that you will suffer us to make you a Present of this Stone; accept of this small Gift that we take the Liberty to offer you; send us not away with the Regret we shall have at your rejecting it. *Hormoz* receiv'd it with Pleasure, and said to the Jewellers, that he would have them stay some Time at his Court, and lodge in his Palace. They went to live there that very Day; he gave them very magnificent Apartments, and they was served by the King's Officers. That

Monarch, considering these Strangers as Men that travell'd all over *Asia*, resolv'd to shew them all imaginable Civilities, and to do them all possible Honours, to engage them to tell in other Courts, the Wonders of his. He made them every Day new Presents: Sometimes he took them a hunting with him, and sometimes he diverted them with some curious Sight. Another While, he order'd a stately Feast, where appear'd all the Nobility of *Circassia*; and in every Thing he did, he exceeded his ordinary Magnificence, to dazzle the Eyes of these pretended Jewellers.

King *Bedreddin*, less taken up with all these Pleasures, than carefully to observe the King of *African*, did not let any one Action of that Prince escape him: Nor was he watch'd with less Attention by *Atalmuk* and *Seyf el Maluk*. These three disssembled Jewellers, apply'd themselves entirely to discover some Constraint in what *Hormoz* did; but how nearly soever they pry'd into all his Actions, they could perceive nothing in them that they could suspect of Dissimulation: *Atalmuk*, said, one Day, the King of *Damascus* to his Visier, if we may rely on our Conjectures, the Prince that we observe, is happy. 'Tis true, reply'd that Minister, one has Reason to think he is content; nevertheless, it is not certain he is so; we see him not a-nights: While we believe him in a sweet Repose, some horrible Chagrin, perhaps, drives away Sleep from his Eyes. And how, reply'd *Bedreddin*, can we know, what is in his Mind? You must, reply'd the Visier, make a Confident of him; tell him your Name, and why you came into *Circassia*. Your Frankness will excite his, and he will, perhaps, reveal a Secret to you, which he hides from all the World.

Seyf el Maluk approv'd of *Atalmuk*'s Thought, and *Bedreddin* resolv'd to speak to King *Hormoz* after such a Manner, as might engage him to make a Discovery

recovery of what he desir'd to know. To this Purpose, the three Jewellers went one Day to find the King of *Astracan*, and desir'd a private Conference with him, which was granted them. *Bedreddin* began to speak, and said to *Hormoz*: Sir, we come to desire your Majesty to let us go from your Court; the Time that we propos'd to stay in this Town, is expir'd: Be pleas'd to suffer us to thank you for your Bounties, and retire. Far be it from me, reply'd the King of *Astracan*, to detain you in my Court against your Wills; I confess, however, so hasty a Departure is a Trouble to me; I depended that you would not go so soon, but I see my Court has not Charms enough to stay you. Oh! Sir, reply'd *Bedreddin*, I call Heaven to witness, that your Court seems to us full of Pleasures, and more agreeable than that of the Commander of the Faithful himself. Moreover, the Entertainment you have given us, and the Civilities you have shewn us, are abundantly sufficient to render this Abode charming to us; but we have very urgent Reasons to oblige us to return into our own Country. For in short, Sir, we are not Jewellers, as you take us to be. I am a King as well as you; I reign over the People of *Damascus*; and these two Men that you believe my Partners, are, one of them my Grand Visier, and the other my Favourite.

The King of *Astracan* seem'd amaz'd at this Trust they repos'd in him, and was yet much more surpriz'd, when *Bedreddin* told him why he came from *Damascus*. *Hormoz* broke out into Laughter at the End of his Relation. And, Sir, said he to him, Does your Visier maintain that no Man is content? Yes, replied the King of *Damascus*, and 'tis what I cannot persuade myself to believe. Indeed, I could not in my Dominions find one Person who enjoys a perfect Happiness: I have also to no Purpose sought after happy Men in other Places. I saw, at *Bagdad*, some that seem'd very well satisfied with their Destiny,
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and who, however, were not so. Wearied with a vain and tedious Inquiry, I was going to return to *Damascus*, when I was inform'd that in the City of *Astracan*, there reign'd a King, who because of his good Humour, was surnamed *The King without Melancholy*. I was willing to see you out of Curiosity; and I have observed that Joy attends all your Steps. I conjure you, Sir, to tell me, if the Appearances are false: Do you taste a pure Felicity? Does any Grief disturb your Quiet?

Hormoz could not forbear laughing again at this Question: Is it possible, Sir, said he to the King of *Damascus*, that you have effectually abandon'd your Dominions, and that you travel over the World to seek a Man perfectly content? Nothing is more true, reply'd *Bedreddin*, and I desire you to discover your Mind to me; be pleased to add this Proof of your Kindness to all those you have already given me. Since you ask this very seriously of me, reply'd the King of *Astracan*, and as if it were of great Importance to you to know it, I tell you, your Visier is in the Right; I am of his Opinion, I do not believe that any Man is truly happy: As for me, I am far from being so; or, to speak more properly, though I am surnamed *The King without Melancholy*, I am perhaps the most unfortunate Prince in the World. The Joy that appears in my Face is a false Joy, 'tis the Effect of a painful but necessary Compulsion; and I find myself much the more miserable, in that I am necessitated to hide from my Subjects, the Grief that devours me.

The King of *Damascus* express'd to the King of *Astracan*, how much he was surpriz'd to hear him speak thus; and discover'd at the same Time such an ardent Curiosity to know the Cause of his Grief, that *Hormoz* promis'd to tell it him.

In the mean while Mirth and Jollity reign'd in the City of *Astracan*; and the Courtiers, that were

ingenious in finding out Ways to perpetuate the Rejoicings at Court, invented every Day Diversions, all more rare than the other. They made it their only Business to divert their Sovereign, and every one seem'd to dispute the Glory of passing for him, that should succeed the best in it. *Hormoz*, to let his Courtiers see that he was satisfied with their Zeal, always seem'd delighted at the Diversions they made for him: But though he dissembled as well now as before; *Bedreddin*, *Atalmule* and *Seyf el Malouk*, after the Confession he had made them, believed they observ'd in his Face, that he constrain'd himself. They all three waited impatiently that he would keep his Promise, which he did shortly in the following Manner.

One Night, when all was quiet in the Palace, he sent for them by an Eunuch, who introduced them into the Womens Apartment. *The King without Adelauncholy* met them in the first Chamber, and said to them, At last I will disengage myself of my Promise; you shall judge if I am in the Wrong, to tell you I am the most unfortunate Prince in the World. At these Words, he took the King of *Damascus* by the Hand, he carried him through two Chambers, and conducted him to the Door of a third, which he bid him look into. *Bedreddin* cast his Eyes into the Chamber, and saw upon a Sofa a young Lady, whose Beauty surpriz'd him. Her Complexion surpass'd Snow in Whiteness, and her Eyes resembled two Suns; she had a smiling Air, and seem'd attentive to the Discourse of an old Slave that spoke to her.

Look on that Princess who sits on the Sofa, continued *Hormoz*: Have you ever seen any Thing so beautiful? Does not Nature seem to have taken a Pleasure in forming so charming an Object? Confess, Sir, that you have not in your Seraglio a Woman of so perfect Beauty. And you, addressing himself to the

the Visier and the Favourite of the King of *Damascus*, behold her well, and agree that you never saw so beautiful a Lady. After *Bedreddin* had examin'd her with a great deal of Care, he confessed that she was incomparable. *Atalmuc*, looking on her, believed he saw *Zelisa*; and the Prince *Seyf el Mulouk* did not find her inferior to *Bedi al Femal*.

'Tis, reply'd the King of *Astracan*, this lovely Princess that occasions my Trouble; 'tis she that causes my Unhappiness. Is it because she does not love you, Sir, said the King of *Damascus*? Her Indifference? — No, no, said *Hormoz*, interrupting him, 'tis not that that I complain of. If I adore her, I am beloved again by her. How then, reply'd *Bedreddin*, can she make you unhappy? You shall see, reply'd the King of *Circassia*: Stay all three at the Door and observe what passes.

In saying these Words, he went into the Chamber, and drew nigh to the Princess. As soon as he approached her, O unheard of Prodigy! she chang'd Countenance. Her Cheeks, that before were blended with White and Carnation, became by Degrees as pale as Death; her Lips livid; her smiling Air disappear'd, and her beautiful Eyes shut themselves; at length, when he was beside her, he sat himself on a Sofa, and casting on her a Look, that confess'd both his Love and Grief: My Princess, said he, be pleased to open your Eyes, and look on your deplorable Husband; the Condition you are in, pierces my Heart. The Princess answer'd nothing. She gave him no Sign by which he might know she heard him: She seem'd to have lost her Life.

Hormoz could no longer support this sad Sight; he rose from off the Sofa, and at every Step he took to come to *Bedreddin*, and proportionably as he went from the Queen, his Wife, that Princess reviv'd. Her beautiful Eyes, dispersing the Darkness that cover'd them, became more lively and sparkling than before.

Her

Her Complexion re-assumed its Clearness; in a Word, they saw her Charms returning a-new, which caused an unimaginable Amazement in the Spectators.

The King of *Damascus*, his Visier and Favourite, keeping their Eyes constantly fix'd upon the Queen of *Astracan*, could not recover from their Surprise. Well, says *Hormoz* to them, do you think now, that I am that happy Man you seek for?

No, says *Bedreddin*, we are of Opinion, that you are a very unfortunate Prince: The amazing Wonder, which we have been Witnesses of, make us but too sensible of it: But, Sir, adds he, why does the Queen swoon away when you come near her, and by what Inchantment does she immediately come to herself again, when you are gone from her? May I ask the Favour of you, to satisfy my Curiosity in this Matter?

I am not surprized at your Question, answer'd the King of *Astracan*, I understand you right: You have Reason, undoubtedly, to be astonish'd at what you have seen. But to inform you of what you desire to know, I must relate to you a Story, that is none of the shortest: The Night is far spent, go to Bed, and, in the Morning, I will satisfy your Curiosity.

The same Eunuch, who had conducted *Bedreddin*, *Atalmuk*, and *Seyf el Mulouk* into the Womens Apartment, carried them back into their own Lodgings. None of the three could sleep that Night: Their Thoughts being taken up with what they had seen, they wearied their Imagination, in inquiring into the Cause of it, without receiving any Satisfaction from their Conjectures. In short, the Day following, they were introduced into *Hormoz's* Closet, who related his Story thus.

The

The Story of King Hormoz, surnamed, The King without Melancholy.

FIVE Years ago, having a Fancy to travel, I asked Leave of the late King my Father, who granted my Request. He appointed me a large Retinue, as well for my Safety, as that I might appear amongst Strangers, suitable to the Dignity of my Rank. He open'd his Treasury, and gave me vast Sums of Money for my Journey, with a great Quantity of Jewels. It is fit, said he, that a Prince should leave, in every Place through which he passes, some Tokens of his Magnificence and Generosity. He must not act like a private Person. I would have him distribute his Money with a liberal Hand. The common People, dazzled with our Liberality, often ascribe to us those Virtues, which Heaven has denied us.

Thus, I posted from *Astracan* with a pompous Equipage; we pass'd the *Volga*, the River *Faic*, and coasting along the *Caspian* Sea, we arriv'd at *Jenghikunt*; from whence we came to *Fund*, then to *Caracou*, and afterwards to *Otrar*. I fail'd not to pursue my Father's Maxims; all the Towns where I stop'd, felt the Effects of my Liberality; I was lavish of my Presents. In a Word, I return'd fully the Honours I received, and the least Services that were done me. It is certain my Profusions made me be look'd upon as an accomplish'd Prince.

Amongst the *Circassian* Lords who attended me, there was one, who was my Governor, and whom I had a particular Love for; his Name was *Husseyn*, he was a Man of a singular Merit; but, that which pleased me, perhaps, above the rest, was his Complaisance for my Opinions. Instead of setting himself up for an ill-natur'd and importunate Censor,
he

he shew'd a Readiness to obey my Pleasure. Nay, he even studied to be before-hand with my Inclinations: Infomuch that he became my Confident, and I trusted him with all my Secrets.

Hussyn, said I one Day, at *Otrar*, I am weary of travelling in the Quality of a Prince. The Honours that are paid me, begin to tire me; I enjoy not the Pleasure, which private Men taste in Travelling; a thousand Things escape me, by Reason I am burthen'd with Grandeur, which will not always give me leave to satisfy my Curiosity. I would fain pass for a private Person. I would converse with the People of the meanest Condition, and observe their Actions. Besides that this would divert me, I might, perhaps, improve myself by it.

The complaisant *Hussyn* fail'd not to commend the Inclination that I had shewn; nothing, said he to me, is so Praise-worthy, as this Desire of yours, and you may satisfy yourself when you please; Take your own Measures, my Prince, you have nothing to do, but leave your Retinue here, and we will proceed towards the City of *Carizme* like two Travellers.

I was charm'd with the agreeable Temper of my Governor, and gave him Orders to prepare every Thing for our Departure, which was soon done, for we wanted but two Horses; we took a sufficient Quantity of Gold and Jewels, and we parted from *Otrar*, where we left all my Train, with Orders to wait there for me. We passed the *Jaxartes*, and, advancing into *Zagathay*, we arrived in Safety at the great City of *Carizme*, where *Clitch-Arselan* then reigned. [*Clitch signifies a Sabre, and Arselan a Lion.*]

We went to lodge in an Inn, where they took us for no other than private Travellers. The next Morning after our Arrival, we had a Mind to see the City, which we found answerable to the Idea
we

we had conceived of its Magnificence. We stopp'd to look upon one Palace above all the rest, which appear'd to be of a more singular Structure. It was not a Body of a House join'd to other Buildings, which serv'd as Wings to it; it was only a great Piece of Ground surrounded with low Walls, and in which, from Distance to Distance, were built very high, but narrow Towers.

We had a great Desire to go into this Inclosure: We approach'd the Towers, from whence, we thought we heard the Sound of human Voices; we were not deceived, for there were Men within them, whom we could not see, but who talk'd, sang, and laugh'd very loud. We guessed we were got into a Place where Madmen were kept, and, presently, we heard what confirm'd us in our Opinion; one of these distracted Persons, repeated *Arabian Verses* with a great deal of Violence: He made an Elogy upon his Mistress, and thought it not enough to extol her above the Houris.

The Nymph, I adore, said he, is the Tulip of Nature's Garden: One may call her Mouth, a Cup of rich Cordial Wine: If she smiles, one would think they saw the Mother of Pearl; and if she speak, her Words are Pearls that compose the Necklace of the Graces; the white Tresses of her Hair are Houses of the Sun; and her Fingers have served for Pencils, for the most celebrated Many to paint the wonderful Cabinet of China with.

He used other Expressions as wild as these; which made us too sensible his Brain was disturbed. *Hussey*, says I to my Governor, what think you of that Man there? I think, answer'd he, that his Poetry has turn'd his Brain, and wants Sense as well as himself.

After we had diverted ourselves for some Time, with these extravagant Verses, which he continued to repeat, we left him engaged in the Praises of his
Mistress,

Mistress, and, approaching to a neighbouring Tower, our Ears were presently struck with the Voice of another Madman, who sang these Words; *O thou, whose Beauty affords that Light to the Sun, which is diffus'd in Cottages as well as Courts; know, charming Princess, that I give a gracious Reception to that Ray, with which thou vouchsafest to lighten my melancholy Cell. Alas! I am a ruin'd Building, and thou art the Architect: I am a River that rolls incessantly its Waters towards the Sea of thy Perfections: Thou art a Fountain of Life, and I am the right Way thither.*

Another Madman, who was in the same Tower, excited, without Doubt, by the Example of this, fell a singing in another Tune: He complained of the Cruelty of a fair Lady to him, and begg'd that Death might relieve him from his Torment. Sir, then said *Hussayn*, do you observe, that Love is the Subject of the Songs and Ravings of these Madmen? for they all seem to be in Love.

While my Governor was making this Reflection, a *Carizmian*, who by Accident was standing by, joining Conversation with us, said, It is not very extraordinary, that these mad People talk of Love; for their Frenzy proceeds from thence. It is a Sign, added he, that you are Strangers, and that you have never been at *Carizme* before, if you are ignorant, that these Men lost their Senses by seeing the Daughter of our Sultan.

The *Carizmian*, perceiving that his Discourse occasion'd in us a great Surprise, said, I tell you, I confess, a Thing hard to believe; nevertheless, there is nothing more true, you need but ask the whole Town, to be satisfied; all the World will assure you, that the Princess of *Carizme's* Beauty hath produced this strange Effect upon these unfortunate Wretches.

That Princess, pursued he, plays often at Pell-Mell in publick; she is then without her Veil, and may be seen. But woe to those, who stay to look upon her, for they find such Flames in her Eyes, as
become

become fatal to them. Some fall into Languishings, and die with Despair, that they cannot possess what they love; and others lose their Reason. These last are shut up in these Towers, which were built at the Sultan's Expence on Purpose for them. That Prince, who otherwise is endow'd with a thousand Virtues, instead of hindering his Daughter from shewing herself to the People, seems to take Delight in their Misfortunes, of which she is the Author, and to rejoice in having given Life to so dangerous a Creature.

While the *Carizmian* was speaking to us after this Manner, we saw a Crowd coming from the City with several of the Sultan's Guards, who conducted two young Men, and advanc'd towards the Towers. Yonder, said I, are some more Madmen that are bringing hither. Yes, said the *Carizmian*, the Princess *Razia Beghume* is playing at Pell-mell to Day. He had no sooner done speaking, but I left him somewhat abruptly; *Husselyn* follow'd me, and observing that I walk'd hastily, ask'd me, why I went so fast? I go, said I, to see the Princess of *Carizme* play at Pell-mell; I will myself judge of her Beauty; I doubt very much, whether it be so formidable as is said.

My Governor shudder'd at this Discourse, and oppos'd, for the first Time, my Will. Ah! Sir, said he, with the utmost Marks of Sorrow, take great Care of giving Way to your Inclination: What Demon hath possessed you? After what we have seen with our own Eyes, after what the *Carizmian* hath told us, can you desire the fatal Sight of *Razia*? I conjure you by the great Prophet *Aly*, without whom Heaven and Earth had not been created, expose not yourself to look upon her; rather dread the Lot of those unfortunate Wretches, of whom we have heard the Story.

I could not forbear laughing at *Husselyn's* Apprehension of Danger: Indeed, said I to him, you are too

unreasonable : Can you harbour so ridiculous a Fear? Can you imagine that the Sight of a fair Lady is able to deprive me of my Senses? You are not ignorant, that in my Father's Seraglio, there are Women of the most perfect Beauty, and that none of them could ever affect me. I am, perhaps, for a Prince of my Age, the least susceptible of any Impressions of Love ; you know that, at Court, I had that Character, which some look'd upon as a Fault, others as a Virtue : Do not believe then, that I can be drawn at once from one Extream to the other ? Be not uneasy on Account of the Curiosity which urges me, and be assured on the Word I give you, that I will go and see *Raxia Baghane* with Impunity, notwithstanding the Report of her Charms.

My Governor made me no Reply, and tho' I answer'd for myself, I could perceive he was not satisfied. Nevertheless, I thought of nothing but to gratify my Curiosity ; and not knowing the Place where the Princess play'd, I address'd myself to the first Person I met in the City : He was an Iman or Chief-Priest ; do me the Favour, said I, to tell me the Way to the Mell.

Young Man, answer'd he, if you have a Mind to play at Pell-mell, let it alone till To-morrow ; the Princess plays there to Day : Instead of coming near the Mell, I would advise you to keep from it. O Sir, replied I to the Iman, my Design is not to play, but only to see the Princess. Ah Wretch ! cried he, are you weary of your Life, or have you a Mind to lose the Use of your Reason ? Have you heard what Effects the Sight of *Raxia* occasions on Men ? If you know it, you are very rash not to dread so dangerous a Beauty.

He used other Arguments besides, and made all the Efforts he could to alter my Resolution ; but in the End, seeing that I persisted to know the Way to the Mell, he shew'd it me with a smart Air ;

Afr; Go then, said he to me, with Anger, run to your Destruction, since you will not take my Advice.

In a Moment after I had left the İman, I heard a Herald crying in the Streets with a loud Voice: *I give Notice to all People, in the Sultan's Name, that the Princess Razia is playing at Pell-mell. If any Man is so imprudent as to look upon her, I declare that he ought to impute to his own Fault only the Mischief that may happen to him.*

The nearer I came to the Mell, I observed the greater Hurry among the People: I heard Parents calling their Sons, and searching diligently for them, to hinder them from seeing *Razia*. I laugh'd within myself at these Precautions, and more still at the Fright they had caus'd in *Hussayn*. When we were come near the Mell, we could see nothing but old Men; and they too kept themselves at a Distance from the Princess. They apprehended, in spite of the Coldness of Age, that they should be charmed, and be sent to end their Days in the Mad-house. The Mell was not lined with Spectators; for all the Men avoided the Sight of the finest Object of Nature.

As for myself, I advanced boldly, and being deaf to the Voice of several good old People, who out of Pity, cried out to me to retire, I presented myself before the Sultan's Daughter; but I came too late: She had given over Play, and put on her Veil. So that I could see nothing but her Shape, which appear'd majestick: She mounted into a Litter with two of her Favourites, and return'd to the Palace surrounded with a numerous Guard.

Then, addressing myself to my Governor, I said with an Air of Chargin, How unfortunate am I! For if I had arrived a Moment sooner, I had seen *Razia*. Sir, answer'd *Hussayn*, in a Transport of Joy, which he could not contain: Thanks to Heaven,

that you have not seen her. In spite of the Assurances you gave me to behold her without Concern, I am glad, I confess, that you made not the dangerous Experiment. You have no great Reason, said I, to rejoice, for the Trial is only deferr'd a little: The first Time the Princess plays again, I promise you, I will see her, were she more dangerous than you imagine her to be.

I passed the rest of the Day in this Disposition. The next Day it was published in the City, that *Razia* would play no more before the People, and was never to appear without her Veil; that the Sultan her Father had taken this Resolution, upon the humble Remonstrance of his Visiers.

This Publication afflicted me as much as it pleas'd my Governor, who could not contain himself for Joy; Ah! my Prince, said he to me, 'tis now that I see you are out of Danger: The Princess is to go no more out of the Seraglio, and her Beauty will be no longer the Ruin of Mankind: I cannot thank Heaven enough for it. You are deceived, *Hussayn*, said I, interrupting him hastily, if you believe that I renounce the Hopes of satisfying my Curiosity. Tho' it be very difficult at present to see *Razia*, it is not impossible to find out the Means.

In short, several Expedients came into my Mind; but I resolv'd upon this only: I took a good Sum of Gold, and many Jewels, and went to the Sultan's Gardener. I put a Purse of Gold into his Hands. Take this, Father, said I to him, there is five hundred Sequins in it: I beg your Acceptance of them, till I present you with something more considerable.

The Gardener was a good old Man, that had for his Wife a Woman almost of the same Age. He took the Purse, smiling, and said, Young Man, it is a handsome Present; but as you would undoubtedly have me do something for it, tell me what Service you desire of me? I have a Request to make to you,

you, reply'd I, which is to let me enter into the Gardens of the Seraglio, and give me the Opportunity of only seeing once the Princess *Razia*, since she is to appear no more in the Town.

At these Words, the Gardener bluntly return'd my Purse: Be gone, audacious Youth, said he, you reflect not on the Consequences of what you propose to me. Besides that, in looking on the Princess, you run the Risque of becoming mad; know you not that you expose both your Life and mine? If you should dress yourself in Womens Cloaths, and I should permit you, under that Disguise, to be in the Gardens at the Time when *Razia Beghume* walks there, shall not I have great Reason to apprehend that you will be discover'd? The Eunuchs, who watch to secure the Women, have a wonderful Penetration; nothing can escape them, and they suspect every thing. Consider then the Danger into which you would cast both yourself and me.

This Discourse did not discourage me. O my Father! reply'd I, in giving him the Purse again, deny me not your Assistance; I am a Stranger, and have neither Friends nor Relations here: I have a great Ambition to see the Princess, and it is from you alone that I can expect this Satisfaction: If you will not procure it me, I shall die for Grief. The Gardener's Wife could not hear me without Compassion; and, joining her Instances to mine, we began vigorously to press her Husband to yield to my Request. He seem'd thoughtful for some Time, without answering us, which made me believe we should prevail with him. I presented him with several Diamonds to determine him in my Favour. This rous'd him from his Thoughtfulness. My Son, said he, it was not at all necessary to have given me these Jewels to gain me to your Interest; for as soon as I saw you, I had an Inclination for you: I am resolv'd to serve you, and I have projected a Way to

satisfy your Desire, without exposing one or the other of us.

I embraced the old man upon this pleasing Assurance he gave me, and impatient to know the Way he had found out, I beg'd of him not to leave me any longer ignorant of it. You must quit your own Habit, said he, to put on a meaner: I will make you pass for a Journeyman Gardener: But as your white Locks may give Suspicion to the Eunuchs, we'll cover your Head with a Bladder, which shall be dawb'd in such a Manner, that you may seem to have a scald Pate. This will be the best Way in the World; for the more disagreeable you are, the less you will be suspected. Perhaps, added he, you find yourself averse to such a Sort of Disguise; but I cannot propose any other to you, and you need make no Difficulty to make use of it, if, as you say, you have no other Design than to see the Sultan's Daughter. If your Intention be to make her in Love with you, I confess, in that Case, you ought to assume a Form that may be more capable to prepossess her in your Favour.

I approved of the Invention, and suffer'd myself to be dress'd like a Journeyman Gardener. They put a Bladder on my Head, and dighted me in such a Manner, that the most amorous Ladies might look upon me without Concern. During the Time the old Man and his Wife were putting the finishing Hand to my Disguise, my Governor, weary of waiting, and impatient to know what I was doing at the Gardener's, came in to us. He cast his Eyes upon me, and, knowing me tho' I was thus disguis'd, he seem'd astonish'd at the strange Dress I was in.

I could not forbear laughing at his Surprise, and my Laughter excited him to laugh likewise. The Simplicity or Meanness of my Dress, and my Cap, that gave me the Air of a scabby Head, furnish'd

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us all with a fair Occasion to be merry. The old Gardener only remained serious. He shew'd some Uneasiness, and ask'd me if I was well assured of the Discretion of *Hussyn*? I answer'd for that; and the better to quiet his Mind, told him, he was my Brother.

That is enough, said the old Man, I am satisfied. What now remains is to introduce you into the Gardens. Let your Brother go home: He may come hither from Time to Time; I will give him an Account of you. Upon this *Hussyn* retir'd, and immediately after, the Gardener carried me into the Garden with him. He gave me a Spade, shew'd me how to use it, and set me a Task to do. As I was at work, several Eunuchs pass'd by me: They look'd upon me, and took me for a scald Head. Good, say they, such Journeymen Gardeners are fit for us. Then they pursu'd their Way, and left me, well satisfied in not having given them the least Suspicion.

Towards the End of the Day, my old Master, thinking that I was weary, made me leave my Work, and led me to the Side of a Marble Fountain, wherein was very fine Water. I there found a Skin spread on the Ground, cover'd with several Plates of Rice, and other Provisions. Near it was a great Goat's Skin full of Wine, with a Tambour. [*A Sort of Lute, with a long Neck, and six Wire Strings.*] We both sat down upon the Skin, and eat with an Appetite. Having still Recourse to our Liquor, we had almost drank it all off, when the old Man, finding himself in a pleasant Humour, took the Tambour and play'd.

I was too well vers'd in the Management of the *Tazana*, [*A Piece of Tortoise-Shell, about the Size and Length of a Finger, with which the Strings of the Tambour are touch'd*] to be charm'd with his Manner of playing: But, tho' he took himself more Pleasure

in playing, than he gave me, I fail'd not to tell him that he perform'd very well. He express'd himself satisfied with my Commendation, and gave me the Instrument into my Hands. Take it, my Son, said he to me, play a little in your Turn: Let us see how you can manage it. I wanted not to be ask'd twice, but play'd one of the best Airs of *Abdel-moumen*; [*The most celebrated Musician of Persia, who compos'd an infinite Number of Tunes, and may be said to have been the Lully of his Time*] and to gratify him the more, I sung along with the Instrument. He was not backward to return my Compliment of Praise, but I was not so touch'd with it, as he was with mine, tho' I thought I deserv'd it much better than he.

I never so much as dreamt that I had any Body else to admire me but the old Gardener, tho' I was deceiv'd; for the Grand Visier, by Accident, walking that Day in the Garden, drawn by my Voice, and the Harmony of my Instrument, had approach'd very near us without being heard. He listen'd; but when he perceiv'd that I sung no more, he accosted us; I rose up, to go my Ways, out of Respect to him. Hold, said he to me, why do you go away? My Lord, answer'd I, I am not worthy to appear before such Princes as you are. Stay, young Man, reply'd he, and tell me who you are.

I not answering presently, because I knew not well what to say, the Gardener spoke for me. My Lord, said he, 'tis my Journeyman: He understands Gardening perfectly well, and I am over-joy'd that I have got so good a Workman. The Visier bid me sing again. I sung and play'd after such a Manner, that he seem'd charm'd at my Performance. No, cry'd he, all the Sultan's Musicians put together cannot compare with this young Man; but, added he, coming nearer me, and looking earnestly at me, What's the Matter with your Head? It
looks

looks as if it was scabby. Yes, alas! my Lord, said the old Gardener, the poor Boy has a scald Head. Ah! I am sorry for it, replied that Minister: Had he not had this Disease, which is catching, and not agreeable to the Eye, I would have taken the young Man out of this obscure Condition; I would have him near me for my Diversion, and would make his Fortune: 'Tis Pity that he is scabby.

The Grand Visier, after he had said these Words, left us, and the next Morning told the Sultan: Sir, said he, your Majesty knows not what a Treasure you have in your Garden. At the same Time, he related to him what had pass'd the Night before. The Sultan, upon the Account that Minister had given him, had a Desire to hear me. I will go, said he, To-day into the Gardens to see this scald-pated Fellow: Let Some-Body acquaint my Musick, that they prepare a Concert, and let all Sorts of Refreshments be carried thither.

The Order was no sooner given, but magnificent Carpets were spread on the Ground, before that Fountain, where I had drank with the old Man. The Officers of the Household prepared several Bouffets, which they cover'd with rich Vessels full of exquisite Liquors; while under the two Tents of green Sattin there were several Services of Provisions and Fruits made ready. All was in Order when the Sultan came, follow'd by the Grand Visier, and some of his Courtiers.

As soon as he was seated, and had commanded his Attendants to do the like, I presented myself before him with a Basket of Flowers, having a white Apron tied about my Waist. I set my Basket down at his Feet, and retir'd with a very submissive Air. I perceiv'd that the Sultan look'd upon me with Attention, and particularly observ'd the Bladder, which made such an awkward Cap. He easily guess'd that I was the Person whom the Visier had spoken of.

Oh, oh! scald Head, what do you do here? My old Master, who attended, answer'd again for me: He told him that I was his Journeyman, and that I understood perfectly well the Culture of Gardena. He spoke this with as much Confidence, as if he had believ'd indeed that what he said was true.

The Sultan kept his Eye always upon me: Is it true, said he to the Gardener, that thy Boy plays well on the Tambour, and likewise sings very agreeably? Yea, Sir, answer'd the old Man, he has the most taking Voice in the World: When you hear him, you will forget you see him. I long to hear him, replies the Monarch; let us see what he can do.

Several Jesters or Buffoons were present: One among which, not thinking but the Sultan spoke only by Way of Derision, and that I deserv'd no better than to be the Jest of the whole Court, took me by the Arm, as if he would force me to dance with him. He reckon'd that I should perform after such a Manner as would add new Diversion and Ridicule to my awkward Mien, and that he should have the Honour of obliging the Company with so agreeable a Scene: But the Thing turn'd more to his Confusion than Glory; for I laid hold of him with a strong Arm, and shook him so roughly, that he was heartily laugh'd at. I then let him see, that I dan'd with a better Grace than he thought for. The Sultan, the Grand Visier, and all the Spectators, gave me a Thousand Applauses.

The ill Opinion they at first had conceiv'd of me, had undoubtedly a great Part in the Applause I had gain'd, by acquitting myself in that Manner. They were surpriz'd to see a Man danee so, who appear'd to be nothing but a poor Wretch. However they gave me a Pair of Zils. [*Two small Pieces of Ivory, which they make Use of, as we of Castanets.*] I play'd,
and

and observ'd the Motions and the Cadences in dancing so well, that, by the Consent of all, I pass'd for the best Dancer that had yet appear'd at the Court of *Garizma*.

After having danced for some Time, I took the Gardener's Tambour, and pleas'd the whole Assembly as well as I had done the Grand Visier the Day before. I observ'd a Satisfaction in the Eyes of that Minister, which increased in proportion, as his Master, whom he look'd constantly upon, seem'd to be more pleas'd. They brought me a Harp, a Lute, a Viol and a Flute. I play'd upon these four Instruments one after the other so well, that the Sultan was charm'd with my Musick.

He order'd some Body to bring him instantly a Purse of a thousand Sequins of Gold: He made it be laid before me: I open'd it presently, and taking out the Pieces of Gold, I distributed them to the Musicians. All the Court was astonish'd at this Action. The young Man, said they, has a noble Soul, and would imitate Kings: 'Tis Pity he is scabby. The Sultan, who was no less surpriz'd than the rest, ask'd me why I did not keep the Gold? I answer'd, that I had no Occasion for Money, having the Honour to belong to his Majesty, and to serve in his Gardens. He appear'd satisfied with my Answer, which was applauded by all the Courtiers.

Then he gave Orders to the Officers of his Table to bring what they had prepar'd. The Prince and great Lords of the Court began to eat; then they drank some Liquors, and after that, the Concert began; but tho' the Airs were good, and the Voices admirable, the Sultan was so prepossess'd in my Favour, that he heard them without Attention; just as we do in different Singers, after a Voice that has given us the utmost Satisfaction.

As soon as the Concert was ended, the Court retir'd; then the Tapestry or Carpets, Tents and Tables, were

were removed; all the Officers withdrew, and insensibly I found my self alone with the old Gardener, who said to me: When you made me the Presents, I could hardly be persuaded that you were not a Person of Distinction; but now I am convinc'd you are, by the Use you made of the Gold the Sultan gave you. Persons of inferior Rank are not capable of an Act of such Generosity.

Tho' the old Man had given me a fair Opportunity of discovering who I was, I did not think it proper to put that Confidence in him. I thought it enough to tell him only that I was born of a good Family; but to change the Subject, I shewed a mighty Impatience to see the Princess of *Carizme*. I am surpriz'd, said he, that you have not seen her yet; she seldom passes a Day without coming to walk in the Garden with her Women: But, alas! added he, putting on a sorrowful Countenance, you'll see her but too soon, and I fear I shall repent of the Complaisance I have shewn you. The good old Man, instead of frightening me with these Words, did only what my Desires.

The next Day, which was the Third of my being a Gardener, after I had work'd some Time, I laid my self down at the Foot of a Rose-Tree, where I amused my self in playing upon the Lute, when all of a sudden there appear'd before me a Lady veil'd, who said to me: Young Man, leave your Instrument, and get up; go, gather some Flowers to present to the Sultan's Daughter, she is in the Garden. Ought not this to be done already? Must you always be told your Duty? Are not you a fine Gardener's Servant to mind your Business no better? I kiss'd the Ground, and answer'd the Lady, that I was ignorant of the Princess's being in the Garden; and besides, if I had known it, I should have been very cautious not to offer such a Figure as mine to her Sight.

The Lady set up a loud Laughter.: What, says she,

the, because you are a little scabby, you will not be seen? I will not permit you to hide your self, but this Minute will conduct you to the Princess; she knows, as well as all her Slaves, that you have a scald Head: They are appriz'd of that, and far from appearing horrible to them, you will entertain them. They speak so favourably of you, that they will be pleas'd to see you. Go then quickly, and find a Basket, and be assured, *Razia*, whom I have the Honour to be Governess to, will receive you well.

As I could ask nothing better than what she propos'd, I ran to the Gardeners; I took a Basket, and return'd immediately to fill it with Flowers. Afterwards I follow'd the Governess, who led me under a Dome which was rais'd in the Middle of the Garden. I had also, as the Day before, a white Linen Apron about me, and a Basket in my Hands.

The Princess was in a very magnificent Banqueting House, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, surrounded with Twenty or thirty young Slaves, all handsome, yet more beautiful each than the other. One would have said, they were chosen purposely to compose a Court worthy to attend *Razia*. Not even the Beauties, which are to be the Delight of the faithful Muslemen after their Death, are more engaging. The Princess especially had such dazzling Charms, that I remain'd motionless in the Midst of the Room, my Eyes being fix'd upon her, and my Mouth open.

My Disorder and Astonishment, the Cause of which was not very difficult to penetrate, rais'd in them a loud Fit of Laughter. All the Slaves diverted themselves a little with my Looks, and judg'd that their Mistress's Beauty had already confounded my Senses. Their Judgment was not ill grounded, for I appear'd out of my Wits; so disturb'd, and so lost in Love, that they might well suspect me to be turn'd mad; and indeed, the Condition I found my self in was little different from that of a Madman.

Ad-

Advance, said my Conductress, you stand like a Statue; go, present the Flowers to the Princess. I recovered a little from my Surprise at these Words: I drew near the Throne, and after having set my Basket on the first Step, I prostrated myself, and lay with my Face on the Ground, till Razia said to me, Rise, young Man, that we may have the Satisfaction to see you. I obey'd, and then all the Women perceiving my naked Head, or rather my Cap, tho' they were prepossess'd of it, made a loud Squawl, which bely'd the Assurance the Governess had given me. Then they began to laugh out afresh.

After they had made themselves merry with me, the Princess bid them give me a Lute, and order'd me to sing along with it, saying, Yesterday you charm'd the Sultan my Father; I do not believe you can sing and play upon the Lute so perfectly as he would persuade me. I presently tun'd the Instrument of Musick, and sung after the most soft and tender manner in these Words:

*My Death, alas! is certain; 'tis decreed;
Since I have seen your heavenly Charms, I bleed:
With Grief I pine, my Passion cannot move,
But die with Pleasure, if you're touch'd with Love.*

Tho' it was not at all difficult for them to understand the Application which I would have made on these Lines, and that that would consequently afford a fresh Occasion for Laughter, they spared me for once, and instead of bursting out into a scornful Laughing, they return'd me Thanks. 'Tis true, the Princess was the first that commended me, which in a Manner extorted the Praises of her Court. When this was done, a Slave took the Lute from me, to give me a Tambour: Afterwards the Flute, the Harp, and the Violin, were brought to me one after the other. I
had

had the good Fortune to play so well, as to gain me new Compliments.

This is not all, Friend, said the Sultan's Daughter, that I expect of you: I have heard say likewise, that you dance to Perfection, I desire to see how you can perform. Upon this I ask'd for Castanets, and danced the same Dance as the Day before, and did not come off worse. All the Slaves began to praise me. Ah! said one, how well he dances, and with how good a Grace! What a touching Voice hath he, said another! Were it not for his scald Head, he would deserve to be the chief of our Musicians.

As they were launching out in my Praise, *Razia* look'd stedfastly upon me, without saying any Thing; when all of a sudden the Princess broke Silence, and descending from the Throne to return to the Palace, cry'd out, *'Tis Pity, 'tis great Pity, that he should be scabbed.* As soon as she had pronounced these Words, the Women, as if she had invited them to repeat them, made the Hall echo to her Voice, all saying as they retir'd, *'Tis a great Pity that he should be scabbed.*

I remain'd not long in the Banquetting-Room after they were gone: I got back again to the old Gardener's House, where I found my Governor, who came to inquire News after me. Well, said I to them entering, I come from seeing *Razia*. They both turn'd pale at these Words; they trembled as they look'd on me; and they thought they read in my Looks what might justify their Fears. I perceiv'd it. I see well, reply'd I, why you look upon me with such Attention: Banish your Alarms; I am not mad. But if all were to be shut up who fall in Love with the Princess, I declare to you, I deserve a Place in the Towers.

At the same Time I gave them an Account of all that had passed in the Banquetting-Room. After that I added, that I would remain in the Gardens under the same Disguise, and endeavour to please
Ra-

Razia. My Governor and the old Man represented to me whatever might be capable of making me abandon this Resolution ; but I forbid the one to oppose my Design, and engaged the other by new Presents to permit me to continue to personate the Journeyman Gardener.

The Day following, after Dinner, I had a Mind to repose myself, and went to sit on the Side of a Branch of the Waters, cover'd with Grass, and surrounded with several large Trees that shaded all the Place. I knew that the Princess bath'd sometimes in that Water, for which Reason it would the better employ a Lover's Fancy. I thought of a Thousand agreeable Ideas, which could not have presented themselves to any Thing, but the Imagination of a Man very much in Love, and whose Reason runs astray : But I was not long in this sweet Amusement : Casting my Eyes upon the Water, I perceiv'd my own Image, which rais'd melancholy Reflections in me : Far from thinkiug myself agreeable, I sigh'd with Regret, to see myself reduced to make use of such a Disguise.

O Heaven ! cry'd I, by what fantastick Fortune comes it to pass, that I appear metamorphos'd after this strange Manner, before a Princess that I love ? What can I think ? Can I hope, that under a Form thus disagreeable, I can make any tender Impressions ? What Extravagance is this ! Ah ! pursued I, in plucking off the Bladder that cover'd my Head ; if it were allow'd me to shew what I naturally am, though my Figure is not so amiable as to please *Razia*, at least it is not so frightful as to excite her Aversion to me.

After having deplor'd my Condition, and the Necessity I was in, of remaining under this frightful Disguise, I put on my Bladder ; my Hands were yet employ'd to settle and adjust it, when a Lady came and accosted me ; she lifted up her Veil, and I knew

it to be the Princess's Governess. Scald Head, said she, I have been seeking for you, to tell you that you are happier than a Man in better Circumstances: My Mistress, who hath a Fancy for you, in spite of your Infirmary, will have you this Night to be introduced into her Apartment; she desires to hear you sing, and see you dance again; fail not to be at this Place To-night. At these Words, she went away, without waiting for an Answer, and left me very much affected with the News she had told me.

The Governess had no Occasion to bid me be punctual. I ran to find out the old Gardener, not so much to acquaint him with my good Fortune, as to bid him not trouble himself about me, if I came not home that Night; afterwards I went and lay down on the Grass, at the Place where my Rendezvous was appointed.

I was not without the most lively Emotions of Impatience, when the Minute I waited for, arrived: An Eunuch came to me, and bid me follow him; he carried me into the Seraglio by a private Door, of which he had the Key, and introduced me into *Razia's* Apartment.

That Princess was lying on a Sofa, and all her Women, who were sitting before her on Footcloths, were telling Stories to divert her: As soon as they saw me appear, they rose up, and cry'd out; Ah! see the Scald Head who is come to make us merry.

Young Man, said the Sultan's Daughter to me, Yesterday you gave such Diversion, that I desired to see you again. Then presently she order'd a Lute to be given me ready tun'd, and bid me play. I obey'd, and at the same Time sung some Words which the Princess inspir'd me with, the Sight of whom rais'd my Passion. In short, they brought me the same Instruments on which I had play'd the Day before, and I was again applauded.

After

After that, I was commanded to dance; I was willing to shew that it was the Thing that I understood best, therefore I danced several Dances; but as I performed one which required a great deal of Agitation and Motion, my Bladder, which I had not tied on well, tumbled off, and fell on the Carpet.

When the Slaves perceiv'd the Cheat, they gave a great Shriek, and *Razia* put on an angry Countenance; her Passion appear'd in her Eyes, and still more in her Words: Oh arrogant Wretch! said she to me, I took you to be a Man of no Account: Hope not that I will pardon your Insolence, in Regard to the Satisfaction you have given us. At these Words, she call'd her Eunuchs; they crowded together, throwing themselves upon me, and led me out of the Princess's Apartment, keeping me in Custody in a Closet till next Morning, when they inform'd the Sultan of this Adventure.

Ah Villain, said that Prince to me, when I was brought before him, why hast thou put on the Disguise of a Gardener's Man? What was thy Design? Thou hadst, without Doubt, taken a Resolution to dishonour my Seraglio; but, Thanks to Heaven, thy Treason is discover'd, and thy Punishment is certain. I will have thee presently carry'd through the City with Ignominy; thou shalt be preceded by a Herald, who shall publish thy Crime, and afterwards be torn in a thousand Pieces. I ask thee not who thou art, for it will avail thee nothing to be nobly born: Wert thou the Son of a King, thou shouldst perish, for having had the Impudence to deceive me.

This is not all, continu'd he, my Anger demands another Victim besides: I will punish my Gardener in the same Manner; I doubt not in the least but he is an Accomplice in thy Audaciousness. I would have excus'd the old Gardener, in protesting that he had no Share in my Disguise, but they would not believe me;

me; and we were both going to be deliver'd over to the Executioners, when the Grand Visier arrived, and said to the King; Sir, I come to inform you of bad News. The King of *Gazna*, piqu'd with the Refusal you gave him of the Princess your Daughter, whom by his Embassador he demanded of you in Marriage ten Months ago, is entred into a Confederacy against you with the King of *Candaber*. These two Princes have assembled their Forces together, and are come to ravage your Country; they have already pass'd the *Orus*, and are betwixt *Samarcand* and *Bocara*.

The Sultan was perplex'd at this News; *Schams el Muluk*, said he to his Visier, what are we to do in this Conjunction? Sir, answer'd that Minister, I would advise you, without Loss of Time, to assemble all the Troops that you have usually on Foot; let them march towards the Enemy, under the Command of a General, who, by his Conduct, may amuse the Enemy, till such Times as we can procure Reinforcements to enable him to act offensively. Mean while, added he, let us implore the Assistance of Heaven; let the Mosques continue constantly open, and Prayers be offered up there without ceasing: Order, moreover, that all the Inhabitants of *Carizme* fast for several Days; cause Alms likewise to be distributed, and set all the Prisoners at Liberty, what Crimes soever they have committed. I hope by these good Actions we shall prevail with Heaven to assist us.

Schams el Muluk, by his Counsel, sav'd my Life, and the old Gardener's: Visier, said the Sultan, your Advice appears very reasonable, I will follow it. Give Orders presently for my Troops to march, and go your self and command them; I will cause new Levies to be made, and you shall soon be in a Condition to repulse my Enemies; in the mean Time, the Mosques shall be fill'd with true Believers, the Poan shall

shall receive Charity, and the Prisoners be freed from their Chains. I pardon even these two guilty Wretches, whom I but now condemn'd, and revoke the Sentence of their Death.

Thus I have related to you by what Accident I escaped a shameful Death. As soon as I was out of the Palace, I return'd to my Inn, where I found my Governor, who was in Despair for me: He had inquir'd of the Gardener, where he was appriz'd of my Misfortune, and was amaz'd to see me again. I related to him all that had happen'd; I was still desirous to remain at *Carizme*, to find out new Ways to introduce myself into the Seraglio, in spite of the Disappointment of my former Adventure; but he threw himself at my Feet, and said, with Tears in his Eyes; O my dear Prince! abuse not the Mercy of Heaven; since you are deliver'd from a dreadful Danger, wherein Love had engag'd you, expose not yourself further to perish miserably. Alas! if the King your Father knew what hath pass'd, what Grief, what Sorrow, good God! would not your Imprudence cause in him? Believe me, Sir, and forget the Princess of *Carizme*, for she deserves not your Thoughts of her: It was not long of that cruel Princess, that you lost not your Life: Let a just Disdain animate you, and Reason persuade you: Suffer yourself to be touched with my Tears and my Affection. Let us remove from this fatal City; think but on the extreme old Age of the King of *Astracan*; he is perhaps at this Instant ready to descend into the Grave; you alone can comfort the People for his Death; they idolize you, and reckon every Moment of your Absence and Age: Is it thus that you answer the impatient Desires they express to see you again?

My Governor melted me by his Discourse, and what else he added. *Hussayn*, said I to him, 'tis enough; you shall never reproach me more for the like Weakness; I yield to your Intreaties, let us depart:

part: Adieu, *Razia*, too inhuman Princess! May your Cruelty and Time efface you from my Memory. Having said these Words, the old Gardener came to the Inn, to acquaint me that he was turn'd out of the Gardens of the Seraglio. Well, said I, since I have been the Cause that you have lost your Employ, 'tis just that I should make you Satisfaction; you have nothing to do but to follow me into my Country; I will give you a Post there that shall sufficiently answer what you enjoy here. I return you Thanks, answer'd he, but I was born in *Zagathay*, and am resolv'd to die there. I will retire into the Village where I was born, and live quietly on what I have got by my Business, and the Presents I have receiv'd from you. To render his Life more pleasant and easy, I gave him more Gold and Jewels, and he retired very well content.

I parted from *Carizme* the same Day, and took the Road of *Otrar* with my Governor, where I found all my Retinue, who began to be out of Patience for my Return, tho' I had not been long gone from them. I declar'd to them, upon my Arrival, that I would return immediately to *Circassia*; and the *Circassians*, who desir'd nothing more than to see their Wives and Children again, were transported with my Design. In short, I staid but six Days at *Otrar*; I set forward, and advancing a small Day's Journey towards *Astracan*, I met with a Courier that my Father had sent, and by which he acquainted me that he was fallen sick, that he thought he had not long to live, and that I should lose no Time, if I had a Mind to see him alive, and embrace him once more before he died.

Upon this News, which gave me great Affliction, I hasten'd to Court; but oh! the sad Reward of my Diligence! Alas! I came only soon enough to assist at a Spectacle that pierc'd my very Heart! I found my Father in his last Moments; I presented myself before him; I came near to the Bed, took one of his

his Hands, bath'd it with my Tears, and giving Way to the tender Emotions which Nature inspir'd; O my Father! cry'd I, in what a Condition do I find you? Can I see you thus, without dying for Grief? At these Words, which powerfully moved him, he cast his Eyes upon me with Concern, tho' he knew me not so well by his Sense of Seeing, as by his Sentiments of paternal Affection; he us'd the utmost Efforts of Strength that were left him, to reach me his Arm and speak to me. O my Son, said he, you are return'd! I have nothing else to ask of Heaven; I die content, adieu. He expir'd with these Words in his Mouth, as if the Angel of Death had waited for my coming to end the Life of the King, and that he would let that good Prince have the Consolation of giving me his last Farewel.

After paying all the Funeral Honours due to his Memory, I mounted the Throne; I applied myself to govern my Dominions after such a Manner, as might confirm the People in the good Opinion they had conceiv'd of me. I had the good Fortune to succeed, and enjoy the sweetest Pleasure that Kings are capable of; I was ador'd by my Subjects, and am so still: As I had nothing at Heart, but their Happiness; they thought of nothing but to please me, and to distinguish by some new Festival each Day of my Reign. By this Means my Court is become the Seat of Joy; there are daily Rejoicings here, as well as in the City; there are no People that appear to be, or indeed are, more happy than mine. I rejoice in their good Fortune, and, not to disturb them therein, I study to hide from them the Melancholy that devours me. I am perswaded, that if they knew I was any other than what I appear to their Eyes to be, I should be the Object of their most lively Grief; and the profoundest Sadness would soon succeed that Joy which now reigns in *Astracan*.

A little Time after my coming to the Crown of *Circassia*, I found that I had not yet forgotten *Razia*. Indeed, the Death of the King my Father, the Dues I ow'd his Remains, and the Application I was oblig'd to give to the Affairs of Government, had suspended all Emotions of Love. But, far from being thus weaken'd, it appear'd to have taken new Strength. I inform'd *Hussayn* of it, who said to me; Sir, now you have a Crown to offer with your Love, I advise you to make a Demand of the Princess of *Carizme* by an Ambassador; and the better to engage the Sultan to grant her, promise him your Assistance against his Enemies.

I follow'd his Advice; I sent *Hussayn* himself to the Court of *Carizme*, with a pompous Equipage and magnificent Presents for the Sultan, to whom I writ in these Terms: *God give long Life to the Sultan of Carizme, Emperor of the Children of Adam, Conqueror of the World, and that happy Prince, whose Foot Heaven hath strengthen'd to mount with Vigour to the sublimest Height of Power and Greatness. Let Prosperity always attend him, nor let his good Fortune be disturb'd by the Tempests of Envy.*

Know, then, that we desire your Alliance, if you will please to grant us the Princess Razia your Daughter to be our lawful Wife. And tho' you want not other Troops than your own, that are always victorious, to humble your Enemies, we tender you all the Force of the Circassians and their Allies, and greet you well.

I believe it is not necessary to tell you, that I waited with great Impatience the Return of my Ambassador; you may well imagine it: In short, after having suffer'd the Torments of a long Expectation, I saw *Hussayn* arrive, who inform'd me, that the Sultan of *Carizme* had receiv'd him favourably, but that I must renounce the Hopes of possessing *Razia*. Why, said I, must I renounce her? *Hussayn* answer'd me;

me; Sir, 'tis because she is promis'd to the King of *Gazna*. That Prince hath several Times beaten the Troops of the Sultan, who, to preserve his Country, hath been oblig'd to ask Peace of his Enemy, and to promise him the Princess. As the King of *Gazna* had not made War, but to force the Sultan to give him his Daughter, those two Princes are very well agreed; so that *Razia*, two Days after I left *Carizme*, was to be sent to her Husband.

This News had like to have made me lose my Senses. I complained of my Fate in such Terms, that *Hussey*n was afraid I should run mad. I was not satisfied to afflict myself with Grief, but I fell sick, and I cannot apprehend how I recovered from that Sickness; for my Mind was always in such a Disposition, as could not contribute to my Cure.

Tho' my Health was restored to me, my Heart was not, nevertheless, at Rest; I was always taken up with the Princess of *Carizme*; I fancied her in the Arms of a happy Husband, and that cruel Image incessantly disturb'd my Repose. *Hussey*n, imagining that a new Beauty might displace *Razia* from my Heart, made Inquiry after the finest Slaves. He fill'd my Seraglio with them! Superfluous Care! 'Twas in vain that his Zeal had gathered a thousand Objects full of Charms; for none of them could wean my Affections from *Razia Beghume*.

While *Hussey*n was to no Purpose experimenting upon me the Force of all the Beauties of *Asia*, my Grand Vifier told me one Day, that there were lately built near the Gates of *Astracan*, very fine Baths. The Waters, said he, are very clear and pure. They are adorn'd with the best Marble Pillars, and the finest Basins in the World. All the City runs in Crowds to admire these Basins; and, what is more surprizing, Nobody knows of their building. They were seen all of a sudden just as they are, and this is what they know of them.

I was much astonish'd at this Relation; I had the Curiosity to go and judge myself of a Thing that appear'd so like a Prodigy; I went *incognito* to the Baths with my Grand Visier; and my Surprise increased, when I considered the Structure and Magnificence of the Building; besides that all was neat and well contrived, I observed, that the young Men, who waited to serve the Bathers, were very handsome and well-shap'd; but, that which was more extraordinary, was, that they were so alike, we could not distinguish one from the other.

The Master of the Baths, who was a Man of about fifty Years old, and of a very good Aspect, took great Care to see that there was good Attendance. After Bathing, they drank the most delicate Liquors, and all the World went away well satisfied. When I was return'd to my Palace, I discours'd with my Courtiers concerning these Baths, where they had all been. I ask'd their Thoughts about them, and not being satisfied with what they said of them, I resolv'd to send to seek out the Man who had built them, and to have a Conference with him. I charg'd *Husselyn* to go find him for me, to use him with great Respect, and bring him to me. *Husselyn* performed his Commission diligently; he soon return'd with the Master of the Bath, who instantly threw himself at my Feet; I rais'd him myself, and gave him a gracious Reception.

The Man, being charm'd with the Reception I gave him, began to launch out into my Praise, and express'd himself with so much Eloquence, that it rais'd my Admiration, and that of all my Courtiers. His Entertainment was so agreeable, and I took such Pleasure therein, that I thought no more of the Subject, about which I sent to find him out. However, it came into my Mind, and I said to him: Great Philosopher; for it is easy to judge you must be one of the most knowing in the World; I have

a Request to make to you: Do me the Favour to tell me sincerely, and hide nothing from me. How did you build such stately Baths? How is it possible that you should make so beautiful a Work at the Gates of *Astracan* without any Body's perceiving it.

Sir, answer'd he, I have at my Service forty Workmen, all able and experienced, but each of them of greater Ability, and more Experience one than the other. I can, by their Assistance, in less than a Day, build much finer Baths than these. All these Workmen are dumb, but they understand what you mean; there is no Need of speaking; when you would command any Thing to be done, by the least Sign or Gesture that you make, they understand your Intention. You need but look upon them, and they read by your Eyes what you would have; if your Majesty would have them brought hither, and give them any Orders, they will execute them in a Moment.

I had too great a Desire to try if what he told me was true, not to take him at his Word; I sent for the Workmen immediately, and as soon as they came, I knew them to be the young Men I had seen attending at the Baths. Struck afresh with their Likeness, I discover'd my Surprize to the Philosopher, and ask'd him if they were Brothers? Yes, Sir, said he, and besides, they had all one Mother. Command them, added he, what you would have done, and you shall instantly be obey'd; but I must humbly request your Majesty to send away all your Attendants; I shall be glad to be without Witnesses.

When my Courtiers heard the Philosopher speak thus, they all retired, not waiting for my bidding them, and I remain'd with the Master of the Baths, and his forty Slaves. After having considered a pretty while, what I would have done, I desired that Baths might be made in the Room where we were.

I had no sooner declar'd my Intention, but they all dis-

disappear'd : In a Moment afterwards, they return'd loaded with Marbles of all Sorts of Colours, and other Necessaries for the Building of a Bath. They began to work, and gave me not Time enough to be weary with seeing them build. While some work'd with such Quickness, that I had Business enough to follow it with my Eye, others went and brought Materials with the same Diligence. In short, in the Space of some Hours, the Bath was finish'd. Never was any Thing seen more perfect or magnificent : It had twelve Columns of green Marble, polish'd as smooth as Glass, and several Fountains spouted out Water, which fell with a Noise into Basons of white Marble.

Surprized at the Objects which struck my Sight, and at the Knowledge of the Philosopher, I pray'd him to explain to me, how all these Things could be done. Sir, said he to me, this Explication would detain you too long. Give me Leave to tell you only, that I am Master of thirty nine Sciences.

This Discourse increased my Astonishment, and gave me a great Ambition to engage such a Man in my Service : I caress'd him a thousand Times ; then I asked him, of what Country he was, and his Name ? I am, answer'd he, of the Territory of *Bocara*, and my Name is *Avicene*. If you will, continued he, hear my Story, I am ready to relate it. I assured him, that it would be acceptable to me, and presently he began after this Manner.

The Story of Avicene.

I Was born in a Town call'd *Afhana* ; I was no sooner out of my Childhood, but my Parents sent me to begin my Studies in the University of *Bocara*. I first learn'd the *Alcoran*, and found myself so apt to learn, that I was grown a good Scholar at ten Years of Age :

They taught me Arithmetick; then they made me read *Euclid*, after which, I applied myself to the Mathematics; I also gave myself to the Study of Philosophy, Medicine and Divinity.

I made such a Progress in all the Sciences, that I acquir'd a very great Reputation in a little Time: I had not yet attain'd to my twentieth Year, when my Name was known from the Banks of the River *Gihon* to the Mouth of the *Indus*.

One Day I departed with my Father, to go to *Samarcande*, where some Affairs call'd him. I went to see the Court, where I met with Persons of my Acquaintance, who fail'd not to speak of me very advantageously. The Praises that they spread every where abroad of me, reach'd at length the Ears of the Grand Visier, who desired to see me: He was so satisfied with my Conversation, that he propos'd to me to stay at *Samarcande* with him. I consented, and insinuated myself so well into his Mind, that he would do nothing without consulting me.

That Minister did not live long, but I lost in him, only a Man that lov'd me: My Fortune increased, and the King took the same Friendship for me, that the Visier had done. He conferr'd the Government on me, and in Time, the Place of his first Minister becoming vacant, it was offer'd me, and I accepted it.

Though I did all the Service of a Grand Visier, I found out Time besides for Study; but the Ardour I had for reading not being satisfied with certain Hours in the Day, set apart for that Purpose, I took a Resolution to quit all Affairs. The King would not give me Leave without some Trouble, he was so well satisfied with my Ministry: He would not, however, oppose or thwart my Designs, but had the Goodness to consent that I should resign my Employ, on Condition that I would not remove far from the Court.

I

I had no Design to do so; I lov'd the King by Inclination; and I was too deeply affected with his Goodness to retire into a Solitude. How furious soever I might be for my Study, I remain'd at Court, but yielded up my Lodging to my Successor. I took another in a private Part of the Palace, where I liv'd in a Kind of Retreat. I divided my Time betwixt the Prince and my Books. I did not content myself with reading: I compos'd several Works, some in Verse, and others in Prose; and very far from resembling those learned, but useless Men, who being satisfied to have the Mind enrich'd with a great Variety of Studies and Knowledge, die before the Publick has receiv'd the least Advantage of their Lucubrations, I imparted my Observations to the whole World, as fast as I put them into Writing. I produced near a hundred Volumes on various Subjects; and my Works are call'd by Way of Excellency, *The Glorious Works*.

I applied myself besides to Chymistry, and to that secret Science by which we explain all the Operations of Nature. I was already a good Cabalist, when there arriv'd at *Samarcande* an Embassador, sent by *Coutbeddin*, King of *Caschgar*. There were many Speculations concerning the Motive of this Embassy: Some imagining that it was to declare War against the King of *Samarcande*, others to propose an Alliance; but none guess'd right. The Embassador, in the Audience that was given him, surpriz'd every Body, when, after having presented his Credential Letters to the King, he said to him; Sir, the King *Coutbeddin*, my Master, being one Day at Table, discours'd with some of his Courtiers of the ancient Philosophers: I would fain know, said he, if there are any Persons in the World now, who are as learned as *Hippocrates* and *Socrates* were. Upon which, a Courtier said to him, that some Merchants were come to *Caschgar*, who, having travelled through

many Countries, perhaps knew where the most learned Men were. Immediately they sent to find out these Merchants, who told the King my Master, that at the Court of *Samarcande*, there were two celebrated Philosophers, whose Merit could not be sufficiently extoll'd; that one of them was call'd *Avicene*, and the other *Fazel Asphahani*. These are two Men, say they, who have a perfect Knowledge of the Secrets of Nature, and whom we have seen perform many surprizing Things.

They praised *Avicene* and *Fazel* to such a Degree, that my Master resolv'd to demand them of your Majesty for a little while; he desires passionately to see them both: I intreat you, Sir, to send them to him: He would hear them speak, and judge of their Knowledge; for he is a Prince of a great deal of Wit, and has besides a Tincture of all the Sciences.

Thus spoke the Embassador, and presently the King of *Samarcande* sent for *Fazel* and myself, and said to us: The King of *Caschgar* hath a Desire to see you two, and to have some Conversation with you: I think we ought not to refuse him that Satisfaction. Sir, replied *Fazel*, 'tis for you to command, and us to obey: For my Part, I will do whatever you please. I kept Silence, and it was easy to judge by my Countenance, that the Journey to *Caschgar* was not agreeable to me. Upon which the King said, And you, *Avicene*, you make no Answer: It looks as if this Embassy gave you some Uneasiness. I confess'd to the King, that I had indeed some Repugnance to do what was required of me. Then *Fazel* represented to me, that if we refus'd to satisfy the Curiosity of *Conthaddin*, that Monarch might perhaps draw an ill Consequence from it, and think that we were not such able Men as we were reported: That besides, Princes were Masters in some Measure of our Reputation; and that to ruin us, they need but write to our Disadvantage into foreign Countries, that

that therefore, to preserve our Glory, it would be best to submit to the King of *Caschgar*'s Pleasure.

This Discourse of *Fazel*'s serv'd only to raise my Passion. You have, said I to him, a very ridiculous Fear for a Philosopher. How shall all the Princes of the World blacken or hurt a Man that is Master of the Sciences, that I am? Know, that the Reason why I stay in this Court, is, because I love my Sovereign. Were it not for the Friendship I have for him, and which he repays with a thousand Bounties, I had left the Court long ago, to have lived in some Corner of the World, free from all Manner of Dependence. As for you, who have not yet got above the World, and stand in need of the Protection of Kings, you wou'd be in the Right to go and manage *Coutbeddin*; he will be so well pleased with your Knowledge, or at least your Complaisance, as not to write to your Prejudice into foreign Countries.

I saw, at these Words, a Rage sparkle in the Eyes of *Fazel*, which he had not a little Trouble to contain. The King too perceiv'd it, and being willing to hinder the Discourse from rising higher; *Avicene*, said he to me, I beg you to be prevailed on; the King, who desires to see you, is a Prince of great Merit; he loves Learning and learned Men; he longs to enjoy your Conversation; would it be good Manners to send back his Embassador with a Refusal? I blame not that noble Pride, which your rare Knowledge occasions in you. But remember, that Kings deserve that you should shew a Regard to them. Take my Word, and go to the Court of *Coutbeddin*: When you have staid there some Time, you may return to mine, if you have those Sentiments remaining for me, which you now express.

Puissant Monarch of the World, replied I to the King of *Samarcande*, since you tell me 'tis your Pleasure that I should go to *Caschgar*, I will no

more refuse it ; I am ready to go. You have always an absolute Power over your Slave ; I will sacrifice my Life for you, if you desire it. The King seem'd charm'd with the Deference I paid him. He cloath'd the Embassador with a golden Vest, assuring him, that *Fazel*, and I, should depart the first Opportunity for *Caschgarg*, and sent him back to his Master with that Answer.

Fazel Asphabani was a Man much of my Age ; he knew a great deal indeed, but the Merchants, who had extoll'd him so highly to the King of *Caschgarg*, had said too much of him. That Philosopher, a few Days before our Departure, found me out, and said, Illustrious *Avicene*, since we are looked upon as Persons vers'd in all the Sciences, I think it would be proper we should distinguish ourselves, and not travel as common Men : Let us do something particular ; shall we undertake to go to *Caschgarg* without eating or drinking ? This is not proposing a Thing too difficult for such a Philosopher as you are, tho' the Journey be somewhat long : We will have no Provisions but for our Slaves, who will be Witnesses of the slender Fare we shall make on the Road ; they will not fail to talk of it at *Caschgarg* ; it will spread abroad, and we shall gain a great deal of Honour.

He had not made this Proposal, but that he had a Secret of composing certain Pills, one whereof was sufficient to support a Man a whole Day : So that by providing himself with as many Pills as we had Days Journeys to make, he was sure not to starve. He judg'd right, that, fearing to appear less knowing than himself, I would never refuse to accept of the kind Challenge which he gave me, and he expected to see me dead by the fifth or sixth Day's Journey ; but I was not so embarrassed as he imagined ; for after I had said, that I voluntarily consented to travel his Way, I made a Sort of Opiate, which had the same
Virtue

Virtue as his Pills; so that, without saying any Thing one to the other of what we had prepared, we parted from *Samarcande* to go to *Caschgar*.

The three or four first Days Journies, we entertain'd each other briskly; the Opiate did Wonders as well as the Pills. Depending on our Secret, our Courage did not sink in the least. I observ'd from Time to Time, whether he alter'd or no, and the same Reason oblig'd him to watch me. For my self, far from growing weaker, I seem'd to grow more vigorous from Day to Day. It was not so with my Philosopher; he had lost his Pills. He became thoughtful, melancholy, and his Face turn'd pale, which made me think his Affairs went wrong. Nevertheless he hid the Accident from me, and, bearing his Misfortune patiently, he wasted away by Degrees. In short, seeing him in such a pitiful Condition, I offer'd him some of my Opiate, but he would not accept of it, chusing rather to die, than to own that he stood in need of Assistance.

I was much concerned at the Death of *Fazel*. I bathed his Body with Tears, and buried him in the Mountain of *Botam*, by the Help of his Slaves and mine. There was among his, one whom he had lov'd more than the rest; this was he that apprized me of his Master's making these Pills, and as we searched for them in vain in the Philosopher's Cloaths after his Death, we concluded that he had drop'd them in the Road.

After we had paid him all the Funeral Honours we could do in that Place, I divided amongst all the Slaves, the Money which the King of *Samarcande* had given to *Fazel* and my self, for our Expences during the Residence we were to make at *Caschgar*, and set them at Liberty. Go, said I to them, where you please, and leave me alone in these Mountains. I have no need of you. Presently some of them advanced towards *Tocarestan*, others reached the Country of *Fer-*

game; in short, the rest, after passing the Mount *Imaus*, entred into the Country of *Turkhand*.

As for my self, when they were all gone, I remain'd some Time behind, to bewail, over the Grave of *Razel Afghani*, the unhappy Fate of that Philosopher, not without blaming his Imprudence and his Pride. I reflected then on what I were best to do. I would not pursue my Road towards *Caschgar*, nor return to *Samarcande*. I took a Fancy to travel all alone, and run through the World. I went to *Uzkunt*, from thence to *Gögende*; and leaving that City, without keeping any certain Road, I arriv'd, after several Days Journeys, at *Carisme*.

As I was walking in that spacious City, I heard on a sudden a great Noise; and saw at the same Time the People in an Uproar: The Tradesmen hurry'd out of their Shops, and mix'd with the other Inhabitants. All was in such Confusion, that one would have sworn that something considerable had just happen'd, or was then transacting. And the Cause of all this Commotion was a publick Cryer, who went through the City, and every Quarter of an Hour proclaimed aloud, *O you that love Learning, know, that to Morrow the Cavern will be open.*

As soon as I had heard these Words, I resolv'd to follow the Cryer, to have some Discourse with him in particular about this Cavern. I accosted him towards the End of the Day, just as he was ready to go into his House. I ask'd him very civilly, what he meant by the Cavern, that the Men of Learning were to go into next Day? The Cryer took me for a Person devoted to Religion. O holy Father, said he, you know that there is at the Gates of this City, on the Side of the *Caspian Sea*, a Mountain they call the Red Mountain, because it is cover'd with Roses all the Year. At the Foot of the Mountain there is a Cavern of a vast Extent, into which we enter by four Gates, that by the Virtue of a Talisman, open and shut themselves

selves at the Beginning of every Year. All the Curious go in at Day-break, before the Stars disappear. They find a prodigious Quantity of Books, and chuse whatever they please to read. They take them as fast as they can, and hasten out again to carry them Home; for the Cavern shuts itself in three Quarters of an Hour after it is open'd; and if by Misfortune any learned Man stops to gratify himself, and stays there a Moment longer than the Time prescrib'd, which has happen'd but too often, he is starv'd to Death in the Cavern, because the Gates open not till a Year after.

They say, continued he, that it was the wise *Ghec-Ghehabeddin* who made this Cavern, to keep all his Books in, as well those which he compos'd, as those that he had collected in the World. All his Life long, or at least towards the latter End of his Days, he spar'd nothing to amass together the most curious Books; and such was the Fruit of his Inquiries, that he found above twenty thousand Volumes which treat of the Philosopher's Stone, of the Manner of searching for, and discovering of Treasures. There are some that teach to work Miracles, to metamorphose Men into Beasts, and to give Life to Vegetables. In a Word, all the Secrets of Nature are reveal'd in some or other of these Books, and particularly in those which he compos'd himself.

I heard very attentively the Cryer, who added, that the Sage *Choo-Ghehabeddin*, for the Security of the invaluable Pledges he had deposited in the Cavern, compos'd a *Talisman*, whose Virtue was such, that the Gates, though only made of Wood of Saunders, could not be open'd or broken by any Means or Force whatever.

This Precaution, says I to the Cryer, seems to be useless; for all the World having the Liberty to enter once a Year in the Cavern, and carry away what Books they please, they may be all taken away; and

I am surpriz'd they are not all gone already. You are in the Right, answer'd he, to think so, since I did not tell you before, that those, who remove any Books, are oblig'd to bring them back to the Cavern the Year following, and to put them in the Places from whence they took them. If they fail to do so, they will repent it. There are Spirits who have the keeping of the Books: They take Care to torment cruelly, and sometimes even kill, such Persons as thro' Covetousness detain any of them.

When the Cryer had inform'd me of all these Things, I thank'd him, and took my Leave. I leave it to you to imagine the Pleasure it was to me, to know all these Particulars, and whether I formed a Design of going the next Morning into the Cavern, with the Curious. I did not only propose to go in, but resolv'd at the same Time to stay there after the others, and to expose myself to all that might happen. I was too well vers'd in the Mysteries of the Cabalists to apprehend any Danger from Spirits. I went presently from the City, and walked forward towards the *Caspian* Sea. I arrived at the Foot of the Red Mountain. I saw the four Gates of the Cavern, made indeed of Saunders-Wood, as the Cryer had told me, and I observed over them several Figures of Animals, in which the Talisman consisted.

I went up to the Top of the Mountain: I laid me down on the Roses which cover'd it, and perfume'd the Air with their Smell. I was very impatient to be in the Cavern, so that I could not take a Moment's Rest. In short, at the Approach of Day, which I waited for, all the Curious came from the City. I heard the Noise they made, coming to the Mountain. I descended from the Place, where I had passed the Night, that I might not be the last in entering the Cavern. Already the Stars began to disappear, when all of a sudden the four Gates
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on the four Sides of the Mountain open'd of themselves with a terrible Noise. Presently all the People enter'd, and dispers'd themselves about the Cavern, which the Cryer had not boasted to be larger than it really was, and he had Reason to say there was a prodigious Number of Books. They were all very decently rang'd along the Walls, upon Shelves of Aloes-Wood, with Tickets that shew'd the Subjects of which they treated. There were void Spaces betwixt them; but the Learned had soon filled them with Books they had borrow'd the Year before. Some Minutes after, I heard the Noise which the four Doors made in shutting, and I was left alone in the Cavern, which, having no Light in it but what came in thro' the Crannies of the Doors, was, when they were shut, more obscure than the darkest Night.

Any Man, who did not know as much as myself, would have been at a Loss in these dark Abodes; but I was not ignorant of Ways how to dispel the Darkeness. I began by subduing to my Power, the Spirits which had the Government of this wondrous Library; and when I had subjected them by the Force of my Conjurations, I order'd them to bring me Lights, and to take Care that the Cavern was always kept illuminated.

These Spirits, which are always very obedient, when a Man whom they fear commands them to do any Thing, went and returned in an Instant, with more Lights than were necessary to have lighted six Caverns as large as this, tho' it was a very great one. I thought they had stolen all the Lamps in the City of *Carissime*. I never saw a finer Illumination than this, which they made to celebrate my Entrance into that Place. They stuck up Lamps throughout the whole Cave, set a vast Number along the Shelves, and studded the Vault with them in such a Manner, that it resembled the Canopy of the

the Heavens deck'd with Stars. They serv'd me beyond my Wishes.

It was then, that I apply'd myself to the Reading of several very curious Books. I found some that treated of Prodigies in Chymistry, and of the secret Sciences; but the Style of them was so figurative, and the Expressions so obscure, that all the Learned were not capable of understanding them. To know their Meaning, it required all the Skill that I was Master of.

When I wanted to copy some Places in these Books, and only spoke to have Paper and Ink, these Spirits, my very humble Servants, immediately supplied me. They took Care likewise to furnish me with Provisions, after my Opiate was spent. They brought me every Day excellent Meat and Wines. I had nothing to do but to ask for what I pleas'd, I was sure to have it in a Moment.

Thus I pass'd my Time very agreably in this wonderful Cavern. If sometimes I read any Book that taught me nothing new, I was sufficiently recompens'd by others, which were very useful, and in which I found the finest Secrets of Nature. I read the whole Year without being weary.

At the Beginning of the next Year, the Doors open'd as usual: The Curious enter'd; but, not expecting to see the Lights that struck their Eyes, they were seiz'd with Terror. They presently threw down their Books which they had brought, and ran away. I thought best to go out at the same Time. But here it must be observed, that I had let my Beard, my Eye-brows, and my Hair, grow to such a Degree, that I appear'd frightful, and indeed my Figure only serv'd to redouble their Fear. See the Sorcerer *Mack*, cry'd they, 'tis the very same.

That Sorcerer, for whom they took me, was a wicked Man, who pleas'd himself with nothing but to do Mischief throughout the whole Country. He employ'd

employ'd his Black Art, to the Prejudice of Mankind. All the World curs'd him, and the Sultan of *Carizme*, upon the Complaints which had been made against him from all Parts, had till then sent Persons all about to catch him. He had always deceived them that pursued him, and had escaped the Punishment appointed for him.

As soon as I understood that they took me for a Sorcerer, I was so unwise as to go about to deceive them. My Brethren, cry'd I, you are mistaken; I am not that *Mouk* you take me for; I have no Design to do you the least Harm. They stop't at these Words, without being persuaded of the Truth of what I had said, and the boldest amongst them, exciting the others to follow their Example, surrounded me, and laid hold of me all together.

I could have thrown them flat on the Ground by a Word of my Mouth, and have got out of their Hands; but I thought it more proper to make no Resistance, and to let them believe my Life lay at their Mercy. They were well satisfied it did; when, after they had bound me Hand and Foot, they haul'd me before the Cady: Ho, ho! said that Judge, as soon as he saw me, you are taken then, at last. Think not, wicked Wretch, to escape the Punishment you have deserved. 'Tis too long that you have fill'd the Day by your execrable Life: But take him presently, added he, speaking to his Nayb, let him be carried to the Place usual for the greatest Criminals to die in. In speaking these Words, he committed me to the Hands of the *Affas* or Guards, who conducted me to a large open Square, while he ran to inform the Sultan of what had pass'd, and to ask him what Kind of Death he would have me suffer.

The Sultan of *Carizme* no sooner was inform'd, that the Sorcerer *Mouk* was in the Place where they us'd to execute Criminals, but he was brought thither

ther in a Litter. As soon as he arrived, he ask'd to see me; and upon my Mein, or Appearance only, he condemn'd me to the Fire. He had no sooner pronounced my Sentence, but I saw rais'd in the Square, a Pile that would have contained twenty Sorcerers. It was made ready in an Instant, for all the People brought Wood, in Emulation of one another, and hugg'd themselves to think that they should see me reduced to Ashes.

I had the Patience to be tied to the Pile; but as soon as they put Fire to it, I pronounced certain Cabalistical Words, by Virtue of which my Bands fell off. Then I took a large Stick out of the Pile, and transform'd it into a Triumphal Car, on which I mounted. I continu'd moving to and fro, some Time in the Air, within Sight of the Inhabitants of *Carizme*, who were not so well pleas'd to see me in my Car, as they would have been to see me burnt. Afterwards I rais'd my Voice, and addressing to the Sultan; Unjust *Clich-Arselan*, said I, who would have me perish like a Wretch, know that I am no Sorcerer, but a Man of Learning, who can do Things more wonderful than these, of which your Eyes are Witnesses. At these Words I disappear'd, and the Prince, as well as the People, remain'd in the utmost Astonishment.

I travell'd ten Years, after this Adventure: I was at *Cairo*, at *Bagdad*, in *Persia*; and in every Place where I staid, I made the Fortunes of all Sorts of Persons, for whom I took a Friendship, as I ran thro' the World. I came at last to *Astracan*, where I took a Fancy to make myself be talk'd on. To this End, going out of the City, and seeing a Place full of *Bushes*, I cut forty Branches of the same Length, and animated them by the Virtue of some Words, which had Power to do it. I commanded them to take a human Form, and to build those Baths, which are at the Gates of *Astracan*. Thus
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I have told you what my forty Youths are, and I think I had Reason to tell your Majesty, that they had all the same Mother, since they all came out of the Earth.

The Sequel and Conclusion of the Story of King Hormoz, surnamed, The King without Melancholy.

A Vicene stopping here, and I being charm'd with what I had heard, cry'd out, O great Philosopher! what good Fortune have I to have you for my Friend! After what you have told me, I believe every Thing is possible to you. I am no longer surpriz'd that your Youths can do whatever they are bid, since 'tis you that make them do it. I cannot but think that if I commanded them to fetch hither this Moment the Princess of *Carizme*, the fair *Razia*, they could execute an Order so difficult. Undoubtedly, answers *Avicene*, they shall transport themselves into her Palace: They shall take her away from amidst her Women, and bring her hither to you this Moment, if you desire it. If I desire it? reply'd I with Transport. Ah! you can never do any Thing that can please me better. You shall soon have what you desire, answer'd he, and I shall not be sorry to take this Revenge of the Sultan of *Carizme*.

The Philosopher had scarce said this, when he cast his Eyes upon one of his forty Slaves, and bid him go. Presently the Slave disappear'd, making a great Noise, and some Minutes after return'd with the Princess of *Carizme*.

I could not be mistaken in *Razia*, or help being inspir'd with all the Joy my Soul could possess, at the Sight of an Object I lov'd. Nevertheless, as much ravish'd as I was to see her, the Manner how this Pleasure was procured me, stopt me from giving Way to my Transports. I was afraid it might be

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a Phantom, and durst not trust my Eyes: Therefore I said to the Philosopher, I beg you not to cheat me. The Form that is presented to our Eyes, is it an Illusion, or the true Features of the Princess of *Carizme*? Speak, and tell me what I am to think of it. Doubt not in the least, Sir, said he, but that it is the Princess herself. Admire her Beauty, and yield without Diffidence to the Transports she causes in you.

Upon this Assurance, I threw myself upon my Knees before *Raxia*, and without giving her Time to recollect, Ah! my Princess, said I, is it you that I see! Alas! I despair'd of seeing your Charms again, and I am obliged for this Happiness to the Friendship of this great Philosopher, who hath been pleas'd for my Sake to imploy his potent Art. Your Conveyance hither is the Effect of his Knowledge, or rather of my Love. Recollect, and remember in me the young Man who appear'd before you in the Habit of a Gardener's Journeyman. You know with what Barbarity I was hurried from your Apartment, as soon as you perceiv'd I was disguis'd, and by what good Fortune I escap'd that infamous Death that was destin'd me. In Spight of your Cruelty, I have never ceas'd to love you. After this, my Queen, be not angry at the Temerity of a Man who has had Recourse to Violence to possess you; but consider, I beg you, before-hand, that this audacious Man is the unfortunate King of *Circassia*, who by his Embassador demanded you of the Sultan your Father.

If I was astonish'd at the Appearance of *Raxia*, you may believe she, too, was amaz'd to find herself all at once in an unknown Place. I expected, and not without Reason, a whole Volley of Reproaches; when that Princess, calling me to Mind, and being a little recover'd from her Concern, spoke to me in these Terms; I should undoubtedly be provok'd at your Audaciousness, in another Con-
juncture;

junction; but, I cannot but pardon you in this. I was upon the Point of marrying a Prince for whom I had a mortal Aversion, and I cannot complain of any Violence that hath saved me from the Horror I had of being his Wife.

How, *Beghuma*, said I, interrupting her, are you not the King of *Gazna's* Wife? No, Sir, reply'd the Princess, since your Ambassador went from *Carizme*, there happen'd a great many Accidents, which, seeing you are not inform'd of 'em, I will relate to you. After the Victory gain'd over the Troops of the Sultan, my Father, by the Army of the King of *Gazna*, in Conjunction with that of the King of *Candahar*, these two victorious Princes advanced to the City of *Carizme*, to lay Siege to it: But the Sultan sent one of his Vassiers, who concluded a Treaty of Peace with them; the principal Article of which was, that I should be immediately deliver'd into the Hands of the King of *Gazna*.

The same Day that I was to part from *Carizme*, we received Advice at Court, that the King of *Candahar*, being fallen also in Love with me, upon the Fame he had heard of my Beauty, pretended to marry me: That he had declar'd this to *Behram-chah*: That the two Kings falling out upon this Occasion, had come to Blows, and that the King of *Candahar* had got the Advantage.

This News was presently confirm'd: There arriv'd an Officer from the King of *Candahar* with a Message, that that victorious Prince had sent to my Father, that he might take Part in the compleat Victory which he had gain'd over the King of *Gazna*, who was killed in the Combat, and that he design'd to be crown'd King of *Gazna*. At the same Time he demanded me in Marriage. The Sultan durst not refuse me to a Prince, who was become so powerful. He agreed to his Request, and promis'd me to him, in Spight of the Aversion I had

had conceived against him, upon the Description his Officer had given of him, tho' he had drawn his Picture fairer than the Original.

I was in my own Apartment, on the Eve of that fatal Day, that was to separate me for ever from my Father, to be conducted to a Husband whom I detested, and telling my Women how odious that Marriage was to me; when all of a sudden I was seiz'd by a Man, who transported me hither in an Instant.

I was so over-joy'd to understand that *Razia* was not married, that I could not help interrupting her; Ah! my Princess, cry'd I, is it possible, that, had it not been for this happy Violence which I have made use of, you would have been deliver'd to a Prince for whom you have a Disgust? This Circumstance lessens the Crime. It lessens it not at all, said the Princess, interrupting me in her Turn, but it takes from me the Power of reproaching you for it. Well, Madam, reply'd I, pardon me then, I conjure you, and disdain not the Crown of *Circassia*, which I offer you with my Heart.

I shall pass by all the passionate Discourse I held with *Razia*, to make her sensible of my Love. All I could obtain of her was, the Assurance she gave me that she would willingly make me happy, provided I could procure her Father's Consent.

I consulted *Avicene* upon it, who said to me, Send an Embassador to the Sultan to inform him of the Condition of his Daughter, and to demand her in Marriage. Leave the rest to me. I follow'd the Philosopher's Counsel, and sent away *Hussayn* a second Time to the Court of *Carizme*, with fresh Presents; and waiting for his Return, I conducted the Princess myself into the finest Apartment of my Seraglio, where she was served as if she had been already Queen.

In Regard to the Philosopher, to whom I had so great

great Obligations, I pray'd him to stay at Court, and to live there to the utmost Extent of his Desires. I will not offer you, said I, the Place of my first Minister, it is unworthy of you; but let us live like Friends, and partake the supreme Power with me; I can pay you no farther Acknowledgment. *Avicene*, at this Discourse, which made him know how very sensible I was of the Service he had done me, answer'd, That he receiv'd with Satisfaction, as well as Respect, the Honour I did him to place him in the Quality of my Friends; that it was the greatest Reward I could offer him; and that he found himself over paid for what he had done for me.

I must now return to *Hussey*, and tell you in what Disposition the Court of *Carizme* was at his Arrival there. The Sultan, as soon as he knew in what Manner his Daughter was taken away, assembled all his Vifires and principal Lords, to know what they judg'd proper for him to do in this singular Conjunction. They all advis'd him to have Recourse to an able Astrologer, who liv'd at *Scheherestan*; and indeed they discover'd by his Observations, that the Princess of *Carizme* was in my Scraglio. Thereupon they dispatched a Courier to the King of *Candahar*, to inform him of this extraordinary Event, and to propose to him to join his Troops to those of *Carizme*, to take Satisfaction for the Rape of *Razia*. The King of *Candahar*, upon this News, which excited him to Revenge, was soon on the March with his Army. He was just pass'd the River *Nur*, and advanced within a large Day's Journey of *Carizme*, when the Sultan had Notice of the Arrival of my Embassador.

Clich-Arselan is naturally inclin'd to Cruelty. He caus'd *Hussey* to be seiz'd, and brought before him. I guess, said he to him, in an angry Mood, the Subject of thy Embassy; thou comest hither in behalf of thy perfidious Master, to let me know that
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he detains my Daughter in his Seraglio against all Right and Reason. He shall soon repent the Injury he hath done me, and, till I can reduce all *Circassia* to Ashes, I order thy Head to be struck off. Oh! that I could at this Time treat that false Prince in the same Manner, who, without Regard to Royal Majesty, hath dishonour'd my House in stealing away my Daughter, by the fatal Art of some Magician.

At these Words, he caused a Scaffold to be erected before his Palace, and *Husselyn* was brought thither to receive the Blow of Death in Sight of the People of *Carizme*, assembled to see the Execution: But *Husselyn*, at the very same Moment that the Executioner lifted up his Arm to cut off his Head, was carried into the Air and disappear'd, which caused no less Wonder in the Sultan than in all the Spectators.

The Sultan of *Carizme* judging right, that the same Power, which had carried away his Daughter, came to deliver *Husselyn* from his Punishment, grew more enraged, and said, Let all the *Circassians*, who came to *Carizme* with this Embassador, be seiz'd and put to Death. The Guards ran presently to the Place where *Husselyn* lodged, but could not find one Person of his Retinue; they had been all convey'd away at the same Time by the Slaves of *Avicene*.

I knew this Adventure the very Moment it happen'd. *Husselyn*, who appear'd suddenly to me, and related it, told me, that the King of *Candahar* and the Sultan of *Carizme* were preparing to come and lay waste my Dominions of *Circassia*. He had scarce inform'd me of the Design of those two Princes, when *Avicene* came and join'd our Conversation. We all three laughed heartily at the Astonishment he fill'd the City of *Carizme* with, in carrying *Husselyn* off. After that, we talked of the War they were going to make against me; and the Philosopher, perceiving that the Preparations of my Enemies caus'd Uneasiness in me, reproach'd me for it. Sir, said

said he, what are you afraid of, since I am with you? They will make very useless Efforts to ruin you, as long as I am in your Interest. If all the People of *Indostan*, those of *China*, or the *Mogul*, should join with your Enemies against you, I could confound them, and make you triumph. The Sultan of *Carizme* and the King of *Candahar* pretend to make terrible Ravages in your Country. Well, let them approach, I'll take Care to defend your Frontiers: Let me alone to preserve them, I'll do more than all your Generals.

I thank'd the Philosopher for the Assistance he promis'd me; and, over-joy'd to see my Affairs in such good Hands, far from apprehending any Thing from the King of *Candahar* and the Sultan, I wish'd that they were already pass'd the *Volga*. My Wishes were soon accomplish'd; for those Princes, without losing Time, advanc'd towards my Dominions. They coasted along the *Caspian* Sea, and after having left behind them the Place where the *Jaxartes* discharges itself, they came up to the River *Jaic*, when the Noise of their Approach diffus'd a Consternation in *Astracan*. As I confided intirely upon *Avicene*, and follow'd his Advice, I rais'd but few Troops. My People, having no Hopes to resist such a formidable Enemy as was coming to attack us, and whose Number was increased by Rumour, imagin'd already that *Circassia* must be sack'd, and the City of *Astracan* abandon'd to the Flames.

On the other Side, the Enemy, being informed that I had but few Troops to oppose them, could not persuade themselves that I would have the Courage to face them. Thus they continu'd their March, believing that they might penetrate the Country to the very Capital without being obliged to fight. They fancied the Ruin of my Kingdom already accomplish'd, and their safe Return Home laden with
Riches.

Riches. The Event however disappointed their Assurance, and deceived their Expectations.

Avicene kept his Word with me, and needed only to employ one of his Secrets to deliver my Dominions from the Dangers that threaten'd them. We placed ourselves both of us at the Head of my Army; we pass'd the *Valga*, and stopt when we came within two Leagues of the Enemy. Then the Philosopher sow'd a Discord betwixt the two Kings, and the Quarrel rose so high, that the Sultan and the King of *Candahar*, turn'd their Arms one against the other. They engaged, and after a long Battle, wherein the King of *Candahar* perish'd, with all his Troops, the Sultan remained Master of the Field of Battle. But he had no great Reason to boast of the Victory, since he had so few Men left, that they were in no Condition to oppose us. When we came before them, we surrounded them, and they were forced to yield to Necessity. The Sultan surrender'd himself, and I brought him Prisoner to *Astracan*.

He had Reason to be satisfied with the Manner of my treating him: He receiv'd all Sorts of Honours in my Court. I spar'd nothing to appease his Resentment, and I gain'd my Point: But that which I believe contributed more than all the rest, was the good Character which the Princess his Daughter gave of me. She gave him an Account of all the Respect which I had shewn to her, and of the particular Care I took to divert her: But above all, she praised my modest Behaviour towards her, in which I had never transgressed. He was pleas'd with all this, and at last consented that I should be his Son-in-Law.

And now all Things turn'd to Joy: Magnificent Rejoicings were made to celebrate my Marriage: The Court and the City rejoic'd a whole Year together; or rather, to speak truer, they have done so ever since to this Day. *Click-Arselan*, after our
Nup-

Nuptials, which was some Consolation for his Defeat, returned to his own Kingdom; but before his Departure, he had several Times conversed with *Avicene*, whom he look'd upon no more as a Sorcerer. He not only pardon'd that Philosopher for the taking away of his Daughter, but beg'd his Friendship, which he obtain'd; and I know not whether he went away more content at the having gain'd such a Friend as *Avicene*, or for leaving *Razia* in so agreeable Circumstances.

I had no sooner married that Princess, but she, laying aside her Haughtiness, assured me, that she lov'd me; that her Love increased from Day to Day; and, in short, we liv'd in a perfect Harmony; when, all at once, the same Person who had been the Author of our Happiness, destroy'd all, and made our Condition worthy of Pity.

Avicene, in Spite of all his Learning, was seized with a fatal Passion, which he receiv'd from *Razia*'s Eyes, and which is at this Day all the Misfortune of my Life. To shew the Philosopher the great Regard I had for him, I permitted him to see and talk with the Queen every Day. The Conversation he had with her, increas'd his Passion: He was no longer Master of himself; he declar'd it to her. The Princess took in ill Part this Declaration of his Love; but believing that she ought not to irritate a Man whose Power she fear'd: *Avicene*, said she to him, with a sorrowful Countenance, consider with yourself, and triumph over the Sentiments you have expressed to me. Such a Triumph ought to be more easily gain'd by you than another: Think of the Friendship and Deference the King has for you: Ought you not to place your Affections elsewhere? That Prince adores me. I love him tenderly, and can love none but him. Forbear, I beseech you, to disturb an Union that you yourself have formed.

The Sweetness with which she treated the Philo-
 VOL. I. U sopher,

sopher, only served to make him the bolder. He continued to speak of his Love, and urged his Suit so home, that the Queen at last lost all Patience. She reproved his Insolence, and reproach'd his Rashness with an Air so fierce and haughty, that he was offended at it. He was naturally violent, and his Love chang'd into Hatred; from a soft passionate Lover, he became a jealous furious one; and looking on the Queen with a threatening Eye; Ingrateful! said he, think not that I will permit thee to despise my Love without punishing thee for it: Thou shalt have Cause to remember long thy Disdain: I will wound thee in the most sensible Part. Thou lovest the King thy Husband; 'tis in that I will punish thee. At these Words, he blew upon the Princess, and after having pronounc'd some mysterious Words, he disappear'd.

The Queen was frighted at these Threats, but felt not in herself any Change. She imagined that *Avicene* satisfied himself to terrify her, and it was not till after she had twice or thrice lost her Senses at my Approach, that she perceiv'd herself, that the Condition in which you now have seen her, was the Work of the Philosopher. This is the fatal Charm, which disturbs the Repose of my Life. Nevertheless, as unfortunate as I am, I ought yet to return Thanks to Heaven, that *Avicene* hath not taken *Razia* from me.

End of the First VOLUME.



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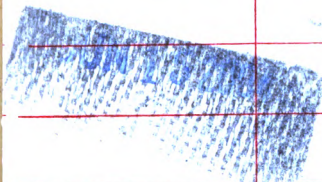
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